

NO.
29

TOP-NOTCH

SEPT.

10¢

Laugh

comics



THAR HE GOES, FLYING HIGH,
EVERYBODY'S LAUGHING FIT TO DIE,
AT POKEY OAXEY, THE FUNNY GUY!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

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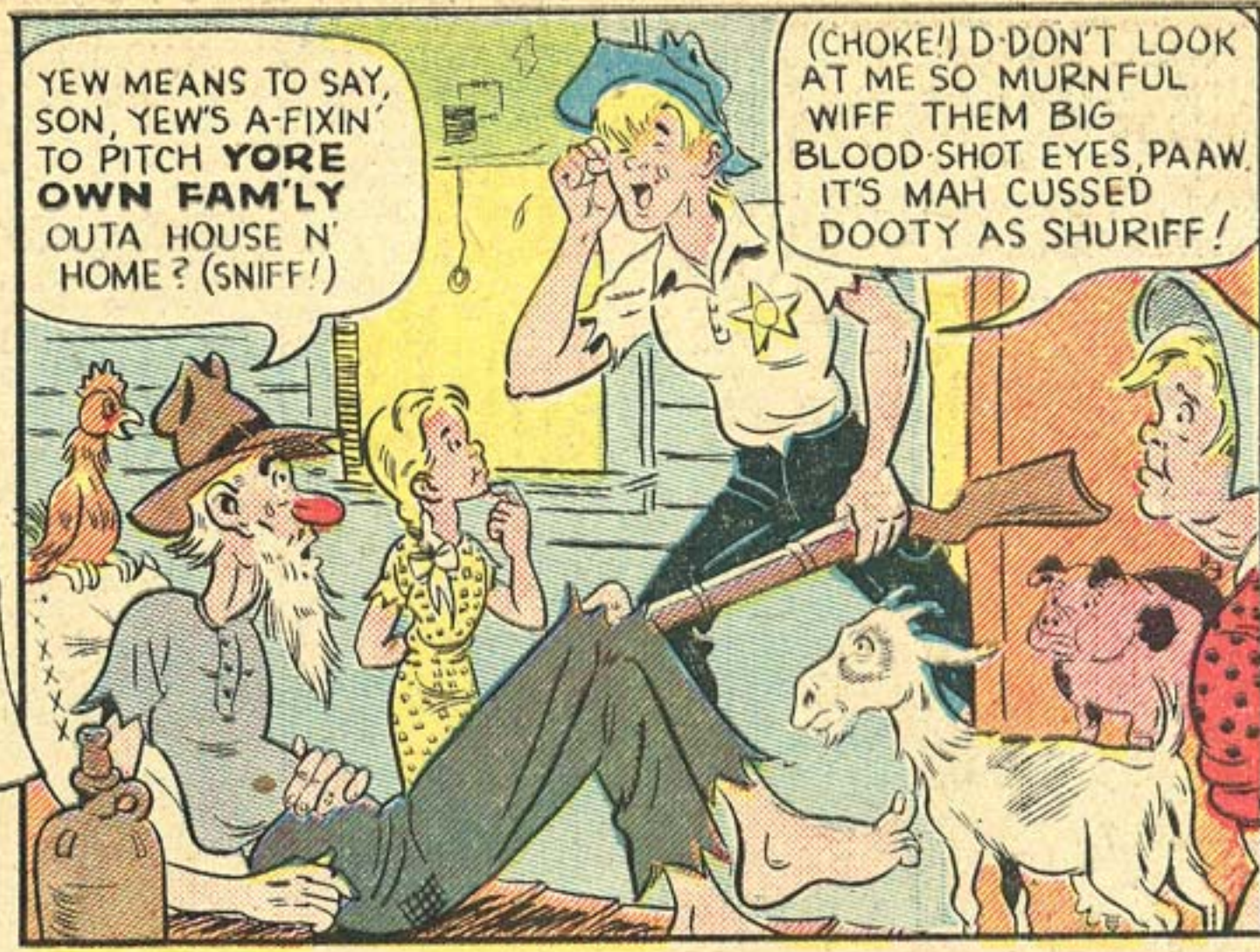
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POKEY OAKY.
 THE BRIGHT BADGE WORN BY POKEY OAKY, NEWLY ELECTED SHERIFF OF CATFISH CREEK, HAS LOST ITS LUSTRE INDEED!
 UPON TAKING OFFICE, POKEY FINDS HIS FIRST JOB A DISMAL ONE-- THAT OF EVICTING HIS OWN POVERTY-STRICKEN FAMILY FROM THEIR LAND.....
 by Don Deau



YEW MEANS TO SAY, SON, YEW'S A-FIXIN' TO PITCH YORE OWN FAM'LY OUTA HOUSE N' HOME? (SNIFF!)

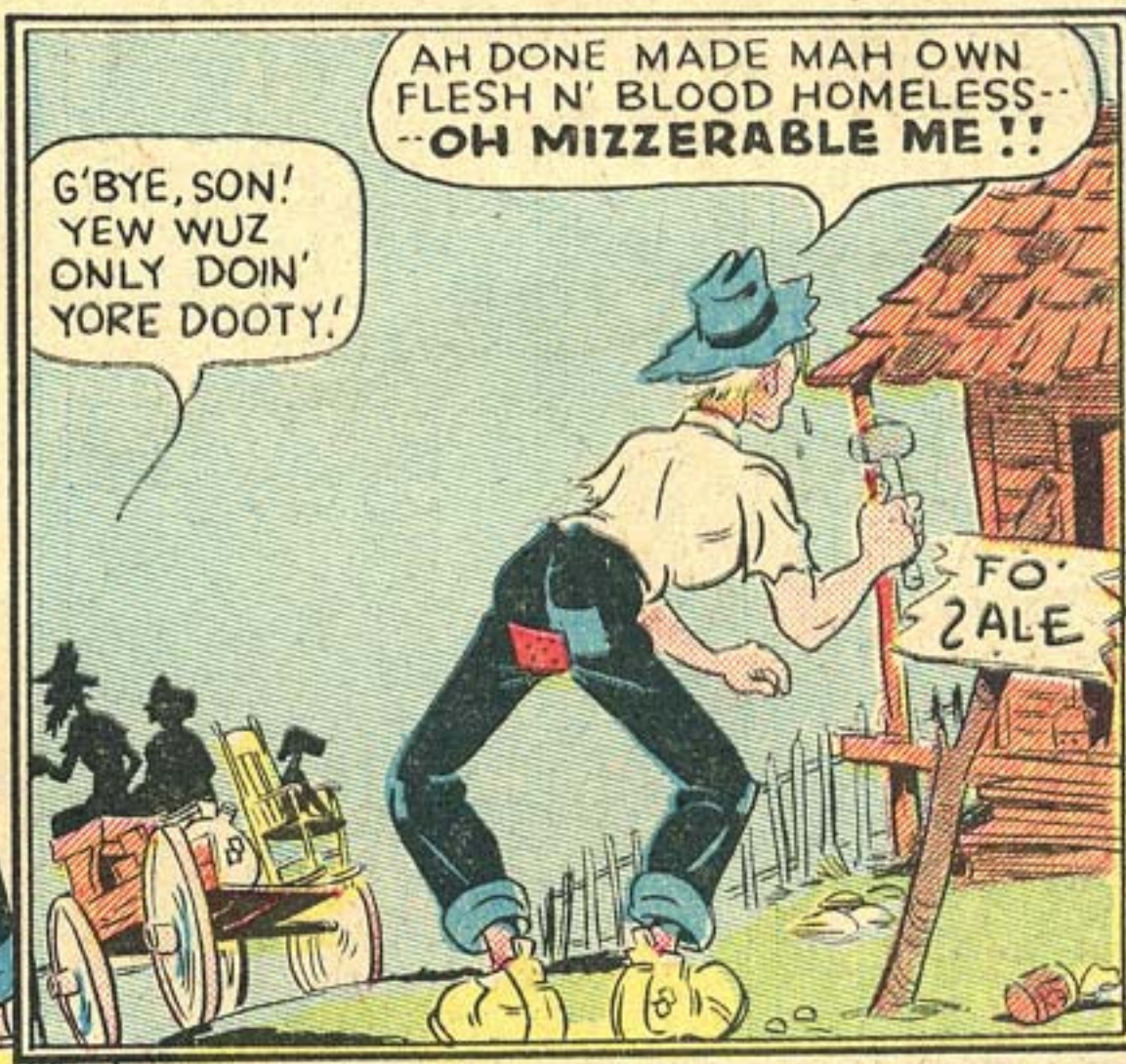
(CHOKE!) D-DON'T LOOK AT ME SO MURNFUL WIFF THEM BIG BLOOD-SHOT EYES, PAAW. IT'S MAH CUSS'D DOOTY AS SHURIFF!



WAL, AH'LL GO HITCH TH' WAGON, MAAW. YEW TEND TO TH' PACKIN'!!

HAIN'T ANYTHIN' MUCH WORTH FETCHIN' ALONG-- 'CEPTIN' THIS CRADLE THET USED T'BE POKEY'S!

SNIFF



AH DONE MADE MAH OWN FLESH N' BLOOD HOMELESS-- OH MIZZERABLE ME !!

G'BYE, SON! YEW WUZ ONLY DOIN' YORE DOOTY!

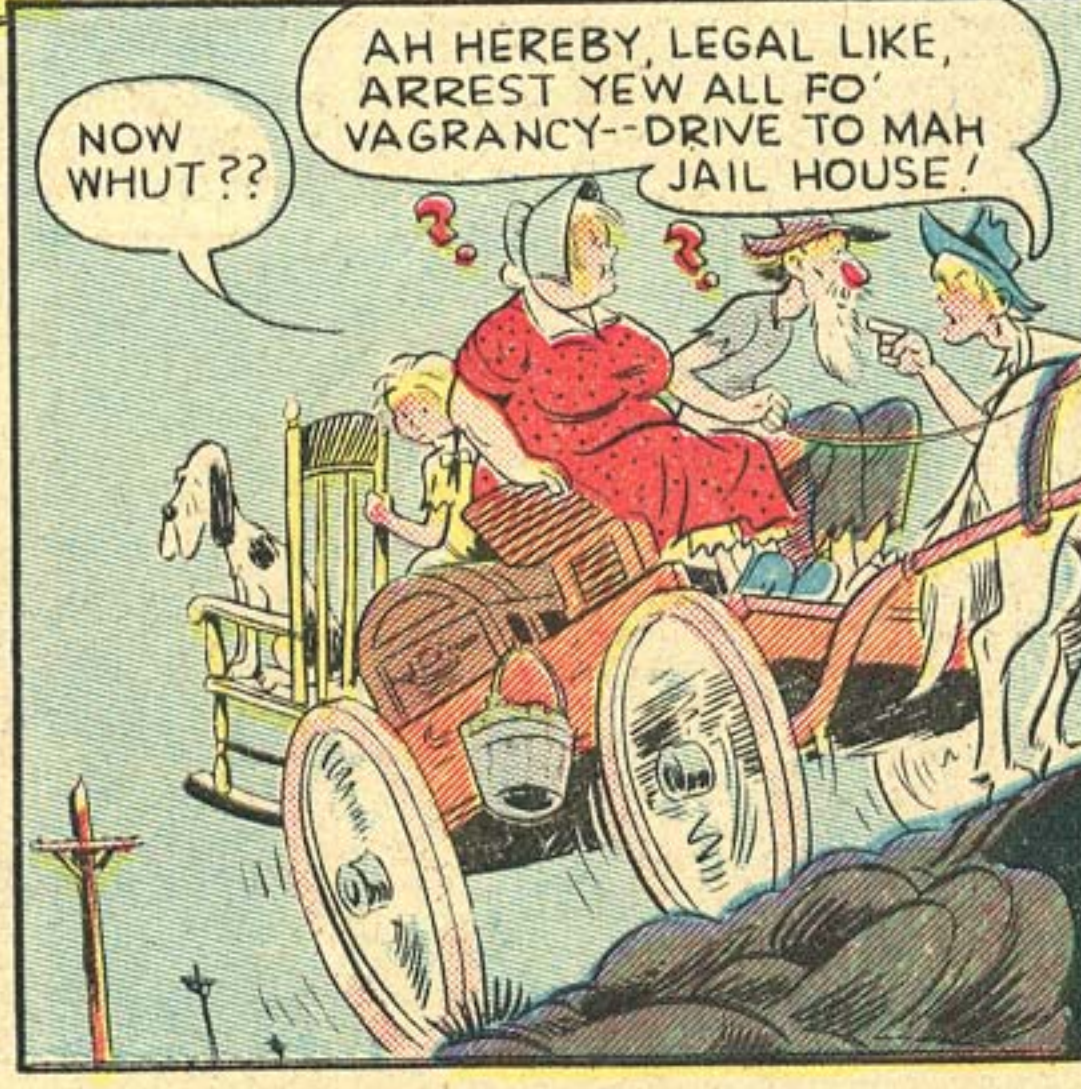


A BOOK LEARNIN' FELLAH MOS' PROBL'Y COULD FIGGER THIS OUT-- SHO' WISH'T AH'D FINISHED THET THIRD GRADE--

WAIT! AH KNOWS !!



HALT! IN TH' NAME O' TH' LAW !!



AH HEREBY, LEGAL LIKE, ARREST YEW ALL FO' VAGRANCY--DRIVE TO MAH JAIL HOUSE!

NOW WHUT??



YESSUH! LONG AS AH'M SHURIFF, AH AIMS TO KEEP YEW ALL HYAR WIFF ME! YEW IS **DANGEROUS CHARACTERS!!**

WE SHO IS! YEW NEVAH KNOWS WHEN WE MIGHT COMMIT **SOO-E-SIDE** FROM OVAH **EATIN'!!** MO' CHICKEN, PULEZZE!

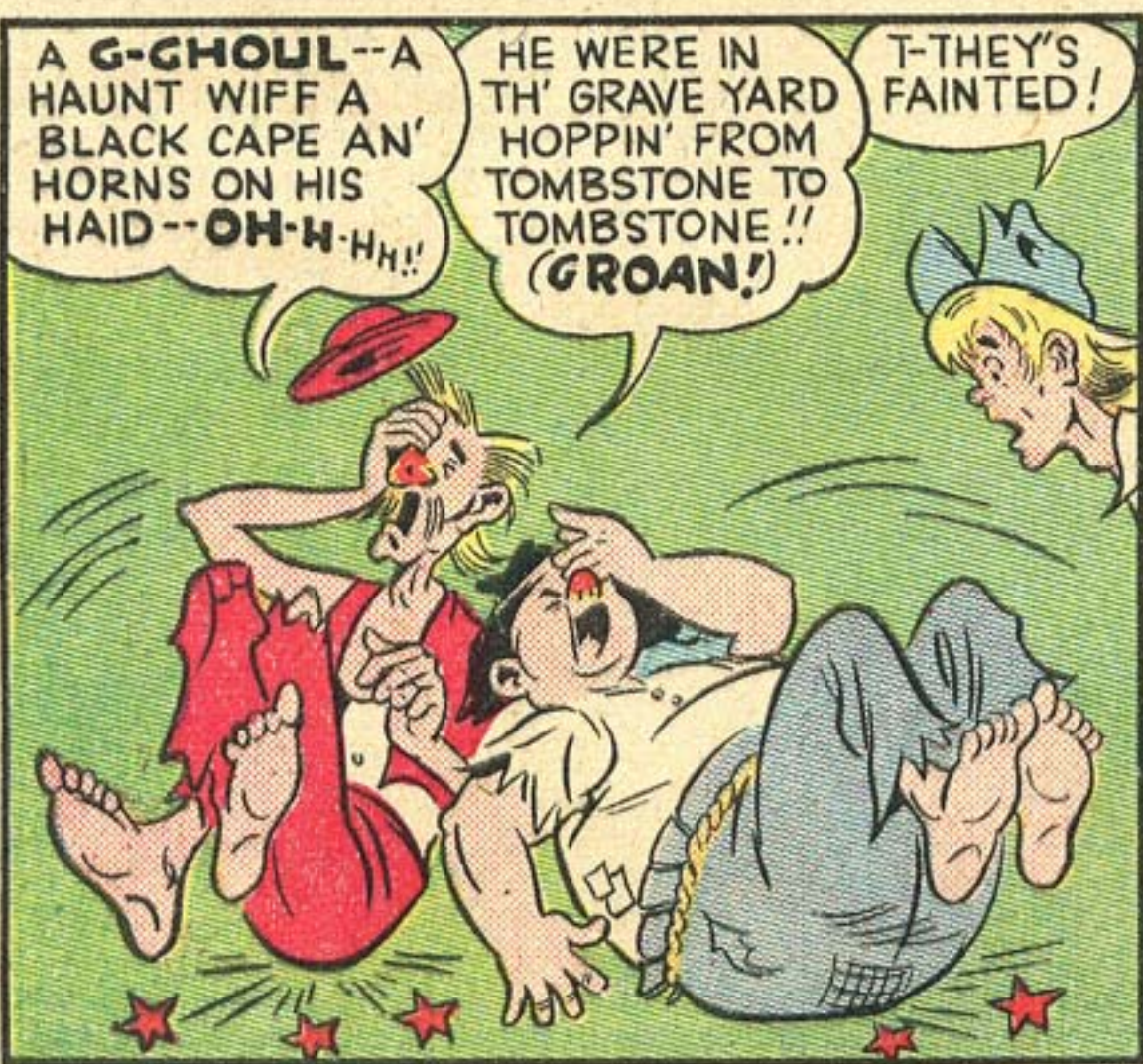
AND SO THE OAKLEY FAMILY SETTLED DOWN TO A LIFE OF CONTENTMENT. POKEY FOUND HIMSELF CARING MORE AND MORE FOR HIS JOB AS SHERIFF, UNTIL ONE NIGHT.....



WE SEED IT! WE DONE SEED IT!!
O-OOH!!

IT WERE HORRIBLE!
(GROAN!)

HUH? SEED WHUT?



A **G-GHOUL**--A HAUNT WIFF A BLACK CAPE AN' HORNS ON HIS HAID--**OH-W-HH!!**

HE WERE IN TH' GRAVE YARD HOPPIN' FROM TOMBSTONE TO TOMBSTONE!!
(GROAN!)

T-THEY'S FAINTED!



CUSS MAH LONG LAIGS! NO MATTER HOW SLOW AH WALKS THEY'S GETTIN' ME TO TH' GRAVE YARD---
TOO SOON!



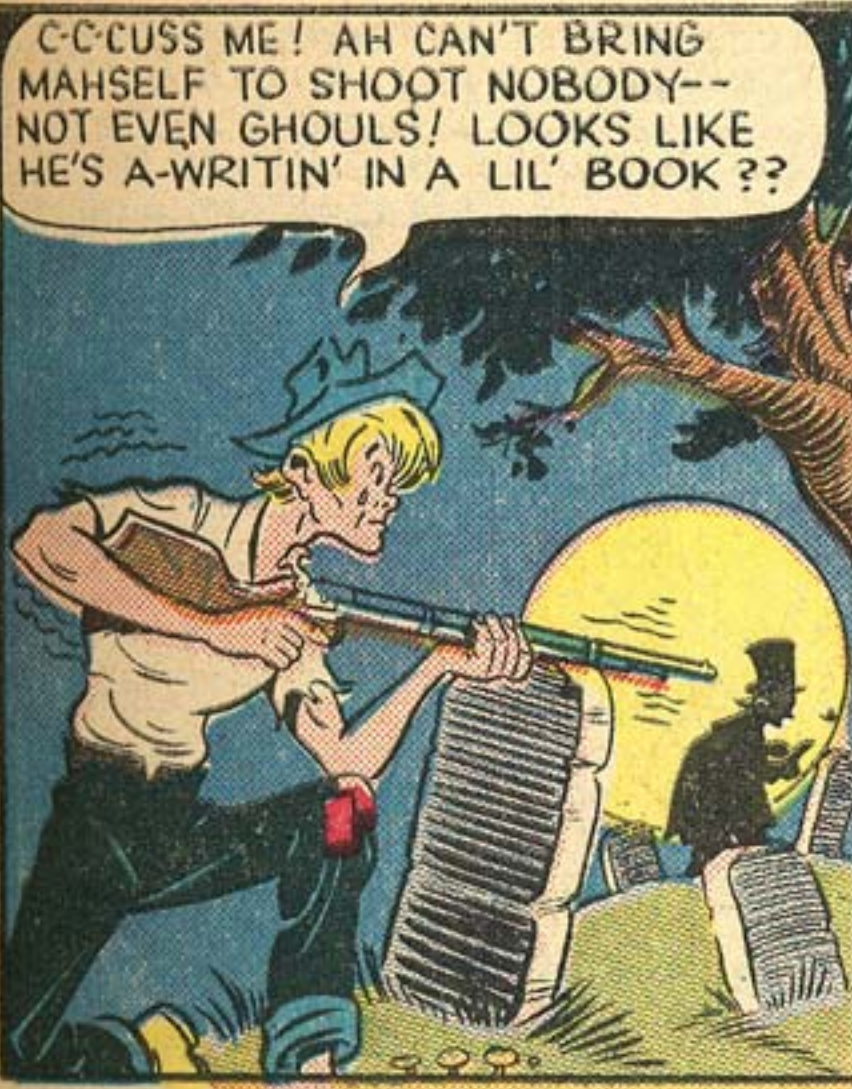
T-THEY WUZ JUS' SEEIN' THINGS--THA'S WHUT--JUS' SEEIN' THINGS--HEH--HEH!!



GHOULS--GOOHOSTS AN' HAUNTS! HEH-HEH! JUS' PLAIN EGG-NOR-RUNTS TO BELIEVE SECH TRASH--



B-BUT AH GOT A P-POWERFUL LOTS OF EGG-NOR-RUNTS!

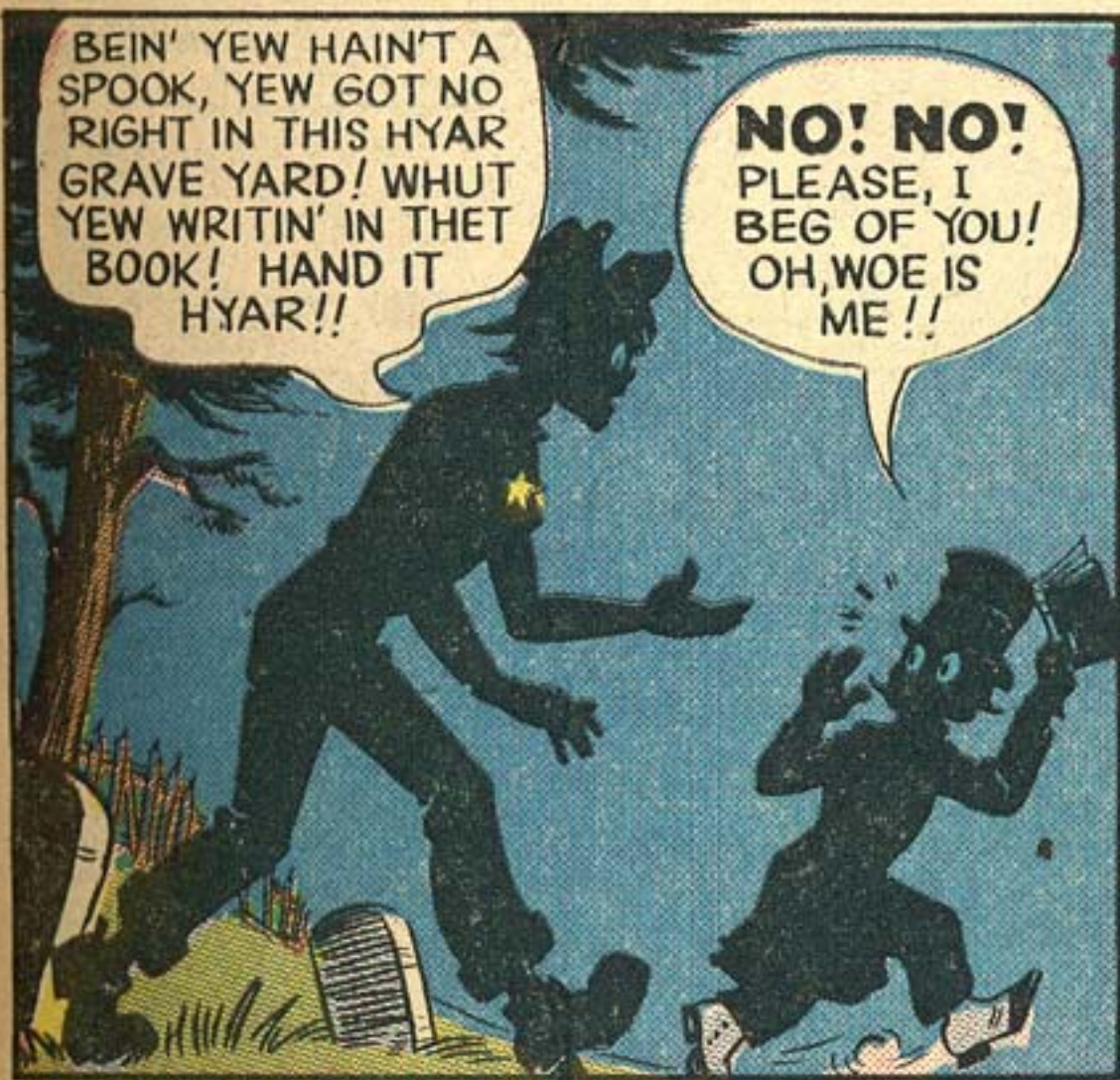


C-C-CUSS ME! AH CAN'T BRING MAHSELF TO SHOOT NOBODY-- NOT EVEN GHOULS! LOOKS LIKE HE'S A-WRITIN' IN A LIL' BOOK??



W-WHY IT'S ONLY A **MAN!** A **FUNNY LIL' MAN!!**

UNHAND ME YOU - YOU OAF! **YOU IDIOT!!**



BEIN' YEW HAIN'T A SPOOK, YEW GOT NO RIGHT IN THIS HYAR GRAVE YARD! WHUT YEW WRITIN' IN THET BOOK! HAND IT HYAR!!

NO! NO! PLEASE, I BEG OF YOU! OH, WOE IS ME!!



IT SAYS: "OH, SHED A TEAR FO' BOOTLEGGER JAKE, FATE SHO' DID TREAT HIM CRUEL, HE PERISHED BY A DIRE MISTAKE HE DRANK HIS OWN WHITE MULE!" WHY, YEW IS A-COPYIN' THESE POEMS OFF FROM OUR TOMBSTONES!!

Y-YES! OH, THE SHAME OF IT! BUT HEAR MY STORY!!



ALAS! A FEW YEARS AGO, I, OMAR STARPOOL, WAS HERALDED AS THE GREATEST WRITER OF TOMBSTONE VERSES. EVERY MONUMENT COMPANY CLAMORED FOR MY SERVICES! THEN-THEN SUDDENLY I WENT DRY--I COULD NO LONGER DREAM UP BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS--I BECAME DESPERATE--SO--

SO NOW YEW RUN 'ROUND SWIPIN' 'EM, HUH?



AH, YES! NOW, KIND SIR, LEND ME YOUR FIRE-ARM AND I SHALL TAKE THE HONORABLE WAY OUT-- **FAREWELL!**

SNIFF!--**NEVAH!** WHUT SAY WE GO TO TH' BARN DANCE T'NIGHT--FO' CHEERIN' UP PURPOSES MAINLY, HUH?



GADS, MR. SHERIFF!
WHAT **HIDEOUS**
SOUNDS ARE THOSE
PIERCING MY
EAR DRUMS?

THA'S ZEB COON
AN' HIS BAND--
MIGHTY PURTY
MOOSIC, HUH?



LOOK! THAR'S
POKEY WIFF A
FURRINER IN TOW!

SHO'
NUFF!

FOLKS! AH WANTS YEW
ALL TO MEET UP WIFF
MISTUH OMAR STARPOOL
A **GEN-U-WINE POET!**



A POET! OH,
HOW ROMANTICAL!
MR. STARPOOL PULEEZE
RECITE SOMETHIN'!

SIGH!

AHEM!
FIRST LET
US DANCE,
FAIREST
OF THE
FAIR!!



ER-A-RECKON
YEW COULD
MAKE UP A
POEM FO' ME!
(SIGH!)

LATER, MY SWEET!

WHAT A GOON!-I **SHOULD**
SAY--"YOUR FACE IS LIKE A
WRINKLED PRUNE,
YOUR NOSE IS A GREAT BIG
HOOK,
I REALLY HOPE YOU NEVER
LIVE,
TO BE AS OLD AS YOU LOOK!"

FOR DEFENSE

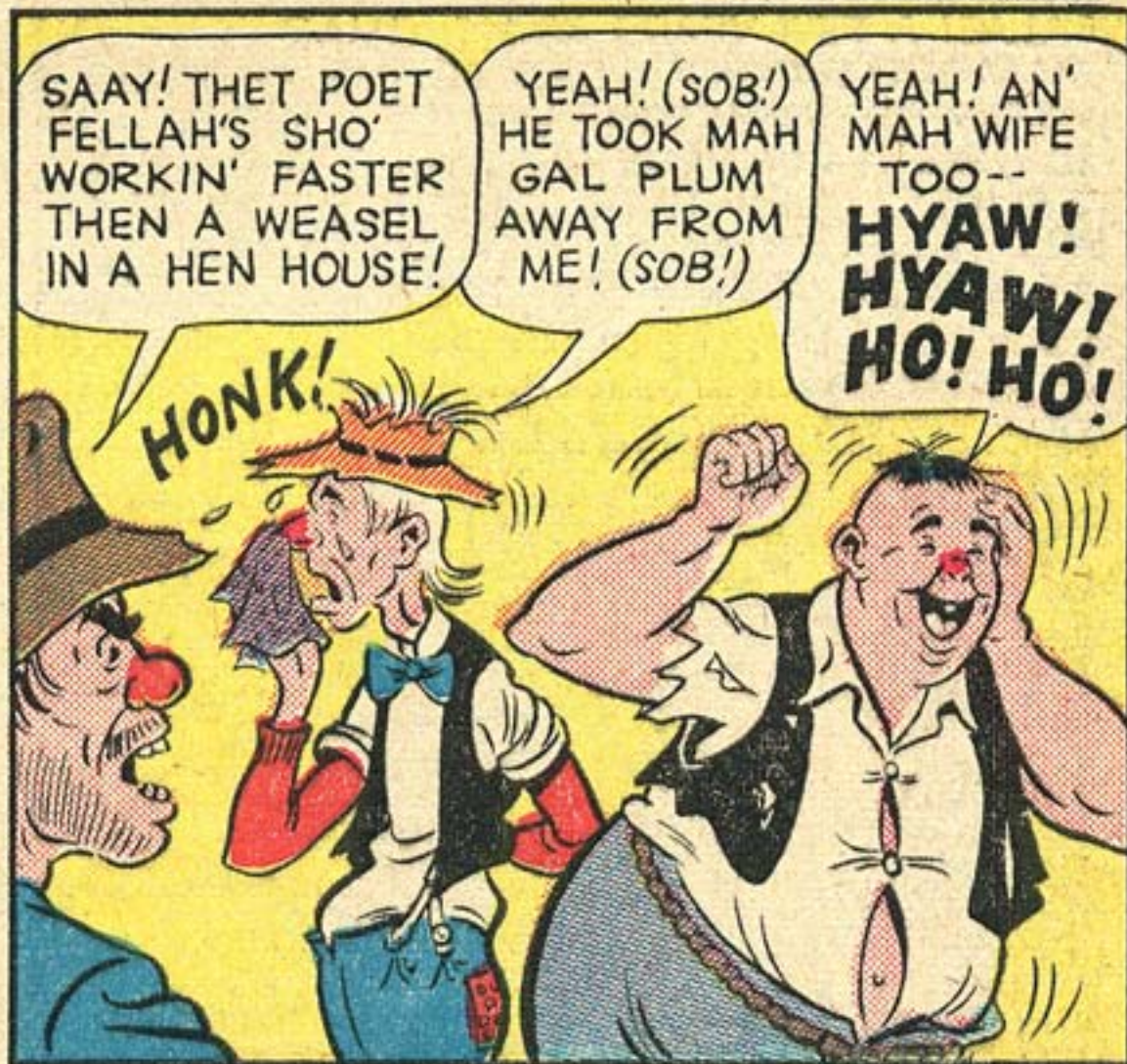
BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS



WELL, HOWDY!
CUTIE-PANTS!

HAVE SOME
MO' CAKE AN'
PIE, SUH?

SAKES ALIVE!
THET MAN
SHO' IS
DRIPPIN' WIFF
GLAMOUR!!



SAAY! THET POET
FELLAH'S SHO'
WORKIN' FASTER
THEN A WEASEL
IN A HEN HOUSE!

YEAH! (SOB!)
HE TOOK MAH
GAL PLUM
AWAY FROM
ME! (SOB!)

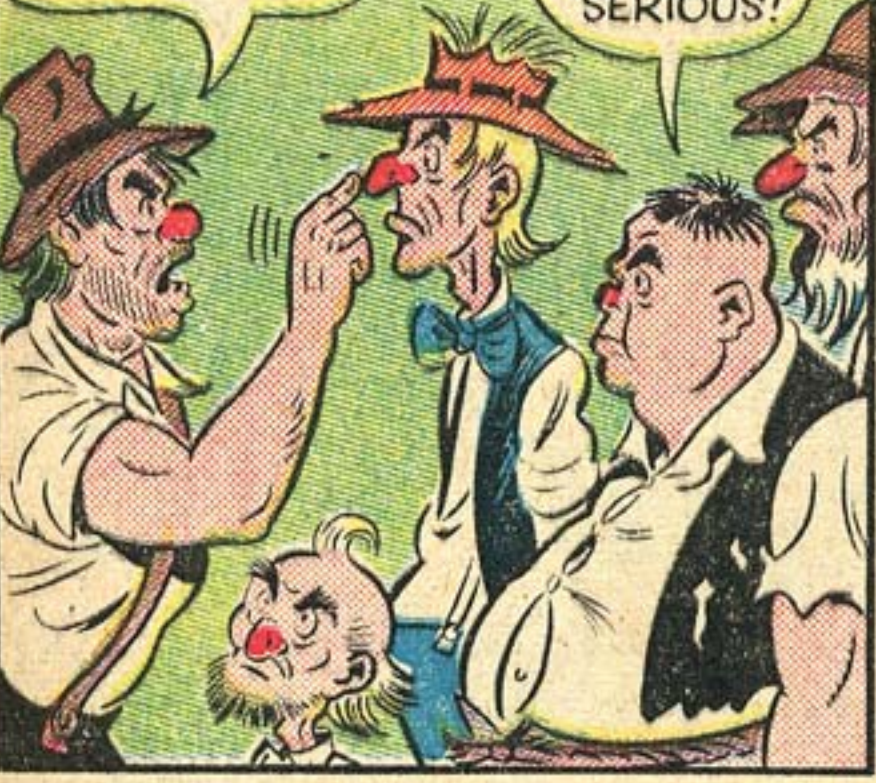
YEAH! AN'
MAH WIFE
TOO--
HYAW!
HYAW!
HO! HO!

HONK!

WAL, EFFIN' HE RUNS OFF WIFF YORE WIMMIN' FOLKS YEW'LL HAFTA CHOP YORE **OWN** WOOD!

AH NEVAH THINK O' THET, CLEM!

THIS IS SERIOUS!



GENTLEMENS! YEW ALL KNOWS WHUT WE DOES TO HIS LIKES IN THESE HYAR HILLS --- **LE'S GIT GOIN'!**

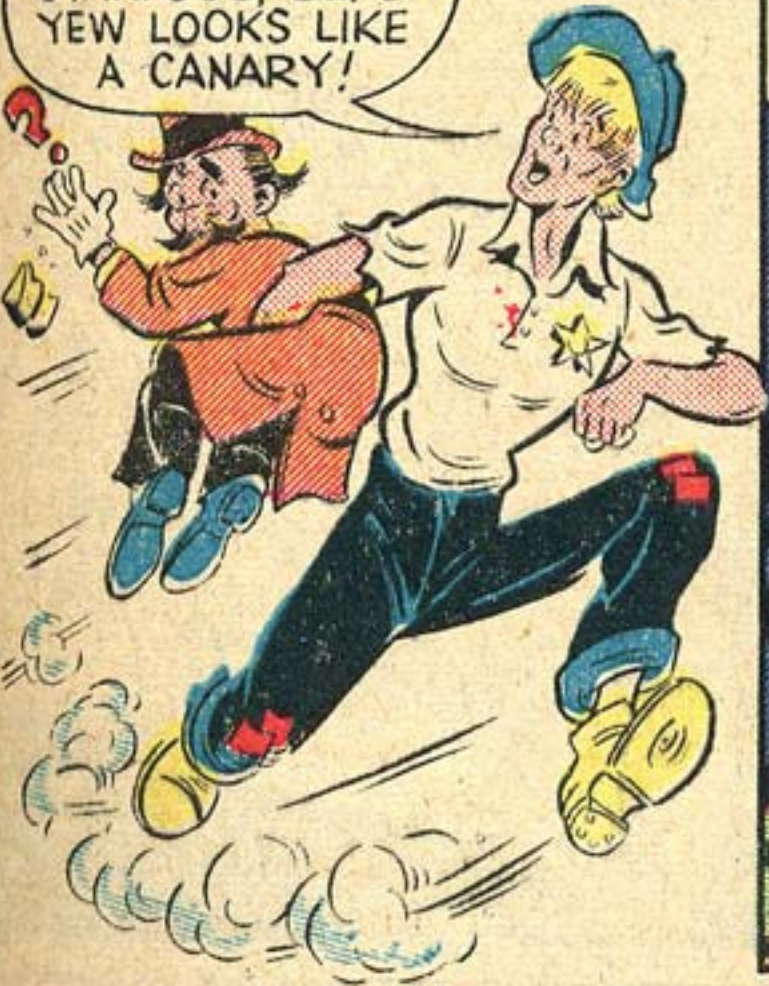


WAL, BUS' MAH SU'PENDERS EF TH' BOYS HAIN'T A-COOKIN' UP A BATCH O' **TAR AN' FEATHERS??**

WE'LL SHOW THET POET FELLAH!



C'MON, MISTUH STARPOOL, BEFO YEW LOOKS LIKE A CANARY!



LOOKY THAR! POKEY'S DONE RUN OFF WIFF OUR VICTIM!!

AFTER 'EM, BOYS!!



GOOD SIR! I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION OF THIS!

AH JUS' WANTS TO KEEP YEW SAFE!-- TELL THIS GENTL'MAN SOME O' YORE FUNNY STORIES FO' A WHILE, PAAW!

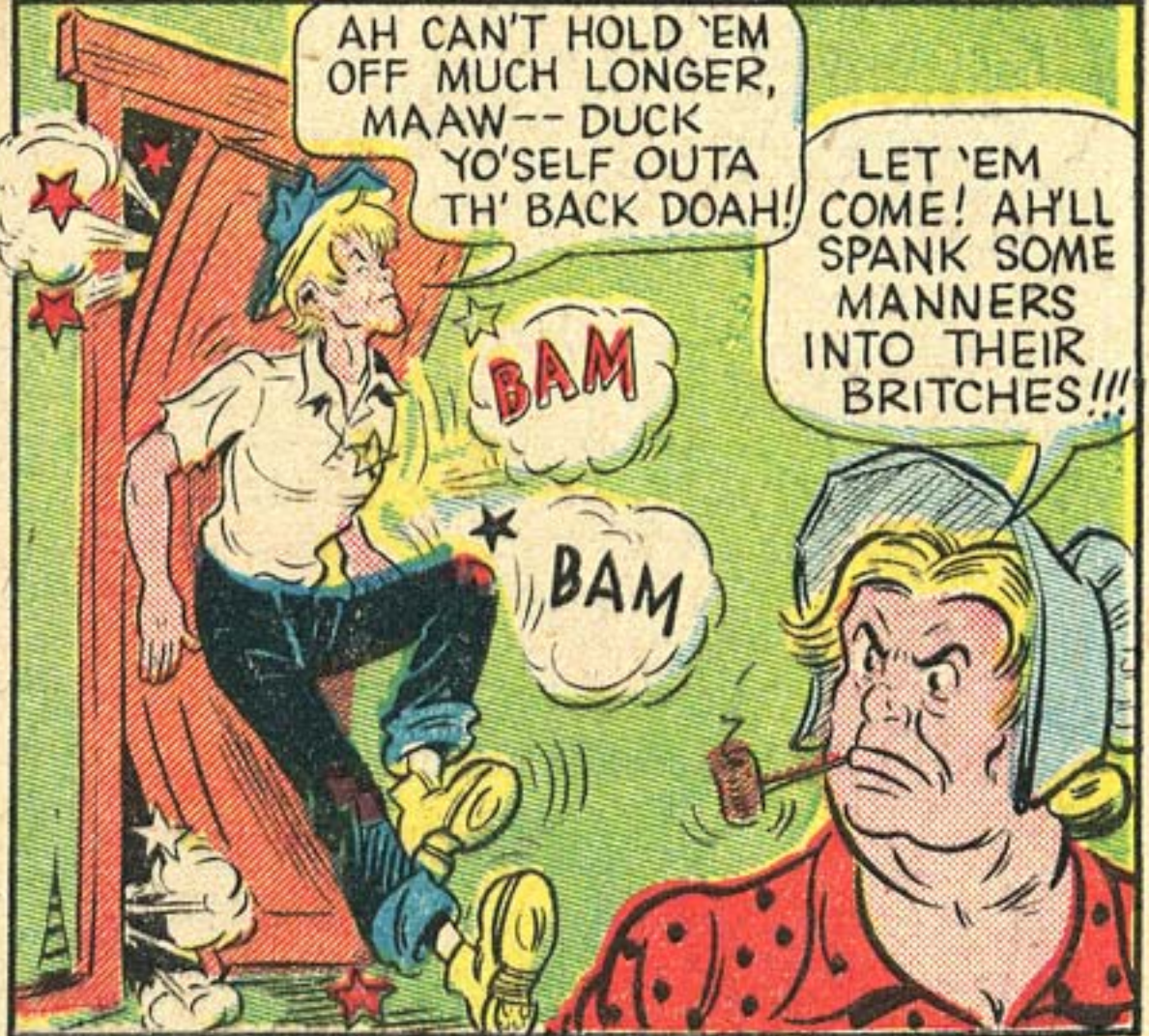


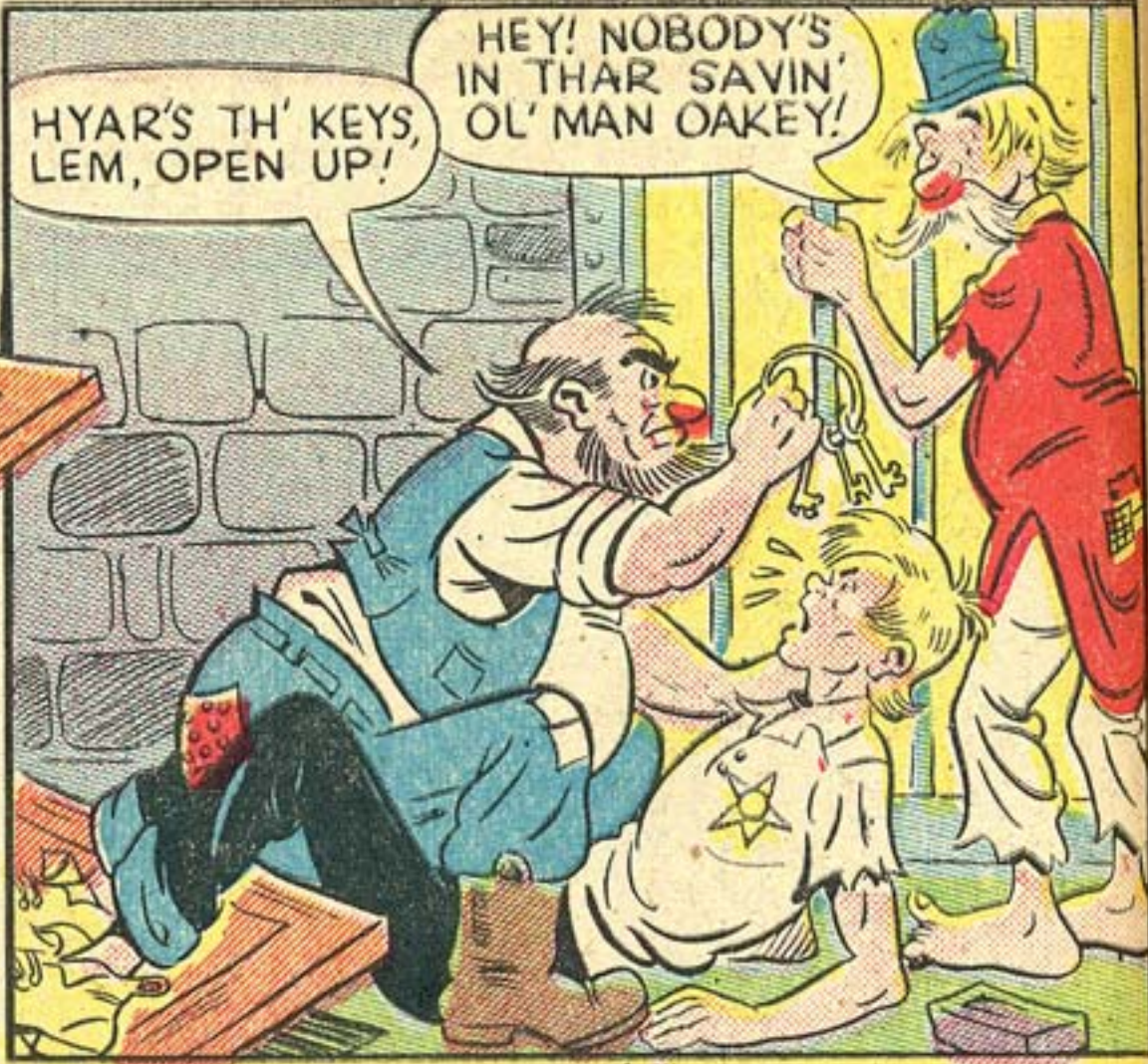
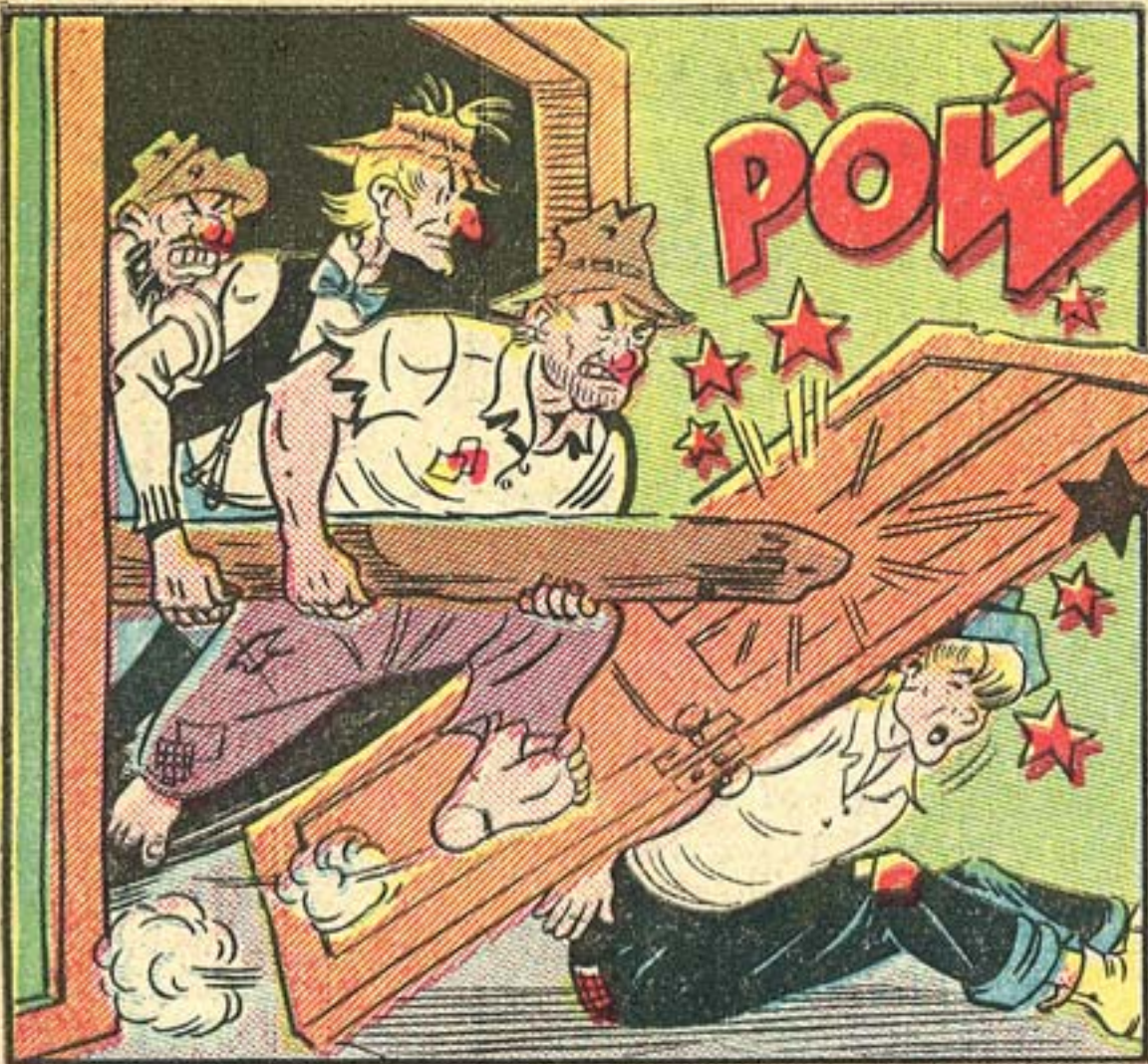
HEY, POKEY! OPEN UP AN' GIVE US THET WOON' SKUNK OR WE'LL TEAR YO' JAIL DOWN!!



AH CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF MUCH LONGER, MAAW-- DUCK YO'SELF OUTA TH' BACK DOAH!

LET 'EM COME! AH'LL SPANK SOME MANNERS INTO THEIR BRITCHES!!!





HYAR'S TH' KEYS, LEM, OPEN UP!

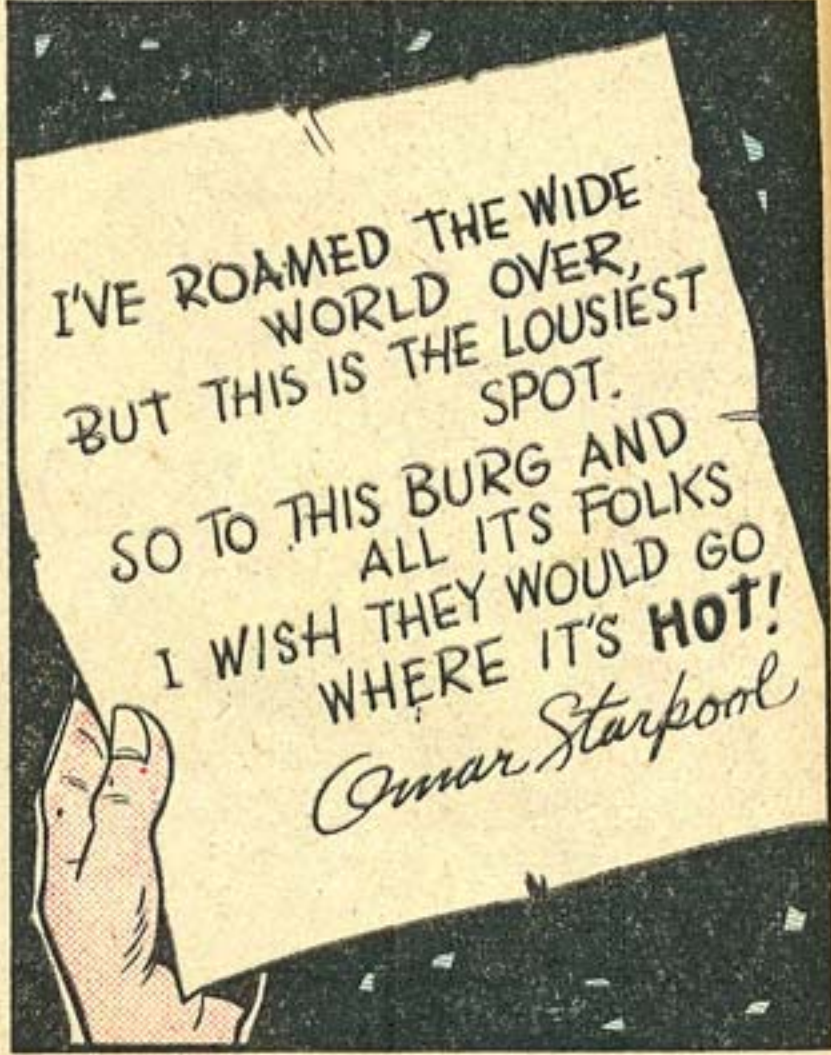
HEY! NOBODY'S IN THAR SAVIN' OL' MAN OAKY!



HE'S GONE?? SAAY, PAAW, WHAR'S MISTUH STARPOOL, TH' POET. AH PUT HIM IN WIFF YEW?



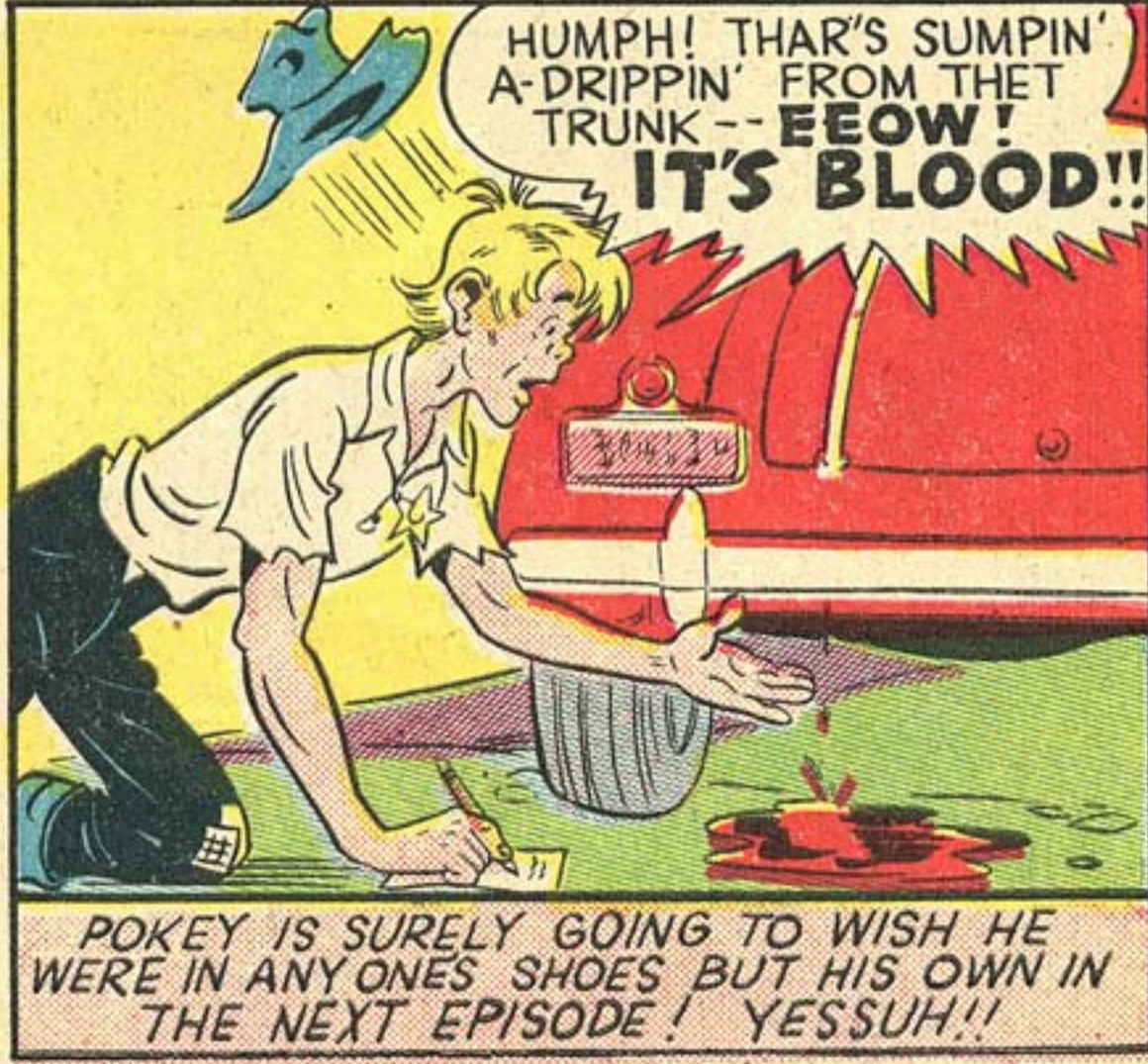
WAL, SON, HE BET ME THIS GEN-U-WINE FI' CENT SEEGAR AH COULDN'T CUT THEM BARS WIFF MAH MOOSICAL SAW AN' AH WON -- TH' PO' SAP! HYAR! HE LEFT THIS NOTE FO' YEW!!



I'VE ROAMED THE WIDE WORLD OVER, BUT THIS IS THE LOUSIEST SPOT. SO TO THIS BURG AND ALL ITS FOLKS I WISH THEY WOULD GO WHERE IT'S HOT!
Omar Starpool



WAL, AH'M SHO' GLAD THET LIL' FELLAH GOT AWAY SAFE! (CHUCKLE) SAAY! SOME FOOL DONE PARKED HIS CAH RIGHT BY THE CITY WATAH TROUGH. -- AH'M GONNA GIVE HIM A TICKET! YESSUH!!



HUMPH! THAR'S SUMPIN' A-DRIPPIN' FROM THET TRUNK -- **EEOW!** **IT'S BLOOD!!**

POKEY IS SURELY GOING TO WISH HE WERE IN ANYONES SHOES BUT HIS OWN IN THE NEXT EPISODE! YESSUH!!

READERS' PAGE

REMEMBER THE CONTEST THE BLACK HOOD TOLD YOU ABOUT LAST ISSUE - WHEN HE ASKED YOU TO SEND IN YOUR OPINIONS OF TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS? THE BLACK HOOD ASKED YOU TO ENCLOSE A SNAPSHOT SO THAT THE WINNER COULD BE AWARDED A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF OR HERSELF DRAWN BY ONE OF OUR ARTISTS, AND HE'S AS GOOD AS HIS WORD! THIS ISSUE, FOR WRITING THE BEST AND SINCEREST LETTER, A DRAWING GOES TO:

THE WINNER!



LOIS JEANNE FRIEDMAN
2428 MAGNOLIA AVE.
LONG BEACH, CALIF.

...AND THE WINNING LETTER!

This was the first time I had ever heard of Top Notch Laugh Comics, and it made me laugh a lot. It was very hard to choose which feature I liked best because I liked them all, but being a girl I pick Sygie because she's so cute and has a lot of funny adventures. The story of the Black Hood was most interesting. It was a different type of story than most I have read. I can hardly wait till the next Top Notch Laugh Comics comes out.

Lois Jeanne Friedman

HONORABLE MENTION



GEORGE GREEN
617 E. WASHINGTON ST.
KNOX, INDIANA



KENNETH SCHMITZ
108 E. CHAMBERS ST.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



EUGENE PAGE
191 SIXTEENTH AVE.
NEWARK, N.J.



NANCY ANN LEE
5100 W. 24 ST.
CICERO, ILL.



ALBERT SINGER
198 E. 168 ST.
BRONX, N.Y.



SKIPPY WEST
RT. 1 - BOX 25
SILVERDALE, WASH.



DOROTHY MARTHOHUE
23 WEST ST.
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



LOUIS DUGAL JR.
c/o A BROUSSARA
GENERAL DEL.
VINTON, LA.



JIMMY BATES
86-14 CROTHERS AVE.
PHILA., PA.



RAMER WOODERSON
SPICKARD,
MISSOURI



CHARLIE PRATER
R#3 - BOX 4
LAFOLLETTE, TENN.



JACK PENNITO
26 WOLCOTT ST.
BRISTOL, CONN.



MANUEL PANARRA
P.O. BOX 834
CROUS LANDING, CAL.



ANNA DUBRIA
249 EMERSON PL.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



DON TRAUTMAN
714 MANNINGTON
CINCINNATI, OHIO



PATRICIA HALL
917 COLLEGE AV.
CLAREMONT, CAL.



JAMES REISCH
210 VIRGINIA AV.
ASPEN WALL, PA.



DON STOTZ
43 DURYEY ST.
E. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THANKS FOR ALL THE LETTERS, GANG! YOUR RESPONSE HAS BEEN SO ENTHUSIASTIC THAT WE'RE GOING TO DO MORE THAN HAVE THE CONTEST NEXT MONTH ALSO - WE'RE GOING TO HAVE IT **EVERY** ISSUE IN TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS! WHICH READER WILL SEND IN THE BEST LETTER AND PHOTO FOR NEXT ISSUE AND WIN A DRAWING? THE ANSWER IS UP TO **YOU!**

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY



THE MOLD STRIKES!... AND A CITY GOES MAD WITH HORROR, EACH SHIVERING WITH THE DREAD EXPECTANCY THAT HE OR SHE MAY BE THE NEXT VICTIM OF THE MALIGNANT DISEASE WHICH MEANS SWIFT, HORRIBLE DEATH... IT IS A GRIM BATTLE FACING THE BLACK HOOD..... THE GRIMMEST AND THE DEADLIEST OF HIS CAREER!

ONE NIGHT..



EEEE!
THE MOLD!
POLICE!
HELP!

HEE .HEE! YES, THE MOLD HAS CLAIMED ONE MORE, AND IT SHALL CLAIM MANY OTHERS .HEE .HEE .HEE, HEE!



SUDDENLY...



DON'T TOUCH THAT CORPSE, OFFICER!

WHAT IN...!

DO AS THE BLACK HOOD SAYS!



STAND BACK, EVERYBODY! KEEP AWAY FROM THAT DEAD MAN IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES!

ALMIGHTY HEAVENS! THE MOLD'S GOT ME, TOO!



YOU'RE RIGHT, MAN! I WARNED YOU TOO LATE!



WH. WHAT'LL I DO?

QUICK...GET DR. EMLIN HERE. IF ANYBODY CAN SAVE YOU, OFFICER, HE CAN!

I CAN'T GET HIM, HOOD.. HE'S SUSPECTED OF BEING THE MOLD HIMSELF!



ANOTHER DOCTOR ARRIVES...

UGH...TOO LATE...SKIN'S ALL SHREDDED. WE'LL HAVE TO BURN THE BODY!



HEE,HEE! SO THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR DR. EMLIN, THE MOLD! THAT'S FUNNY, HEE,HEE, REALLY FUNNY!



LATER, THE POLICE DRAG A PROTESTING FIGURE INTO THE STATION HOUSE...

HERE'S DR. EMLIN, CAPTAIN! WE FOUND HIM IN HIS LABORATORY!

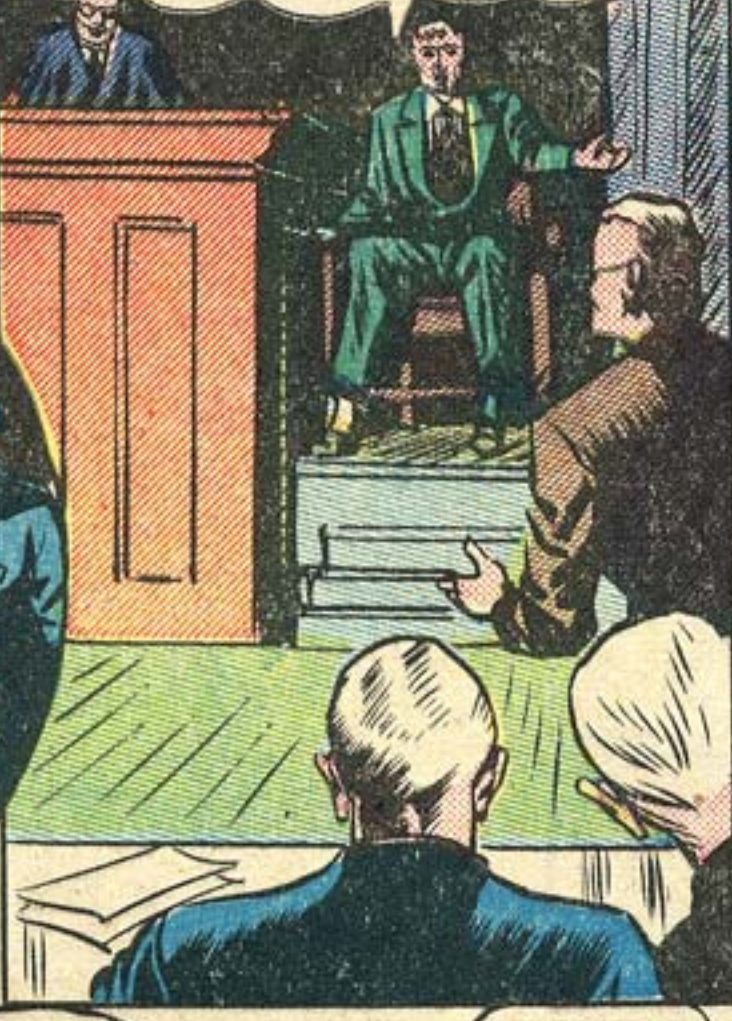
YOU'RE MAD - I'M NOT THE MOLD, I TELL YOU!

A JUDGE AND JURY'LL DECIDE THAT, EMLIN!



THE DAY OF THE TRIAL...

YES, YES... I ADMIT THAT MY BROTHER AND I DISCOVERED THE HORRIBLE SECRET OF THE MOLD, BUT IT WAS STOLEN, I TELL YOU. THE NAZIS KNEW OF OUR EXPERIMENTS!



THEY REALIZED WHAT A TERRIBLE WEAPON OF WAR IT WOULD BE IN THEIR HANDS. HOW THE SECRET LEAKED OUT IS A MYSTERY TO ME, BUT THEY STOLE THE FORMULA AND KILLED MY BROTHER. AND WHAT THE FATE OF OUR ASSISTANT, DR. HUGO, IS, I DON'T KNOW!



HE'S BEEN MISSING EVER SINCE. AND THE GERMAN SPIES HAVE BEEN TRYING TO GET AT ME LATELY, BUT I'VE MANAGED TO ELUDE THEM!



SOUNDS KIND OF FISHY TO ME!

YEAH.. ME TOO...



OH, KIP.. IT DOES LOOK BAD FOR YOUR FRIEND, DR. EMLIN!

I KNOW, BARBARA!



BARBARA, I HAVE A PLAN. IT MAY INVOLVE SOME DANGER FOR YOU, BUT...

NO BUTS, MR. BURLAND. COUNT ME IN!



NEXT DAY, JUST AS THE JUDGE IS ABOUT TO ANNOUNCE SENTENCE...

JUST A MOMENT YOUR HONOR. I HAVE NEW EVIDENCE!



IT WILL PROVE DR. EMLIN'S INNOCENCE. I WOULD LIKE UNTIL TOMORROW TO SUBMIT IT!



WELL, I GOT A POSTPONED VERDICT... NOW WHAT?

NOW I'LL TAKE YOU BACK HOME.. AND WE WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR DEVELOPMENTS!





LATER... I WONDER JUST HOW LONG WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THOSE DEVELOPMENTS KIP SPOKE ABOUT...
COME IN!



JA, VE COME BUT YE DONT STAY LONG!
IN FACT VE LEAVE RIGHT NOW-UND YOU ARE COMING VID US!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? YOU CAN'T...
DER MEANING IS DOT YOU'LL NEFFER PRESENT DER NEW EVIDENCE IN COURT TOMORROW!



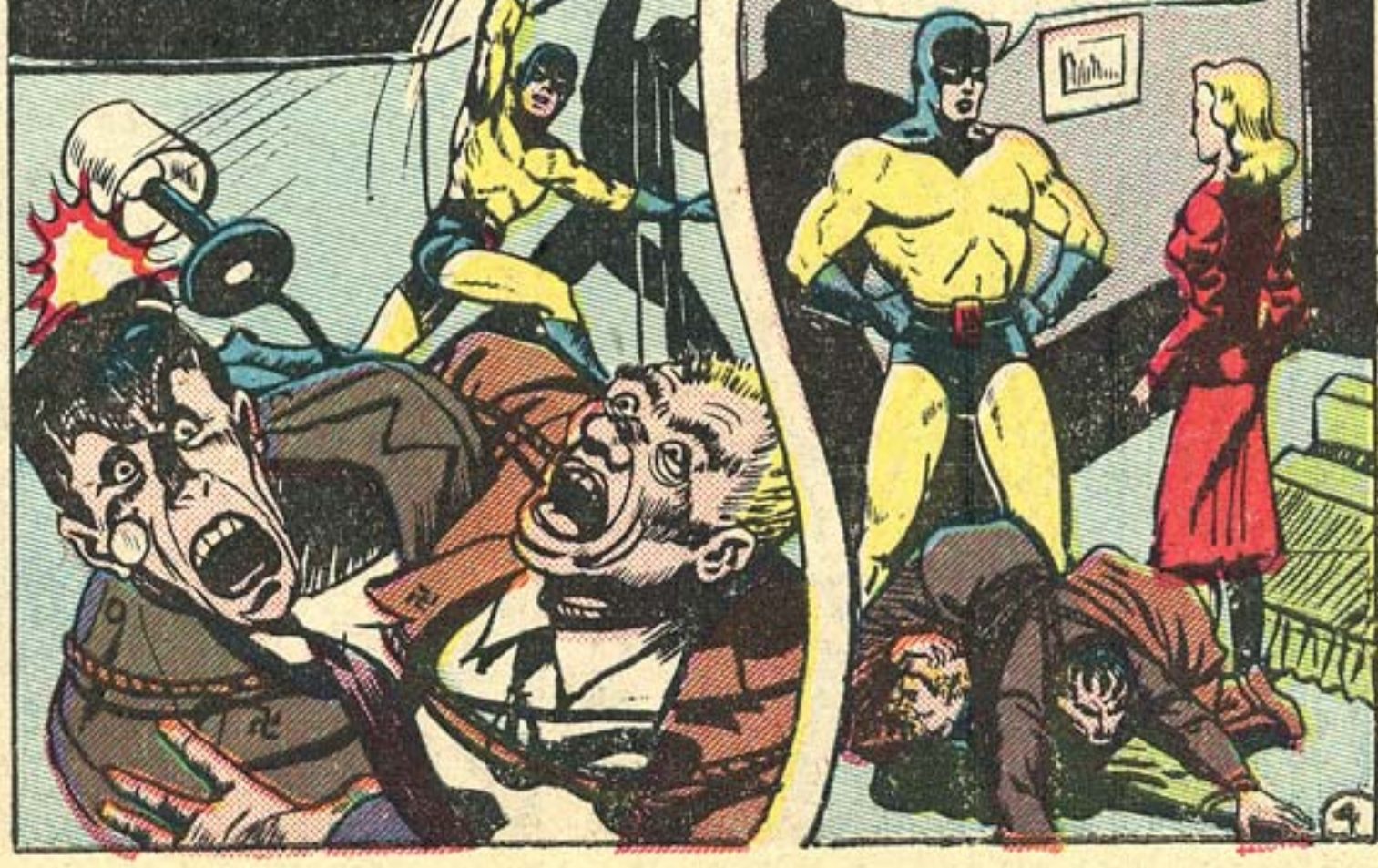
OH, NO? MY GUESS IS THAT SHE WILL!

BLITZEN! DER BLACK HOOD!

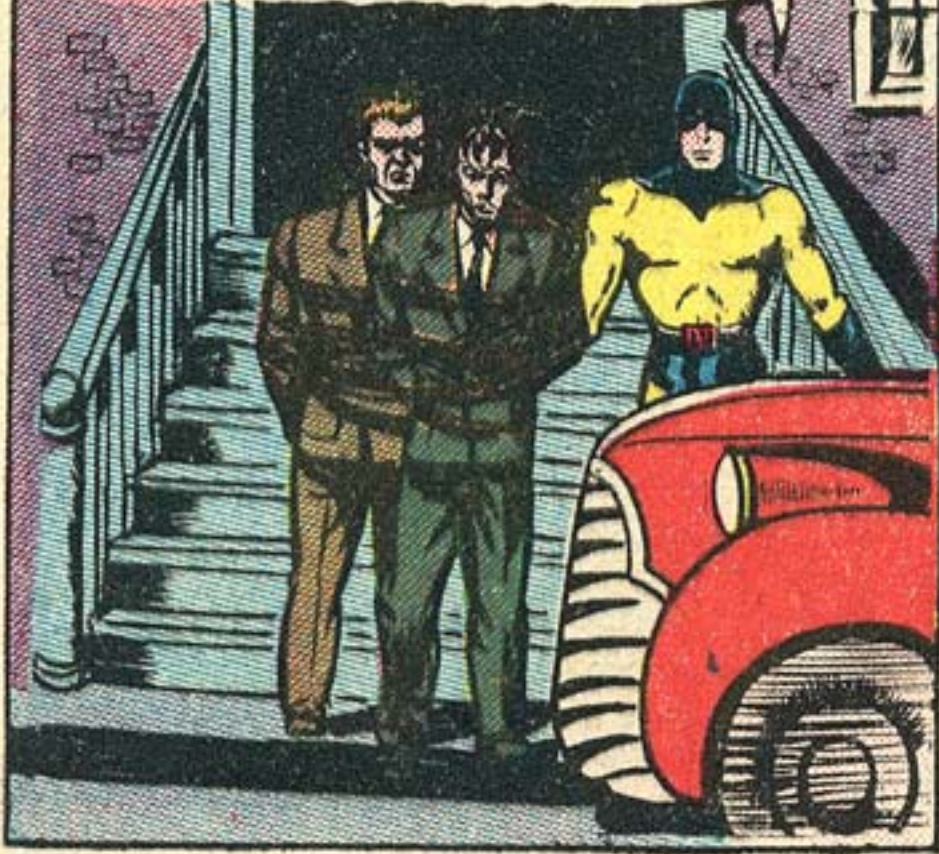


YOU KRAUTS CAME A LITTLE LATER THAN I EXPECTED, BUT YOURE WELCOME BELIEVE ME!

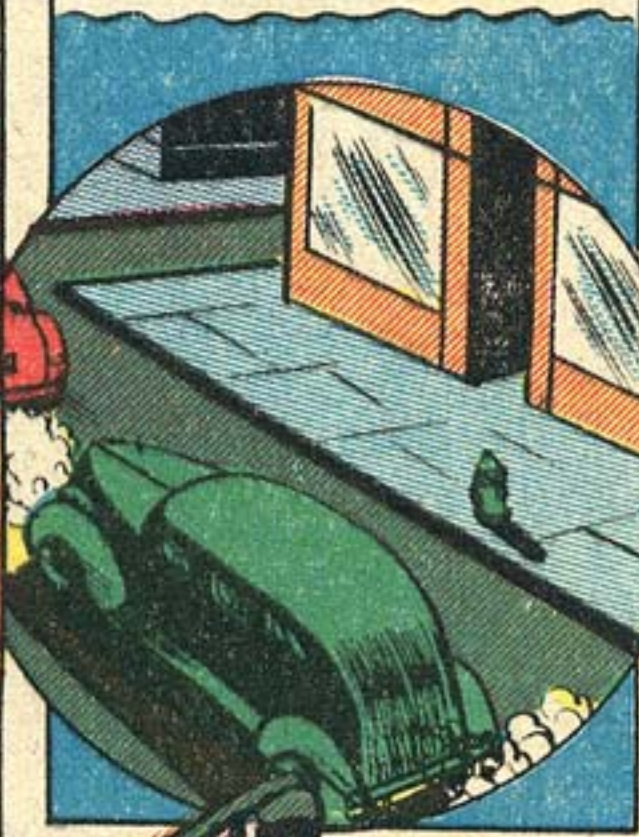
THAT BAIT ABOUT NEW EVIDENCE CAUGHT SOME FISH ALREADY-BUT NOT THE BIG ONE. YOU STAY HERE, BARBARA, AND LOCK THE DOORS!



YOU CANARIES ARE COMING DOWN TO THE POLICE WITH ME - AND DO SOME SINGING, NOT PRETTY, BUT LOUD! LOUD ENOUGH TO CONVINCE A JURY THAT DR. EMLIN'S STORY IS TRUE!



UNNOTICED BY THE DARK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE, A SLEEK, POWERFUL CAR ROARS TOWARD HIM, OVERTAKES HIM, AND...



A BURST OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS RIPS INTO THE BODIES OF THE NAZIS...



OUT OF THE HEAP OF TWISTED WRECKAGE CREEPS THE BLACK HOOD, MIRACULOUSLY ALIVE...



YOU WERE VERY CLEVER, BLACK HOOD... BUT I TOO, AM CLEVER! I SUSPECTED YOU WOULD TRY TO CATCH ME, NOW TO FINISH MY BUSINESS!



LATER... WHAT'S KEEPING THE HOOD? HE PROMISED TO PHONE ME AS SOON AS SOMETHING BROKE. THIS WAITING IS GETTING ON MY NERVES!



WHAT'S THAT? I THOUGHT I HEARD..... EEEEEEE!





SO YOU WISHED TO DRAW ME FROM MY PLACE OF HIDING, EH? WELL, YOU DID!



I KNOW NOW THAT EVIDENCE YOU SPOKE OF IS A FAKE, BUT YOU'RE MUCH TOO SMART FOR ME TO TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH YOU. I'VE ALREADY RID MYSELF OF YOUR FRIEND, THE HOOD!

YOU'RE A LIAR!



QUIET, YOU VIXEN!

ZOK



NOW WALK, AND NO TRICKS.... I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME!



NO, YOU'RE NOT!

HOOD... YOU.... YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!



YES, VERY MUCH ALIVE, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG YOU'LL BE!

UGH!



I'LL MAKE SURE OF YOU THIS TIME, HOOD!



AND YOU, TOO!



YOU WALKING MONSTROSITY...



...YOU'VE COMMITTED YOUR LAST MURDER!



BARBARA... BARBARA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



ALMIGHTY HEAVEN... SHE-- SHE HAS THE MOLD!



AND HE'S ESCAPED... NO TIME FOR HIM NOW... BARBARA'S GOT TO BE SAVED BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.. AND THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN DO IT!



HELLO...HELLO... SERGEANT MCGINTY! YOU'VE GOT TO DO THIS; NOT FOR ME - FOR BARBARA... HER LIFE IS AT STAKE! YES, I KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE RULES!



BUT... BUT.. ALL RIGHT HOOD! BUT IF YOU'RE KIDDIN' ME, HEAVEN HELP YOU!



HEY, YOU! GET DR. EMLIN OUT OF HIS CELL.. G'WAN, DO AS I TELL YOU... I'LL TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY!

LATER...

DR. EMLIN'S LABORATORY. NOW ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT FOR HIM-AND PRAY!



DR. EMLIN! HURRY, FOR THE LOVE OF LORD... THE DISEASE IS STARTING TO SPREAD RAPIDLY!

PRAY HEAVEN I'M NOT TOO LATE!



NO, THANK THE LORD... SHE CAN STILL BE SAVED. BUT I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST... FIRST THIS SOLUTION..



IT'S DONE... THE SERUM IS TAKING EFFECT... HER SKIN IS STARTING TO CLEAR ALREADY!

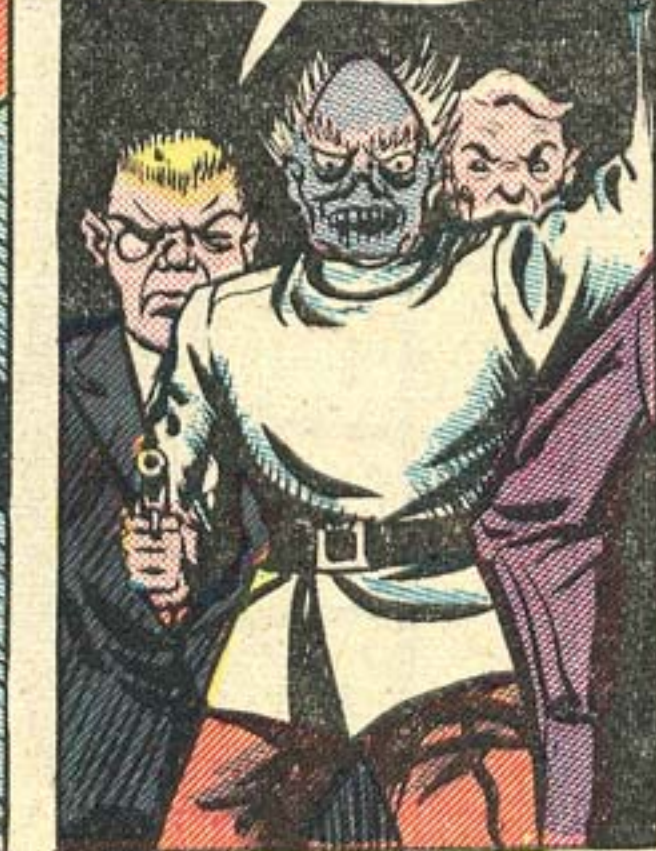


SUDDENLY...

HELLO, DR. EMLIN! HEE, HEE! WONDERFUL THE WAY YOU SAVED THAT POOR GIRL, HEE, HEE!

WHAT IN...

NOW, LET'S SEE YOU SAVE YOURSELF, HEE, HEE, I'M TIRED OF WAITING FOR THE LAW TO FINISH YOU! I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

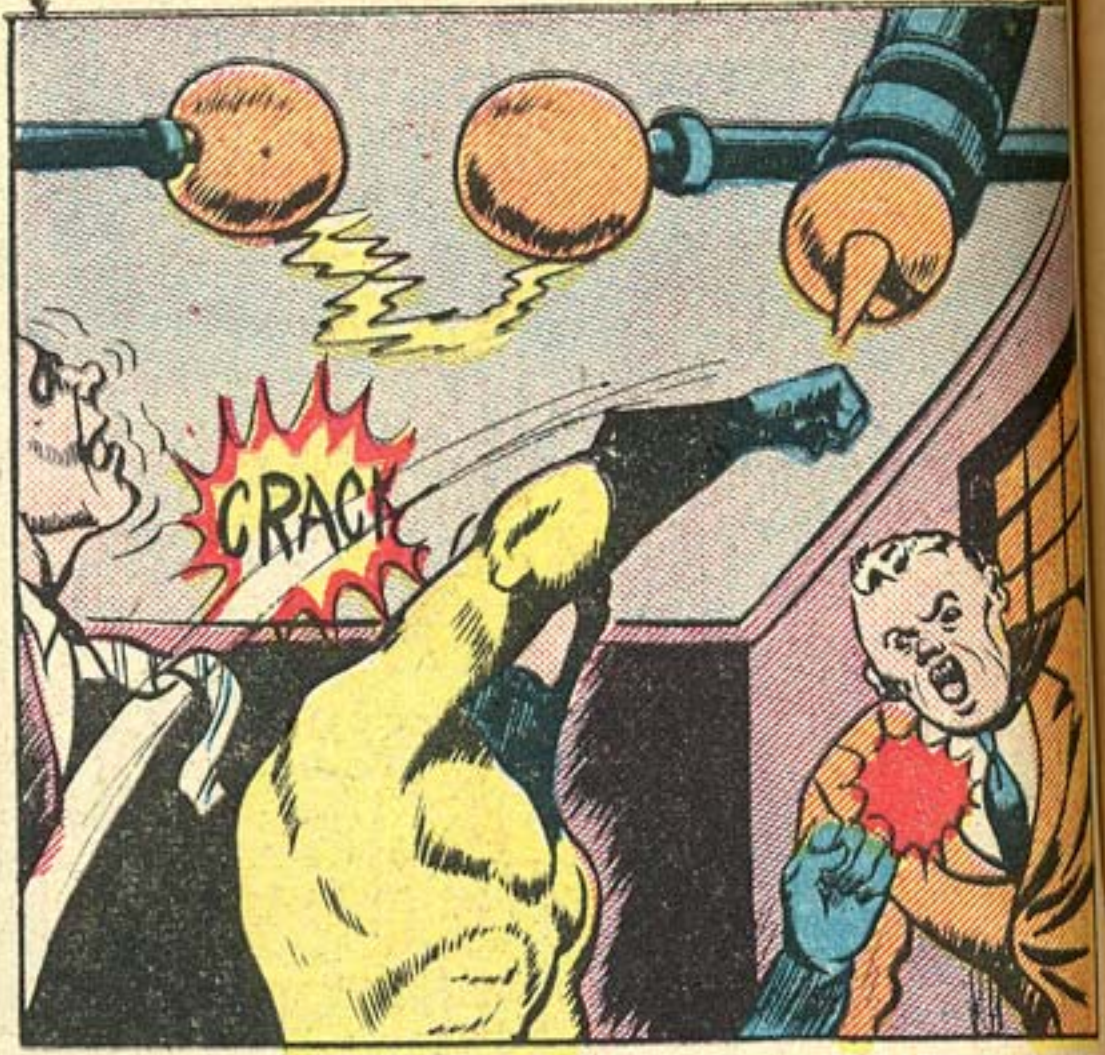


OVER ME DEAD BODY, YA WILL, YA BABOON-FACED MURDERER!

KILL THEM! SHOOT THEM ALL DOWN!



THEN, INTO THE THICK OF THE HAIL OF LEADEN DEATH, LIKE AN EXPLOSIVE PROJECTILE - THE DARK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE, AND...





I DON'T THINK HE'LL GIVE US ANY MORE TROUBLE MCGINTY... YOU CAN PULL THIS MASK OFF HIS FACE, NOW!

GLORY BE! YOU'RE RIGHT, HOOD...IT IS A MASK!



GOOD LORD! HUGO! MY ASSISTANT!

I SUSPECTED AS MUCH ALL ALONG!



YES, CONFOUND YOU. I COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF REFUSING ALL THAT MONEY OFFERED BY THE GERMANS. I DECIDED TO DOUBLE CROSS YOU AND SELL IT TO THEM MYSELF!



FIRST, I HAD TO GET RID OF BOTH OF YOU TO MAKE SURE THE ANTI-SERUM WAS DESTROYED!

KILLING YOUR BROTHER WAS AN EASY MATTER. IT WAS MORE DIFFICULT TO GET YOU!



THAT'S WHY I DECIDED TO FRAME YOU AND LET THE LAW GET RID OF YOU FOR ME. AND IT WOULD'VE WORKED IF NOT FOR THAT ACCURSED BLACK HOOD!

THE JAIL IS FULL OF CRIMINALS WHO ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT, HUGO!



Later

EMLIN ACQUITTED! THE HORRIBLE SECRET OF THE MOLD DESTROYED!... YOU'VE REALLY GOT YOURSELF A STORY THIS TIME, BARBARA!

YES, BUT AS USUAL YOU WON'T LET ME WRITE THE BEST PART OF IT, KIP! THE PART THE BLACK HOOD PLAYED!

The BLACK HOOD APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS 10

THE DANK SWAMP OF DEATH

A BLACK HOOD STORY

"YOU'VE got to help me, Kip," said Charlie Drew anxiously, as he and Kip Burland pushed past the swinging doors into Mike's Beer Parlor. "That kid brother is letting himself in for a pack of trouble by hanging around with the Swamplands Mob!" His red hair fell over his eyes, and he pushed it up with a nervous gesture.

"I'll do what I can, Charlie," answered Kip, "but the kid's over twenty-one—"

Together Kip and Charlie crossed the smoke-filled room to a small table where Harry Drew sat. He gazed up at them with glazed eyes. "Well, what do you want?"

Quietly Kip sat down, and motioned Charlie to leave.

"What's the matter with you these days, Harry?" he asked. "Why don't you lay off drink and running around with that Swamplands Mob? They'll only lead you to trouble."

"Listen, Burland," said Harry, "just because you're a pal of my brother's doesn't give you the right to stick your nose in my affairs. I'm going in for excitement in a big way—and I like it!"

"Just one more question," said Kip. "Who's the leader of the mob? Tell me that."

"I don't know, and I wouldn't tell you if I did." Harry got to his feet. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a pile of bills, and nonchalantly tossed a twenty onto the table. "I leave big tips, you see. You ought to tell my brother that he's missing out on a lot of fun."

Harry strolled to the pay phone, dropped a nickel in the slot and shut the glass door. From where he stood, Kip could see the excitement mount in Harry's eyes. In a moment, the young man dashed out of the booth, out of the swinging doors, and into the street.

"This looks like a case for The Black Hood," murmured Kip to himself, as he raced after Harry.

In a flash he was in a cab, shouting to the driver to follow Harry's car.

The two cars swerved around corners and down long streets . . . directly toward the swamps at the edge of town. Finally, Harry's car drew up. Harry disappeared in the shadows—and a moment later, edging through the darkness after him . . . was The Black Hood!

"He might have gone up one of a dozen doorways," The Black Hood muttered. "I'll try this one first." As he started double time up the creaky stairs, a shot suddenly rang out. Then another, and another. "Next door," said The Black Hood grimly, turning on his heels.

In three seconds, he gained the entrance to the warehouse. In a far corner, a safe had been rifled, the tin boxes jimmied open. Suddenly The Black Hood stopped! A pair of feet protruded from behind a chair!

It was Harry! A bullet-hole smudged his forehead with a dark-reddish stain. Blood was oozing over the floor. "Too late—much too late!"

The Hood continued to look around. A black silk mask lay on the floor. Then a green piece of paper attracted his eye. He bent down: it was a twenty dollar bill, lying underneath Harry's bloody hand. With his finger, Harry had smudged two crosses and the letters R-E-D over the face of it! Like a flash, a solution of the crime darted across The Black Hood's mind.

He rushed down the stairs, and nearly bumped into Charlie, Harry's brother. Charlie stared, and his eyes filled with fear.

"The Black Hood!" he whispered. "What are you doing here?"

"I might ask the same question," said The Hood.

"I've been worried about my brother," said Charlie. "I followed him up here in a cab, but I'm not sure exactly where he went."

The Black Hood looked cold,

deadly. "Your brother was murdered a few minutes ago," he said deliberately.

Charlie blanched. "The Swamplands Mob. They did it. They did it."

"No, Charlie," said The Black Hood. "You did it! I understood the symbol your brother left—R-E-D and two crosses. They mean doublecross, Charlie, doublecross by a red-head. You, Charlie!"

Charlie snarled, and a gun leaped into his hand. His mild face showed bitter hate. "Sure I did it. The rat was helping me on a job without knowing I'm the head of the Swamplands Mob, and my mask fell off. He said that if I didn't give him a seventy-five percent cut on all future jobs he'd tell the cops about me . . . so I killed him." The gun spat fire. "You're the only guy who knows it—and now you're dead!"

The Black Hood had leaped sideways. "Not quite," he said. His hand moved with the speed of lightning, and cracked, whip-like, against Charlie's wrist. The gun dropped to the floor.

Charlie's yellow streak showed up now. His face contorted, and he turned and ran. Away from The Black Hood . . . directly toward the fetid swamps. The chase began.

One foot from the thick mud of the swamps. One half foot. One quarter foot. Charlie stopped. There was no going forward; and, with The Black Hood there, no going back.

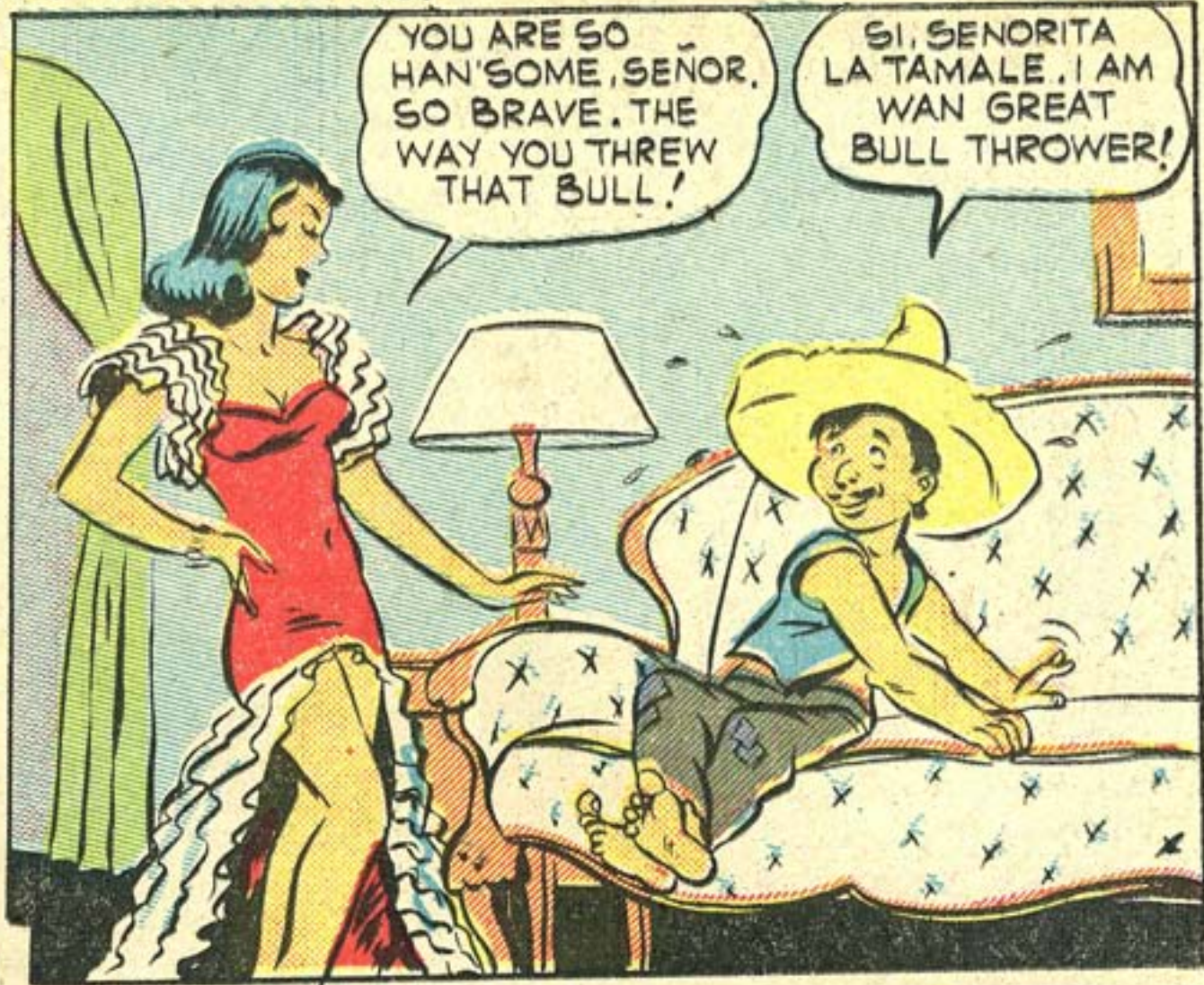
Charlie lashed out with his fist. The Black Hood went under it . . . and then *his* fist lashed out. It got Charlie on the point of the jaw.

Charlie staggered and fell headlong into the swamps. Suddenly he shrieked. "Quicksand! Help me!"

The Black Hood darted forward, but it was too late. For a moment, only Charlie's hand showed—the hand which had wielded the death gun. Then it too was gone.

Señor SIESTA

FROM THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE. THAT SEEMS TO BE THE FATE OF YOUR LITTLE SOUTH AMERICAN HERO. BEWARE SENOR SIESTA, DON'T FALL UNDER THE WILES OF THE BEAUTIFUL SENORITA LA TAMALE. SHE'S DANGEROUS IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE....



YOU ARE SO HAN'SOME, SENOR. SO BRAVE. THE WAY YOU THREW THAT BULL!

SI, SENORITA LA TAMALE. I AM WAN GREAT BULL THROWER!

MAKE WITH THE LOVE, MY WONDERFUL MATADOR? M M M M -



THE 12 O'CLOCK WHISTLE.. TIME FOR THE SIESTA!



G.D. * * THE STUPEED LEETLE PEEG-FALLING ASLEEP AT A TIME LIKE THEES. BUT I MUST NOT MAKE HEEM SUSPEECIOUS!



2 HOURS LATER:

(YAWN) WE CONTINUE NOW, SENORITA!



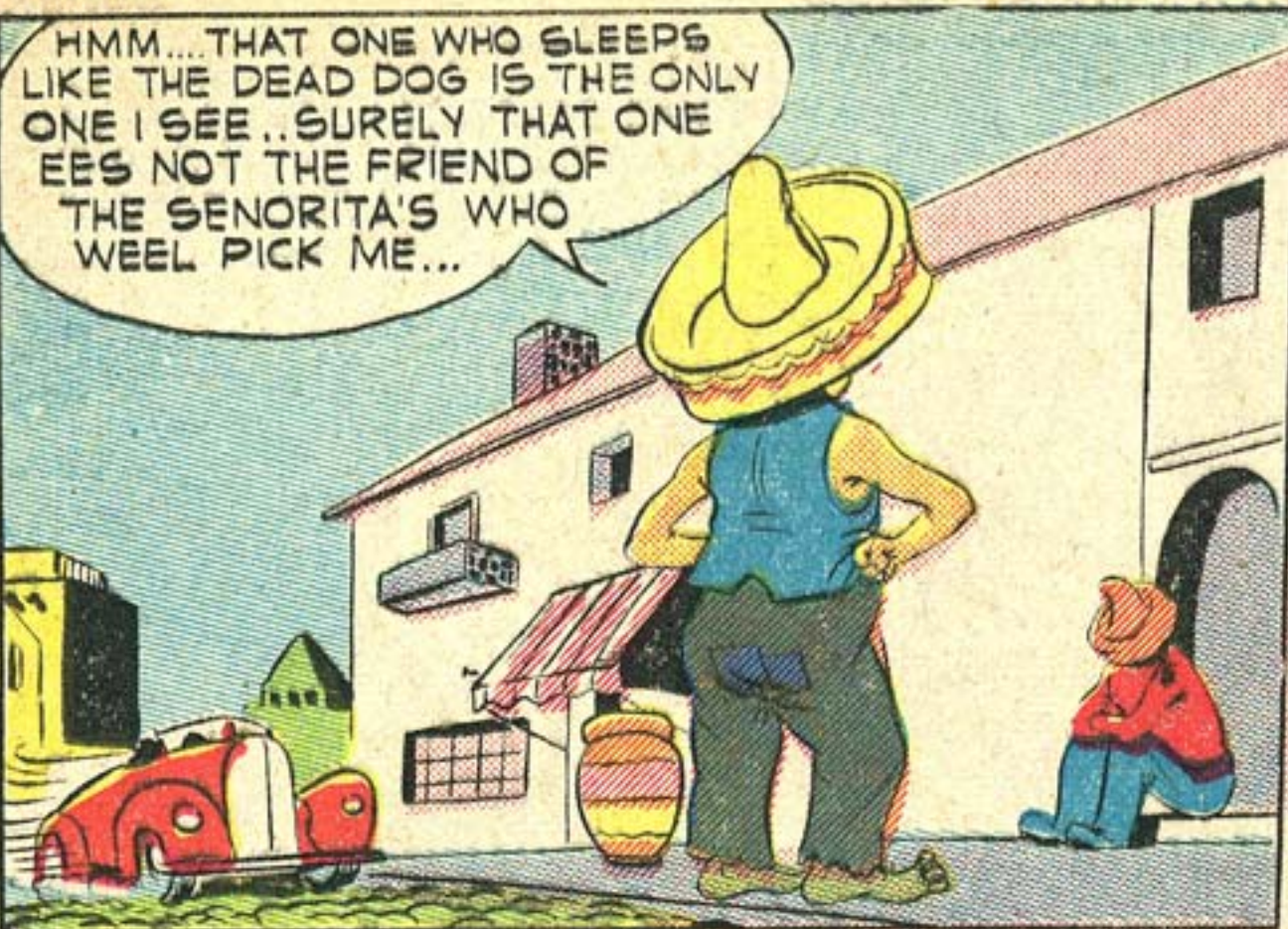
YOU LIKE ME, NO? YOU DO A LEETLE FAVOR FOR ME? SUCH A LEETLE FAVOR!

FOR YOU, SENORITA, NO FAVOR EES TOO LEETLE!



BUENOS! I HAVE SOME FRIENDS WAITING DOWN-STAIRS. THEY WEEEL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO... ADIOS!





HMM... THAT ONE WHO SLEEPS LIKE THE DEAD DOG IS THE ONLY ONE I SEE.. SURELY THAT ONE EES NOT THE FRIEND OF THE SENORITA'S WHO WEEL PICK ME...



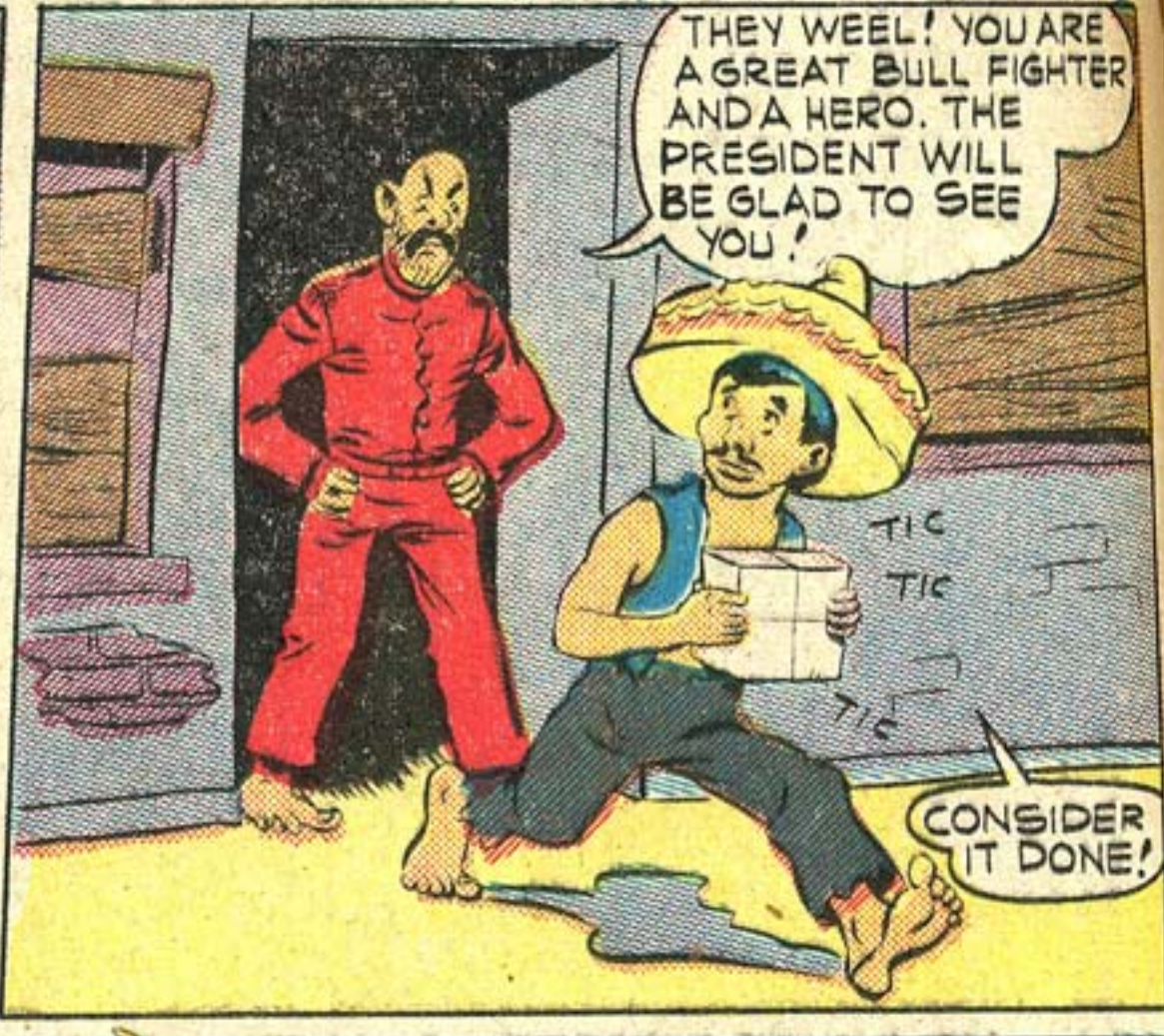
...UP..... HELP!

?



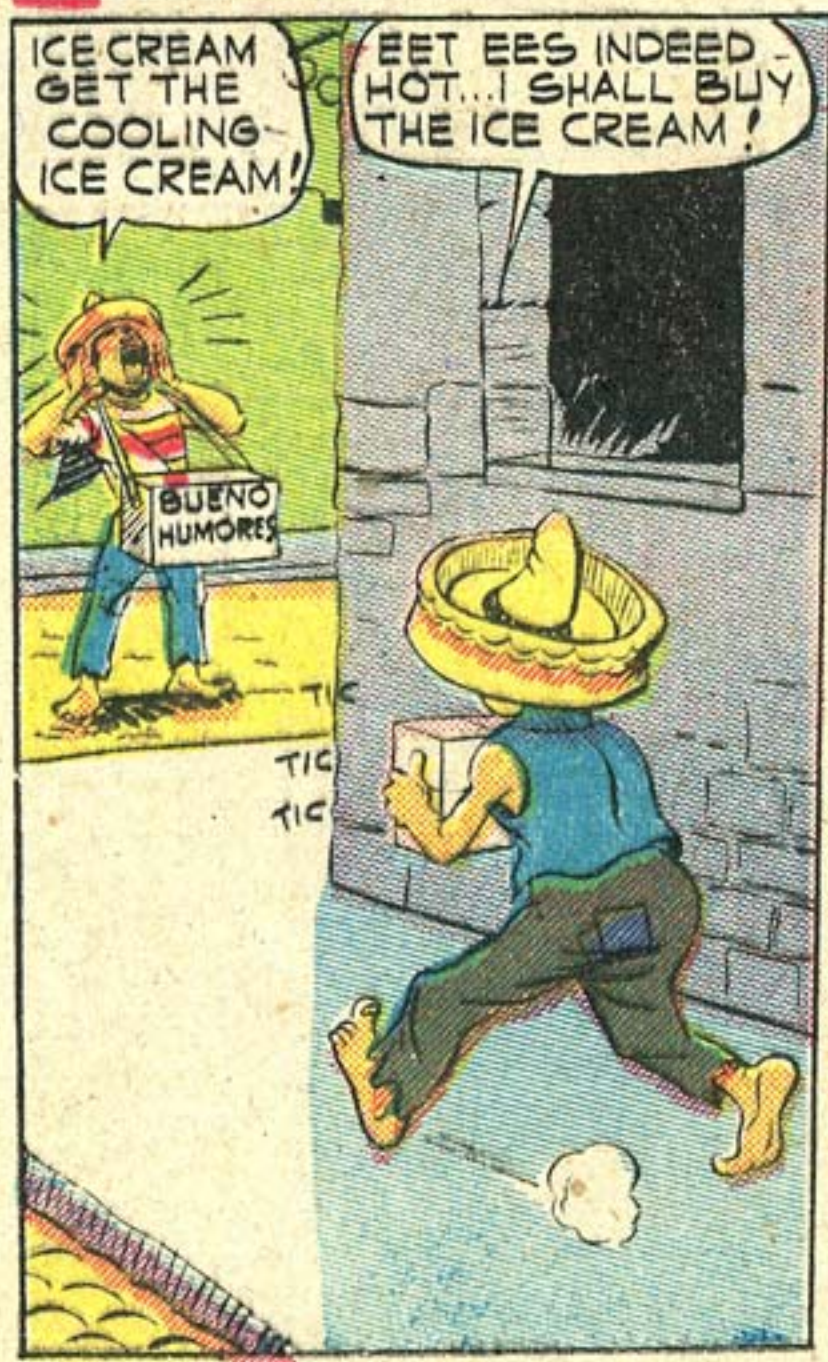
EET EES A SIMPLE THING YOU ARE TO DO. JUST DELIVER A CLOCK TO THE PALACE OF THE PRESIDENT!

BUT PERHAPS THEY WEEL NOT LET ME IN TO SEE EL PRESIDENTE!



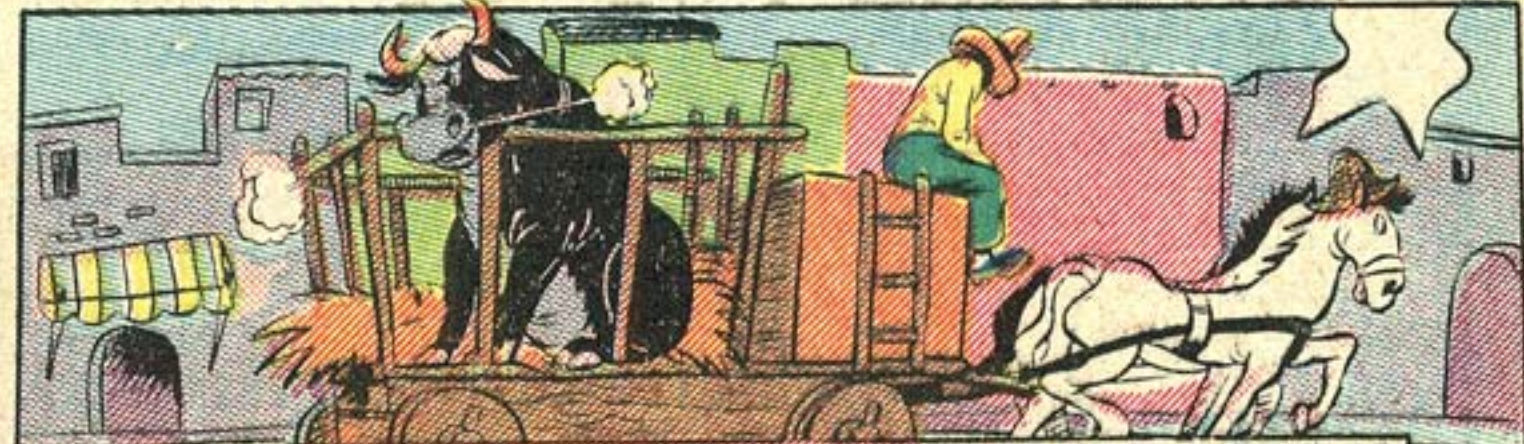
THEY WEEL! YOU ARE A GREAT BULL FIGHTER AND A HERO. THE PRESIDENT WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

CONSIDER IT DONE!

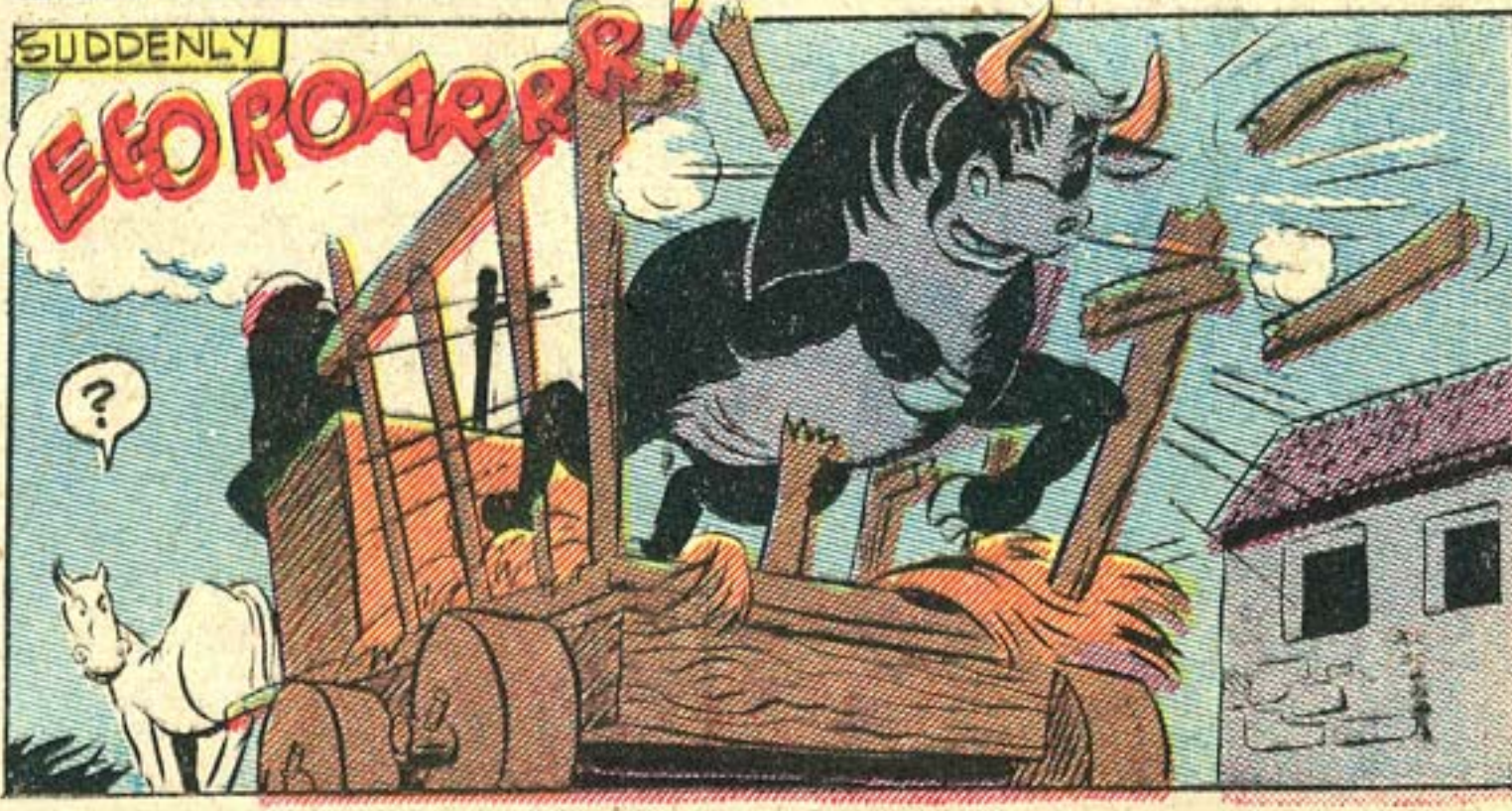


ICE CREAM GET THE COOLING-ICE CREAM!

EET EES INDEED HOT... I SHALL BUY THE ICE CREAM!

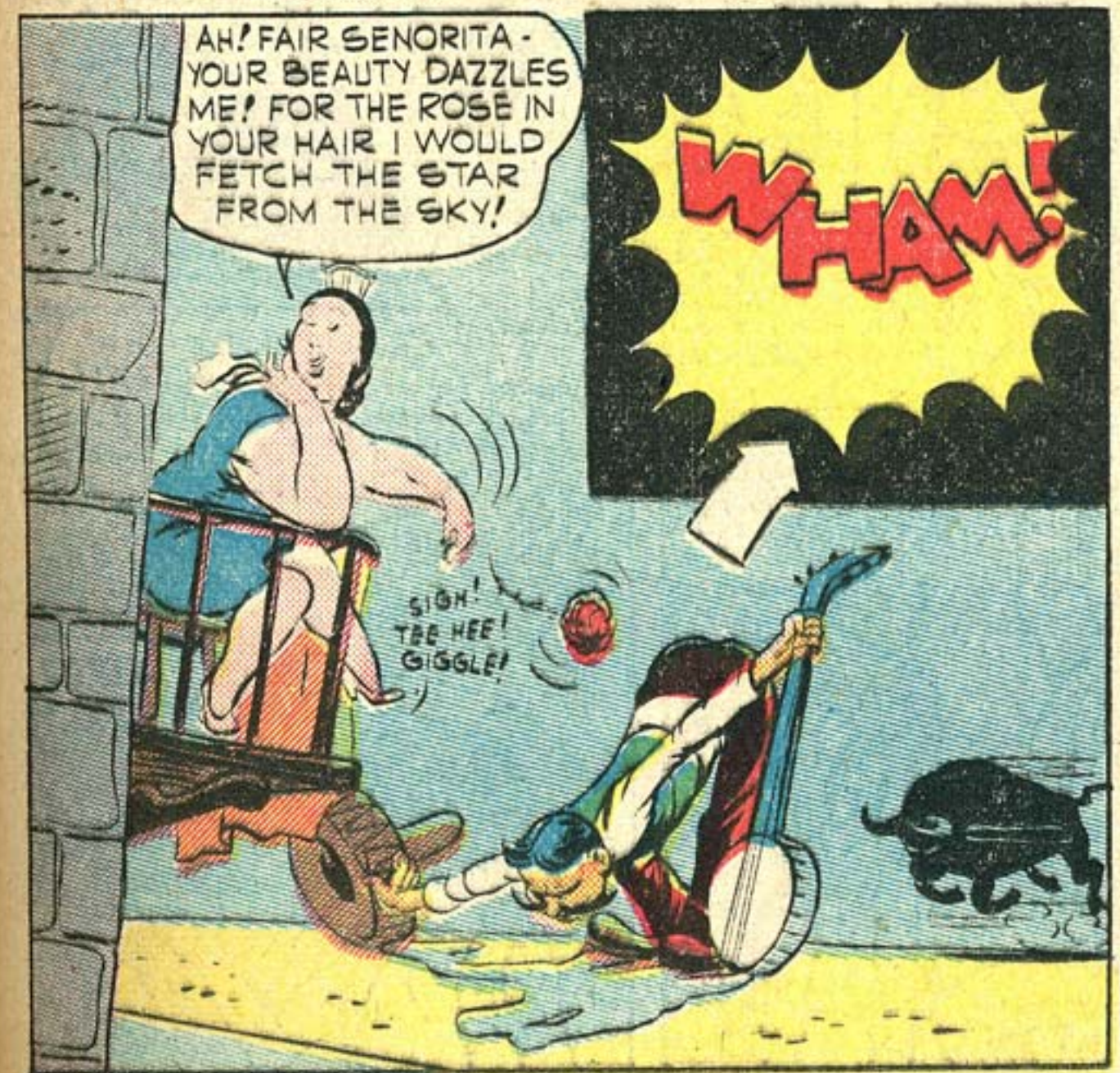
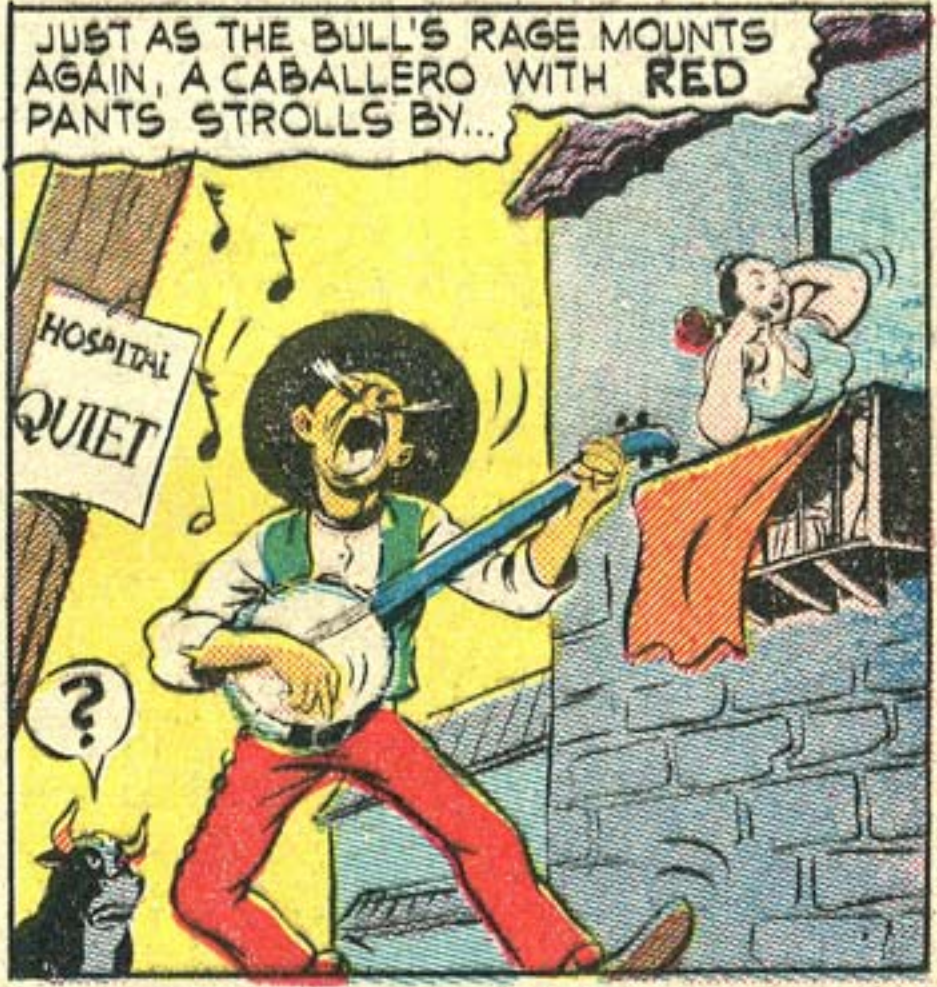
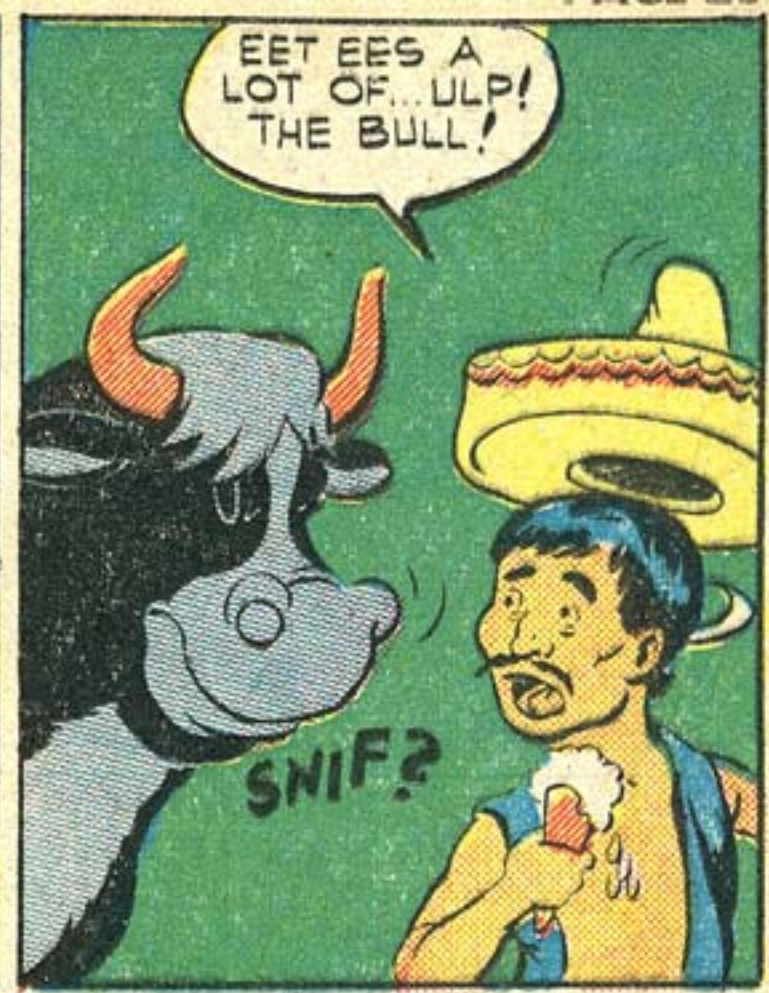
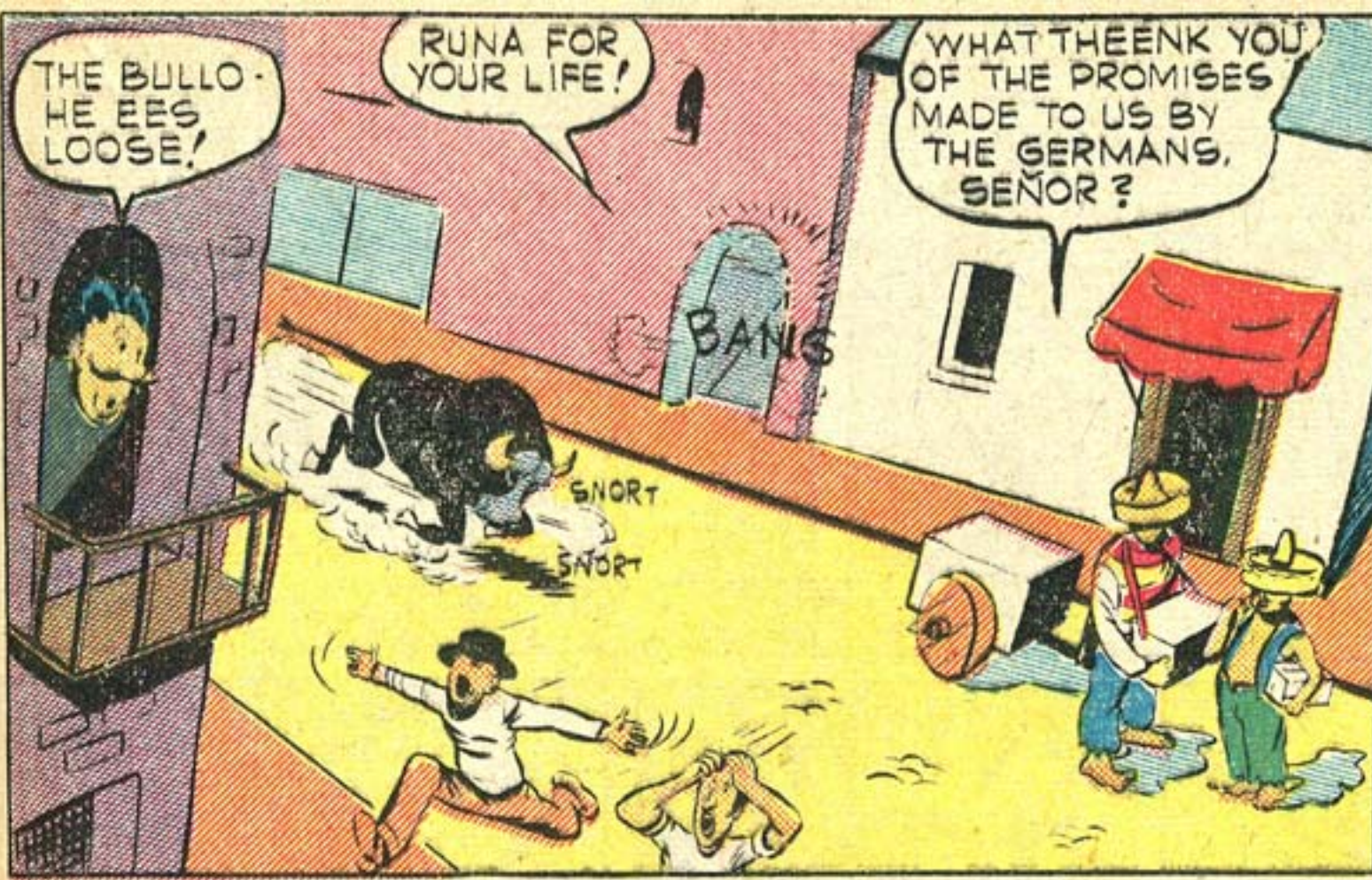


WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, DOWN THE STREET, A WILD BULL IS BEING TRANSPORTED TO THE ARENA...



SUDDENLY
EEO ROARRR!

?



AH! ALMOST 5.30... THE TIME BOMB WE GAVE SENOR SIESTA SHOULD EXPLODE SOON!

SI, HA, HA! THE GERMANS WEEL PAY US EXTRA FOR THEES!

I MUST RETURN AND GET THE ADDRESS AGAIN. THE EXCITEMENT HAS MADE ME FORGET!

OH, THEY ARE EEN CONFERENCE. I HAD BETTER NOT DISTURB THEM NOW!

AH, WELL, I WEEL DELEEVER EET FOR THEM TO-MORROW!

BLOOM!

EL TABLOID SENOR SIESTA BLOWS UP SABOTEUR'S NEST! SAVES IDENT'S LIFE

EL PRES ACCLAIMS SENOR SIESTA NATIONAL HERO OF THE YEAR

SENOR SIESTA, WEEL YOU PLEASE TO MAKE THE STATEMENT FOR YOUR PUBLIC?

WEEL YOU EENDORSE OUR FRIJOLES?

WAN MEENUTE... GRRR... I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY!

LOOK - EET EEZ BURPEZ, THE MATADOR!

YOU MAKE THE BEEG NOISE, BURPEZ! SENOR SIESTA ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE, OF COURSE!

I AM STEEL OUR COUNTRY'S GREATEST HERO AND I CHALLENGE THE LITTLE UPSTART TO PROVE HIS CLAIM WEETH THE FEESTS OR...

WEETH THE BULLS!

ER.. AH.. ULP! HA-HA! OF COURSE I ACCEPT! I CAN THROW THE BULL BETTER THAN YOU! (GULP)

THE DAY OF THE GREAT CONTEST ARRIVES...

GET YOUR PROGRAMS HERE... CAN'T TELL THE MATADORS WITHOUT A PROGRAM!

GATE 3

EL GRANDE BULL FIGHT BURPEZ VS SENOR SIESTA

BRAVO VIVA CLAP CLAP
BULLS TO MATADORS
DRINK CUCA-CULA
I DEDICATE THEES BULL TO YOU, EL PRESIDENTE!

HA... NOW I SHALL DEMONSTRATE MY SKILL AND DARING!
OOP!
I SHALL COUNT THREE BEFORE I MAKE THE SIDE-STEP! WAN... TWO
NOW, MIDST WILD APPLAUSE, SENOR SIESTA, THE BRAVEST MATADOR IN ALL THE LAND, STEPS INTO THE ARENA...

PVIEW
CARAMBA! I SHOULD HAVE COUNTED TO TWO!

CHATTER CHATTER
KIVOCK

OOO! THEES EES THE END! I CAN'T LOOK!

SNIF SNIF SNIF?
SCREECH

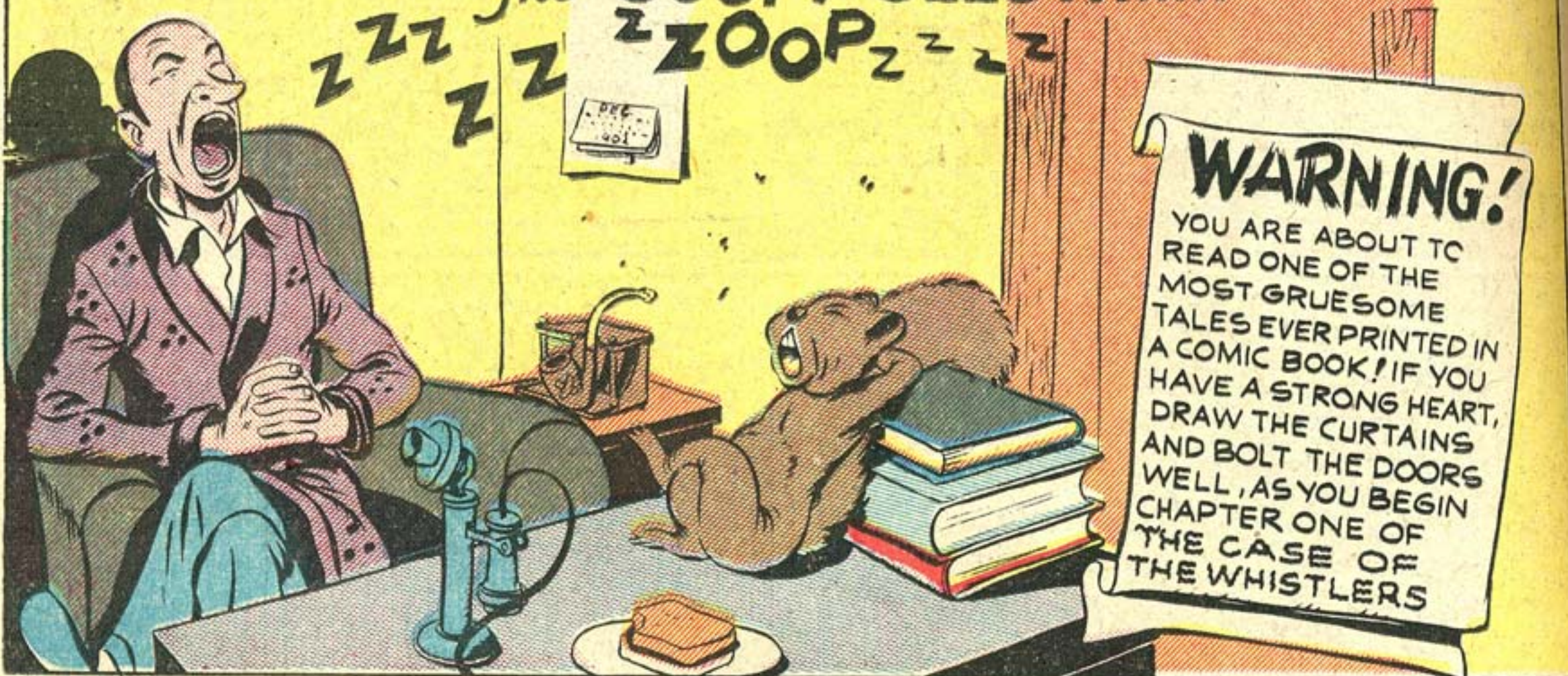
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BRAVO! SENOR SIESTA HAS TAMED THE BULL!
HE COWED IT WITH A LOOK OF THE EYE!
BRAVO!

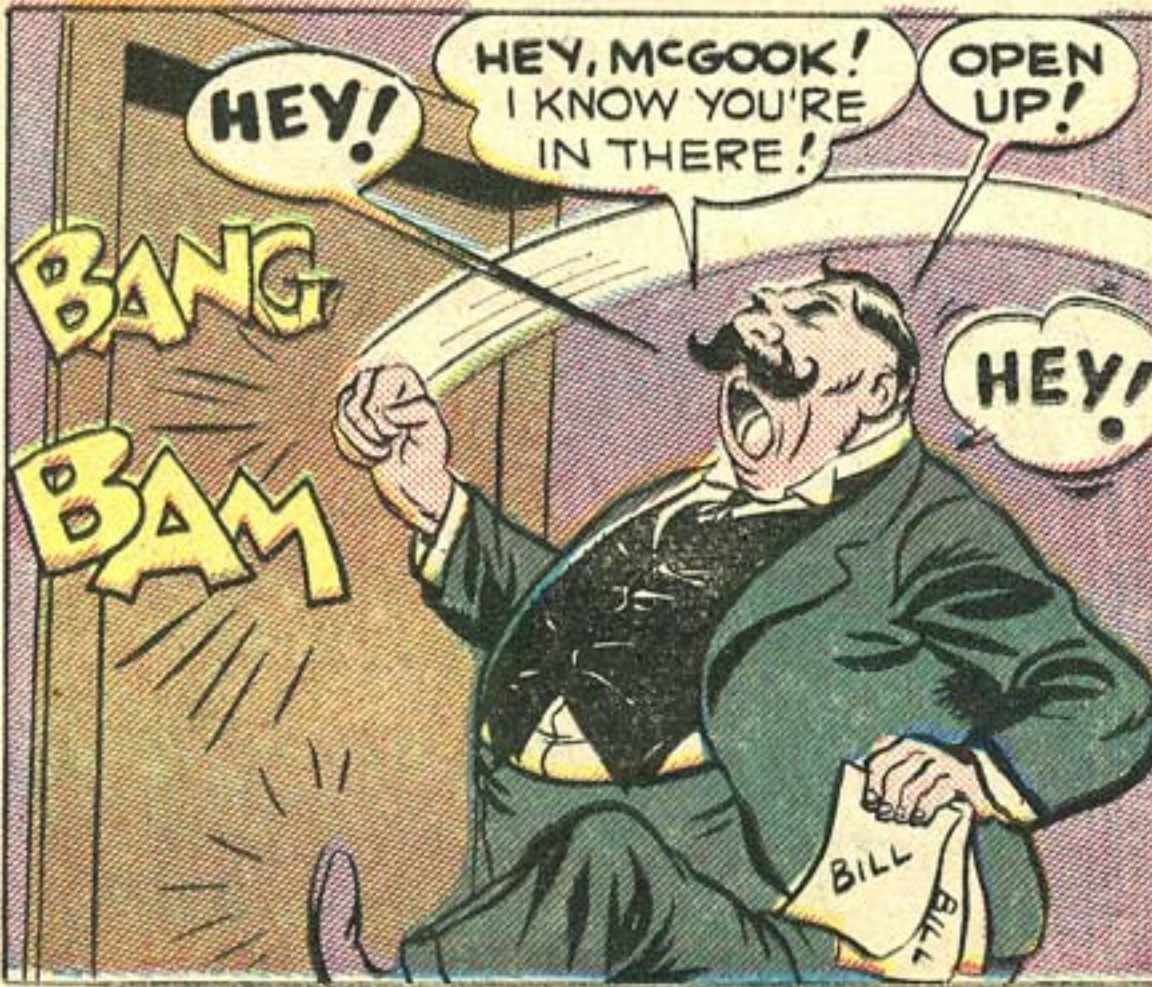
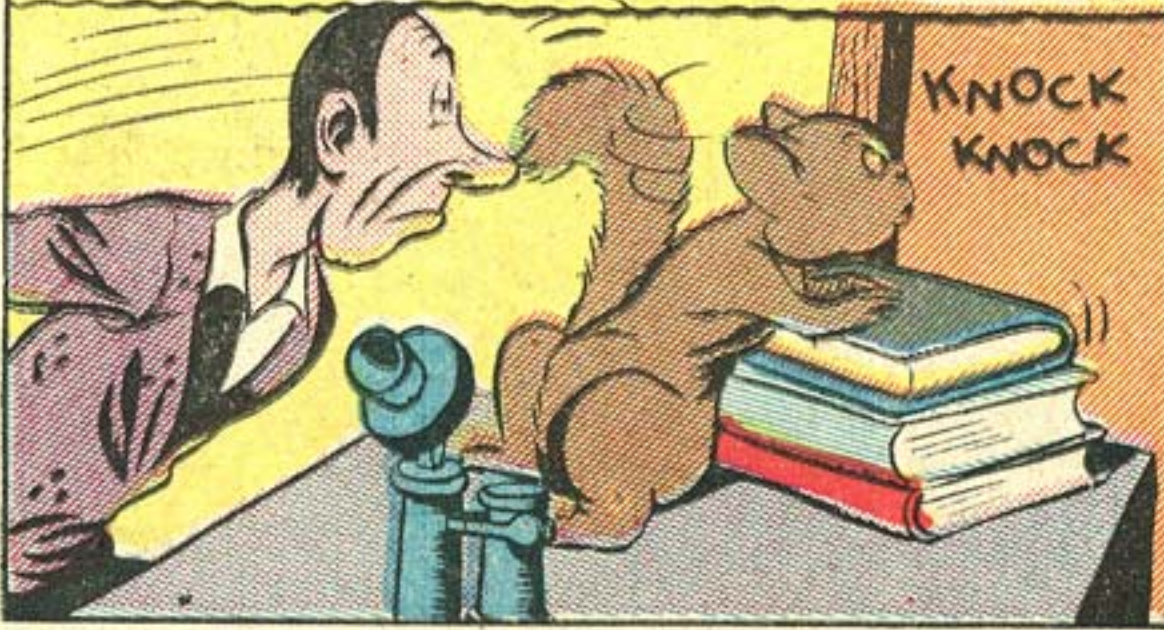
CURSES! I HAVE BEEN MADE THE FOOL, BUT I AM NOT DONE. I SHALL YET HAVE MY REVENGE ON SENOR SIESTA!
BEWARE, SENOR SIESTA! BURPEZ IS A CRUEL AND CUNNING FOE WHO WILL STOP AT NOTHING!

SNOOP MCGOOK

The SOUPY SLEUTH.....
ZZZ ZZZ ZOOO ZZZ



OUR STORY OPENS AS SNOOP MCGOOK AND HIS BOSOM PAL, WALDO, ARE AWAKENED FROM THEIR AFTERNOON SIESTA... THAT'S SNOOP ON THE LEFT...



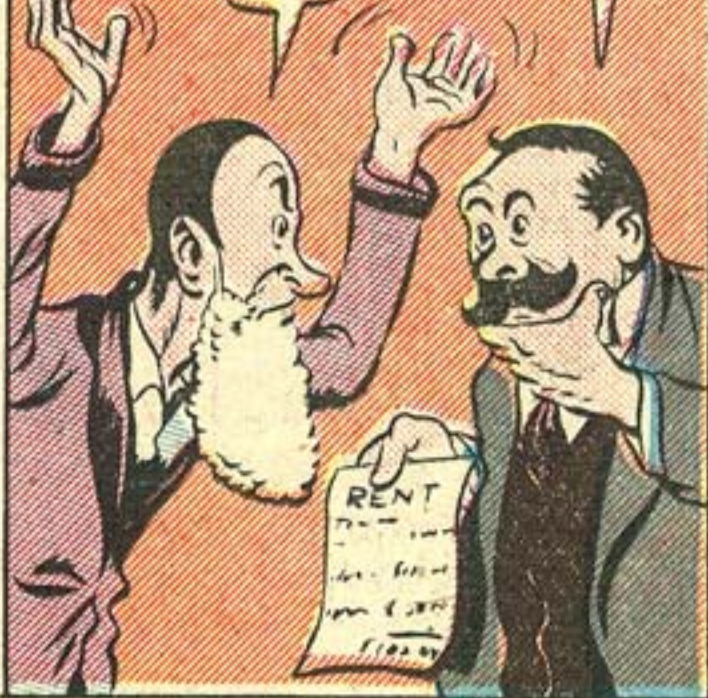
SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS AND OUT COMES SNOOP MCG-?? BUT NO... IT'S SOME GUY WITH A BEARD ...WHERE'D HE COME FROM ?



VALL ? VOT'S ALL DEES KNOCKING ?

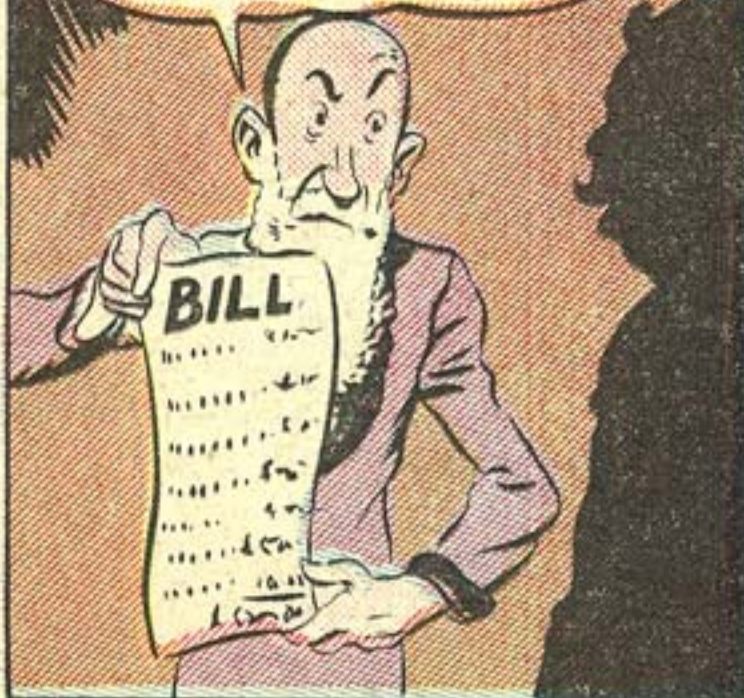
HEY, WHO ARE YOU ? WHERE'S THAT DETECTIVE ?

HA ! MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME ! THREE HOURS I'M VAITINK HERE FOR HEEM ! WHO ARE YOU ?



WELL, ER...

SHADDOP ! I AIN'T INTERESTED IN STAY-INK HERE TILL HE SETTLES DEES BILL IF I'M HAVINK TO STAY ALL NIGHT !



OKAY, PAL ! IF THAT MOOCHER SHOWS UP, HOLD ONTO HIM .. I'LL BE BACK LATER !



YIPPEEE !

HOORAY FOR ME !

IT WORKED !

CLICK

BUT ENOUGH OF THIS ! NOW TO GET BACK TO W-?? NOW WHAT ?



YES ? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU ? OR ... VICE VERSA ?

OH ? I MUST HAVE THE WRONG APARTMENT ! I WAS LOOKING FOR SNOOP MCGOOK, THE DETECTIVE !



I AM MCGOOK ! COME IN ! HAVE A CUP OF TEA ?..

OR A CIGAR ?

OR AN APPLE ?





I AM THE CROWN PRINCESS JULIANNA. MY JEWELS HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY A NOTORIOUS AND DANGEROUS RING OF SPIES!

UM-HM
UH-HUH
YEP
YEH



THEY ARE KNOWN AS THE "WHISTLERS" AS EACH MEMBER HAS AN IDENTIFYING WHISTLE! PLEASE.. YOU MUST HELP ME!



IT WILL BE WELL WORTH YOUR WHILE. I'LL PAY YOU HALF NOW AND HALF WHEN YOU RETURN MY JEWELS!

WOULD \$50 BE TOO... ER AHM...



LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME AND I'LL HAVE 'EM FOR YOU IN FORTY-EIGHT DAYS.

BUT BE VERY CAREFUL! YOU'LL KNOW THE LEADER BY HIS RED HAIR! HE'S A COLD-BLOODED KILLER!



\$450... \$475... \$500... BOY OBOY!

I BETTER EAT FIRST... THEN WORK!



ON HIS WAY TO THE CAFÉ SNOOP PASSES A WINDOW FROM WHICH LEER TWO PAIRS OF EYES!



HEAR THAT! THAT MUST BE THE WHISTLER WE'RE WAITING FOR!

YEAH! THAT'S HIM ALL RIGHT! I'LL GET 'IM!







THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR IS HERE WITH THE BOX!

GOOD! SEND HIM IN!



ARE YOU THE PARTY THAT BOX IS FOR? A COUPLE OF..

GIMME DAT!



HM! I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING YOU BEFORE! HOW DID YOU GET DAT BOX?

WELL, IT WAS THIS WAY - I WAS GOING DOWN THE STREET, WHISTLING, WHEN...



WHISTLING, WERE YOU? I SUPPOSE YOU CAN WHISTLE THAT TUNE AGAIN, CAN'T YOU?



WELL, PERSONALLY, I DON'T SEE NO SENSE TO IT. I COULDN'T CARRY A TUNE IF IT HAD A HANDLE ON IT, AND BESIDES, I DON'T WHISTLE SO GOOD ANYWAY!



IS DAT SO? NOW GET DIS, WISE GUY, YOU WHISTLE, SEE, OR ELSE!

AWK!



HA

PFFT!
MFP!
PHLWD



I THOUGHT SO! HE'S A PHONEY! A SPY! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO TO HIM MEN! TAKE HIM AWAY!

WAIT! YOU GUYS GOT ME ALL WRONG! I'M NOT SPYING ON ANYBODY! HONEST! JUST LOOKING FOR A RED HEADED MAN WHO HEADS A GANG OF...



WAS YOU GONNA SAY OF WHISTLERS.. MAYBE YOU MEAN HAIR LIKE THIS?



HA HA HA HA HE PASSED OUT! TOSS HIM INTO THE DUNGEON UNTIL HE COMES TO!



OWW! WHY DIDN'T I TAKE THAT STREET CLEANER'S JOB WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE... THAT'S ONE JOB I COULD HAVE CLEANED UP - AND LIVED!



WALDO! SO THEY GOT YOU, TOO, DID THEY? WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONERS, SO... SAY! HOW DID YOU GET HERE, ANYWAY?

HUH? OKAY, I'M COMING!



SO! LOOSE BOARDS! HM! FEEL THAT COOL AIR! IT MUST LEAD SOMEWHERE!



HOLY SMOKE! SAY, DON'T THIS PASSAGE NEVER END? AND CUT OUT THAT STOMPING, WALDO... YOU WANT 'EM TO HEAR US?



AHH... TRAP DOOR! NOW TO -



HELLO, MR. MCGOOK

ULP!.. HEH, HEH! IMAGINE RUNNING INTO YOU AGAIN!



SO YOU WAS GONNA TAKE A LITTLE WALK, WAS YOU, WISE GUY? WELL, GUESS AGAIN!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE SNOOP'S IN THE SOUP AGAIN! HOW CAN HE HOPE TO COPE WITH THIS RUTHLESS KILLER AND HIS GANG OF WHISTLERS? RESERVE YOUR NEXT MONTH'S COPY OF TOP NOTCH COMICS NOW, AND FIND OUT!!!

CROOKS ARE WHERE YOU FIND THEM

A SNOOP MCGOOK STORY

SNOOP MCGOOK, detective extraordinary, was on his way to the National Bank when a thin, wiry man bumped forcibly into him.

"I beg your pardon," said Snoop. "I—er——"

But the fellow was up on his feet and off, running toward the James Street bus standing in the terminal.

"He's certainly in a hurry," remarked Snoop, as he adjusted his coat. Suddenly he spied a briefcase at his feet.

"My goodness, he must have dropped this!" Snoop picked up the case and ran for the terminal. Just as he reached the gate, the thin, wiry man slipped into the bus. The bus spat a few times and started off.

"Gracious, I'd better hop in a cab and chase that bus. It doesn't stop before Hodger's City." He howled for a taxi.

A taxi drew up and the driver swung the rear door open, catching Snoop McGook on the shoulder and spinning him once more to the curb.

"Dear me, how clumsy of me," murmured Snoop as he dusted himself off and entered the cab. "Driver, follow the James Street bus and let me off at the terminal at Hodger's City. Somebody's dropped a briefcase and I must return it to him."

Snoop glowed with pride as he fumbled with the clasp of the case. "Wonder what's inside? Maybe it's valuable and I'll get a reward." The taxi lurched on and Snoop finally undid the case. His eyes gaped

and he swallowed hard as he saw bundles and bundles of money. Hundreds and hundreds of dollars.

"Gollydoodle, it's a good thing I'm honest—why, I might steal this and the man would never get it back!"

"Okay, pal," said the driver, suddenly. Snoop paid the driver and dashed for the bus, which had just pulled in. Yes, there he was—the thin, wiry man sitting in the rear seat!

"Hey, mister," shouted Snoop, "you dropped something and I——"

Suddenly Snoop found himself sprawled out on the sidewalk for the third time that morning. "Strange," he said. "How did I get here?"

The bus driver leaned out of his window and shouted: "Hey, weasel-face! When your pal saw you coming, he ran out of here and knocked you right off the platform! He took that trolley across the bridge."

Snoop McGook ran for the trolley, but it had already started clattering along and was half a block over the bridge. In desperation, he looked up and down the street. Nothing in sight, no taxi, not even a car he could hail! Now how was he going to return the money? Suddenly, he saw a boy pedalling a tricycle. "Aha!" thought Snoop and he ran toward the boy. He felt into his pocket and brought out a quarter, a shiny new quarter. In a trice, McGook was wheeling across the bridge, hot in pursuit of the

trolley—his tricycle careening madly from side to side!

The trolley stopped at the far side of the bridge.

"Ah, there he is," gasped Snoop as he saw the thin, wiry man stepping down. But before Snoop could do anything, the tricycle was out of control. "Oh, dear!" he said, and again, "Oh, dear!" In the winking of an eyelash, he had crashed against his quarry with a mighty thud! Yelping in pain, the thin, wiry man fell to the ground, Snoop atop of him.

"G-gee, I'm g-glad I got to you at last," spluttered Snoop. "H-here's the briefcase you dropped."

Sadly, wearily, the thin man looked at him and held out his hands. "I give up, copper," he said. "I can't dodge you—yer too good. G'wan, slip me the cuffs."

In a daze, McGook snapped his handcuffs around the extended wrists.

Later, at the station house, the police lieutenant beamed across the desk at Snoop McGook. "I don't know how you city detectives do it," he said. He dripped admiration. "How'd you spot that crook as quick as you did? Why, the guy didn't have the dough ten minutes when you got on his trail."

Snoop puffed wisely on his cigar. His chest popped out. Then he tapped his forehead significantly and answered with calm deliberation, "It's a gift, pal. It's a gift."

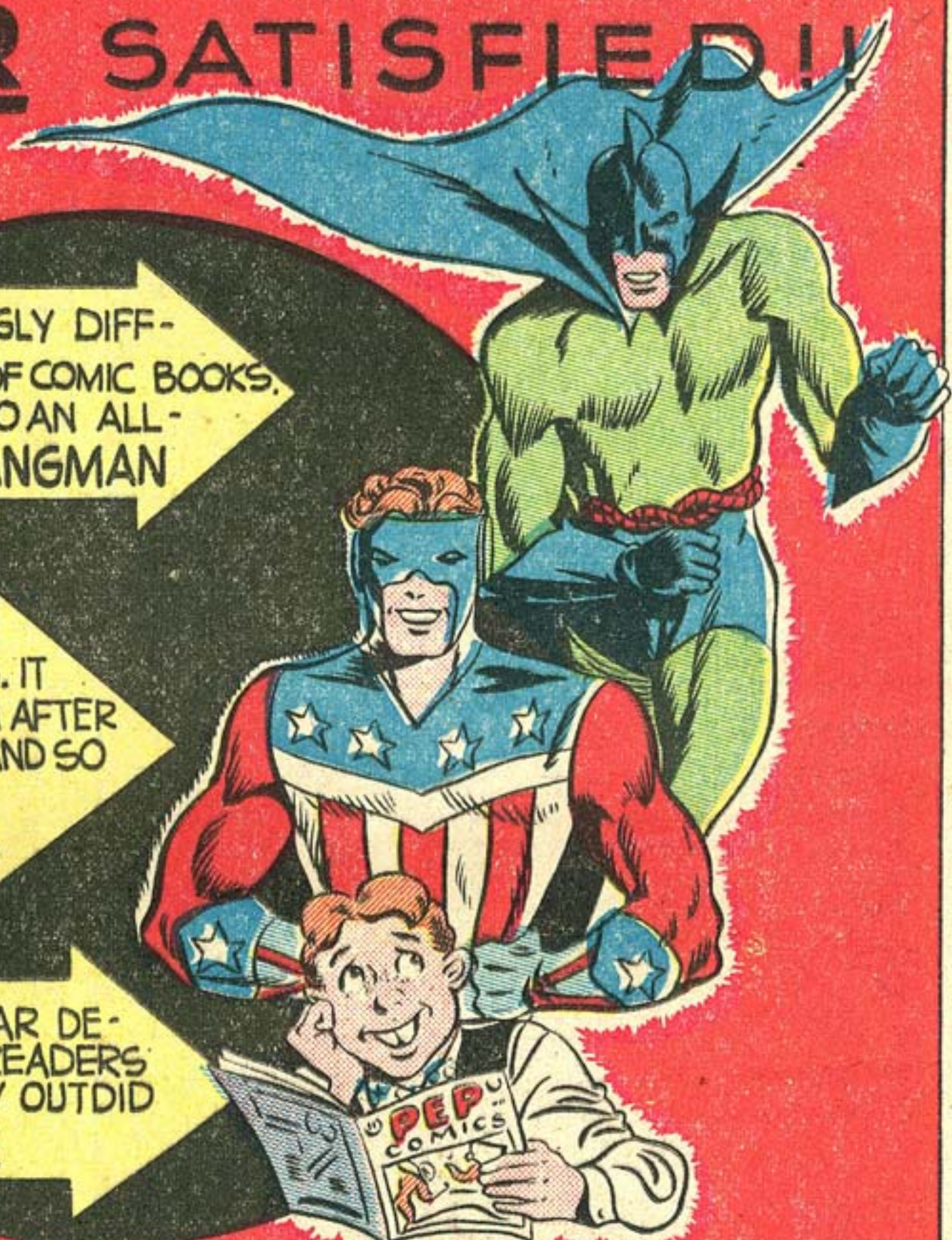
PEP COMICS

IS NEVER SATISFIED!!

PEP GAVE YOU THE MOST DARINGLY DIFFERENT CHARACTER IN THE HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS. A CHARACTER WHO HAS SOARED TO AN ALL-TIME HIGH IN POPULARITY - *The HANGMAN*

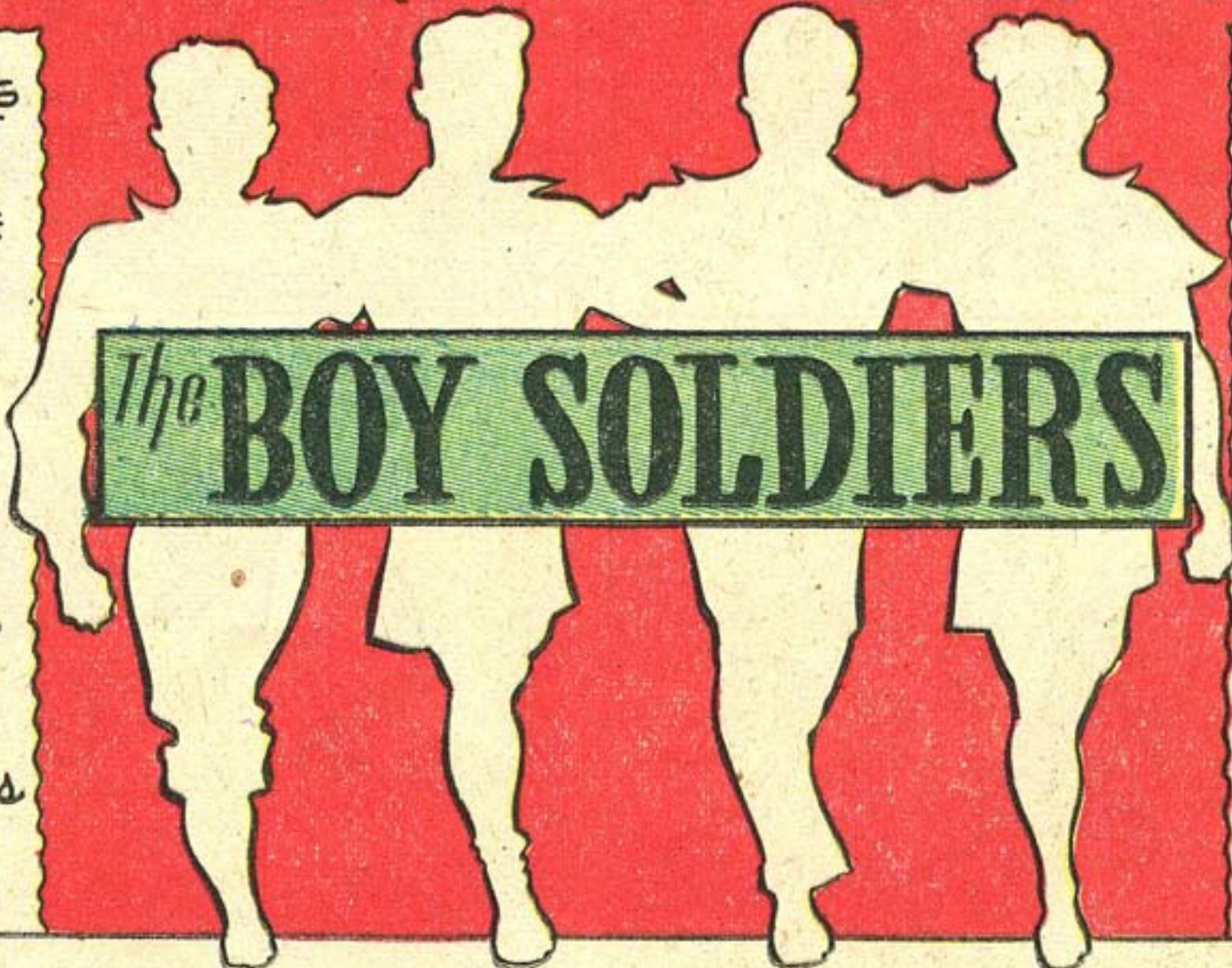
PEP REFUSED TO REST ON ITS LAURELS. IT REFUSED TO STAY IN THE SAME RUT MONTH AFTER MONTH. IT LOOKED FOR SOMETHING FRESH. AND SO IT GAVE YOU - **THE NEW SHIELD**

PEP ALWAYS SENSITIVE TO POPULAR DEMAND. ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO GIVE ITS READERS WHAT THEY WANT - AND MORE - REALLY OUTDID ITSELF AND GAVE YOU - **ARCHIE**



AND NOW AUGUST PEP GIVES YOU

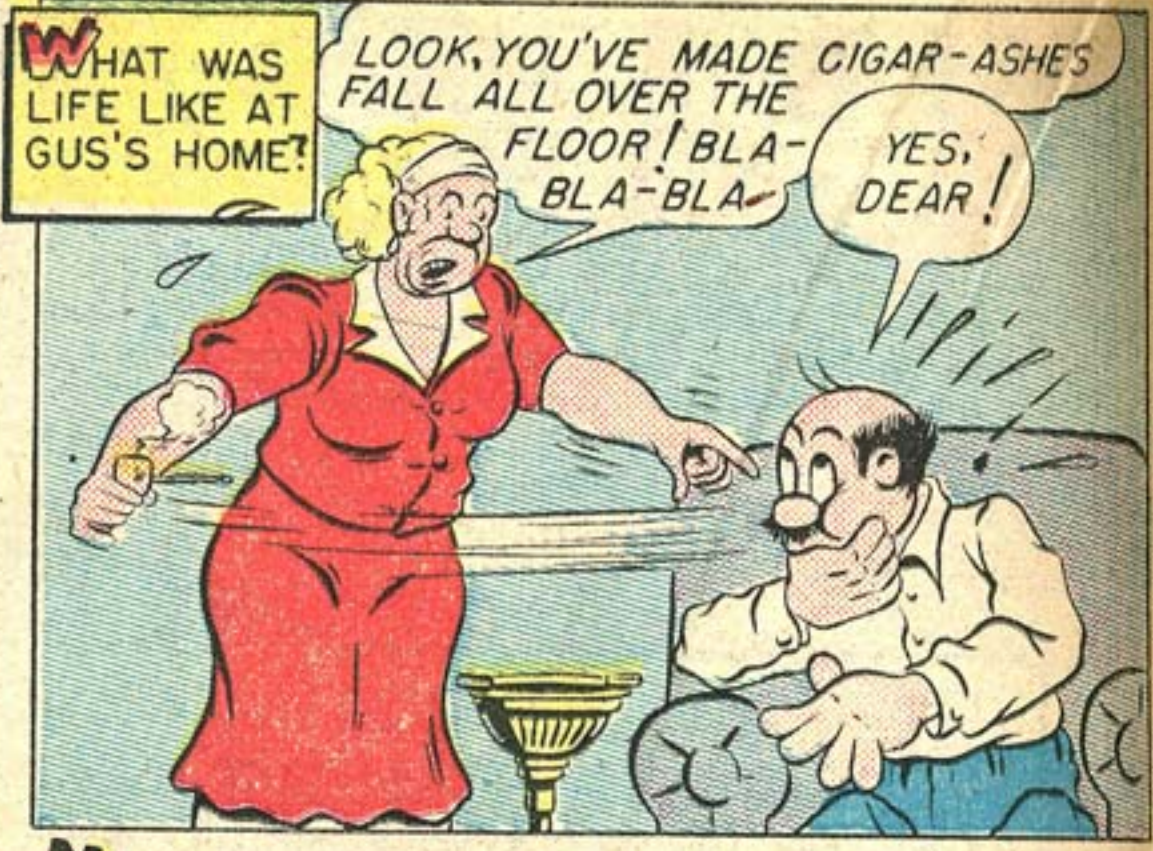
WE SAY WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION THAT YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF **PEP** comics! IF YOU BUY IT ONLY TO READ THIS SENSATIONALLY "DIFFERENT FEATURE!..... **BOY SOLDIERS** APPEARING ONLY IN PEP COMICS. DEFIES IMITATION!



AND, AS FOR THESE OLD STAND-BYS

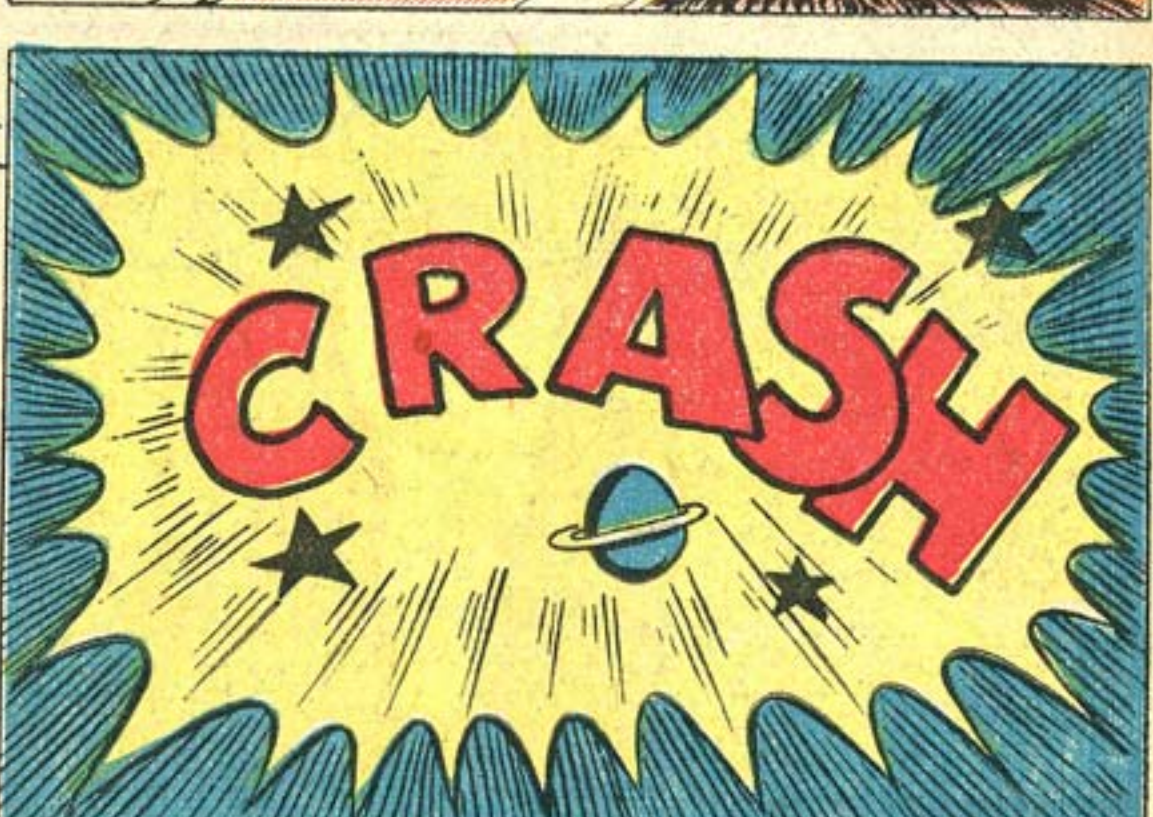
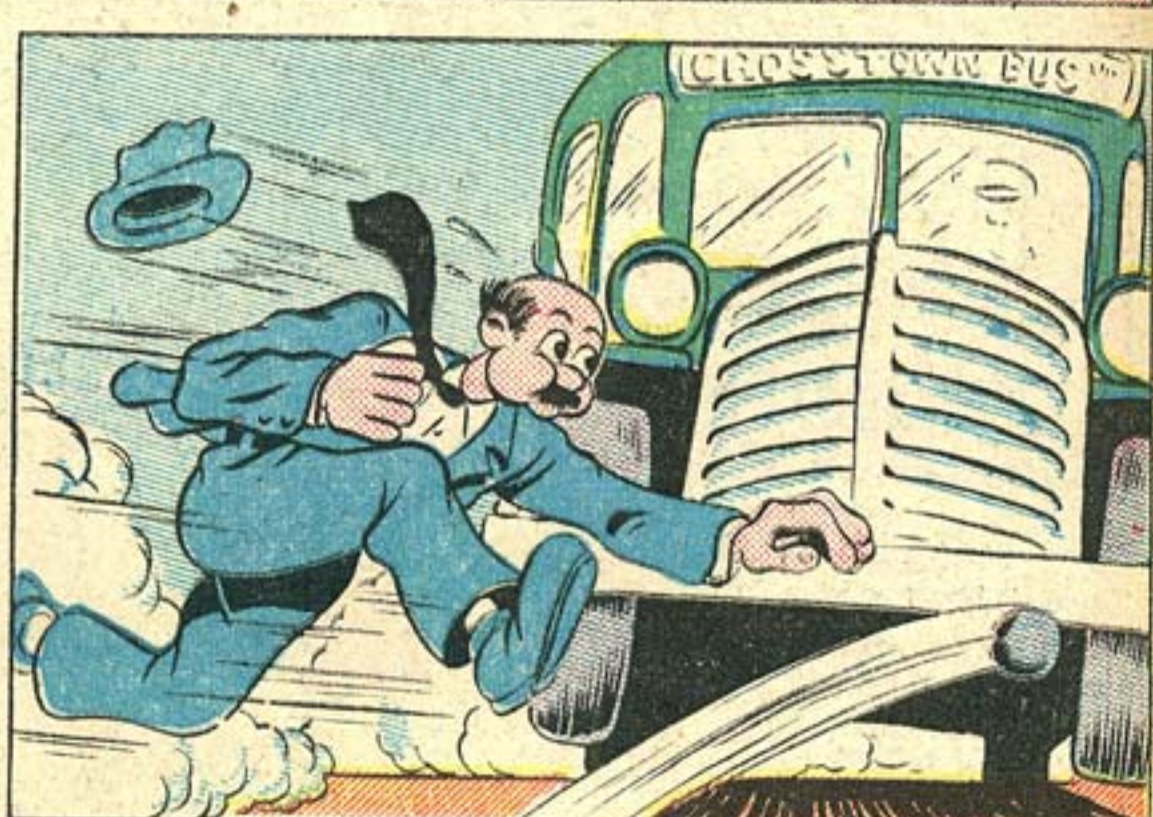
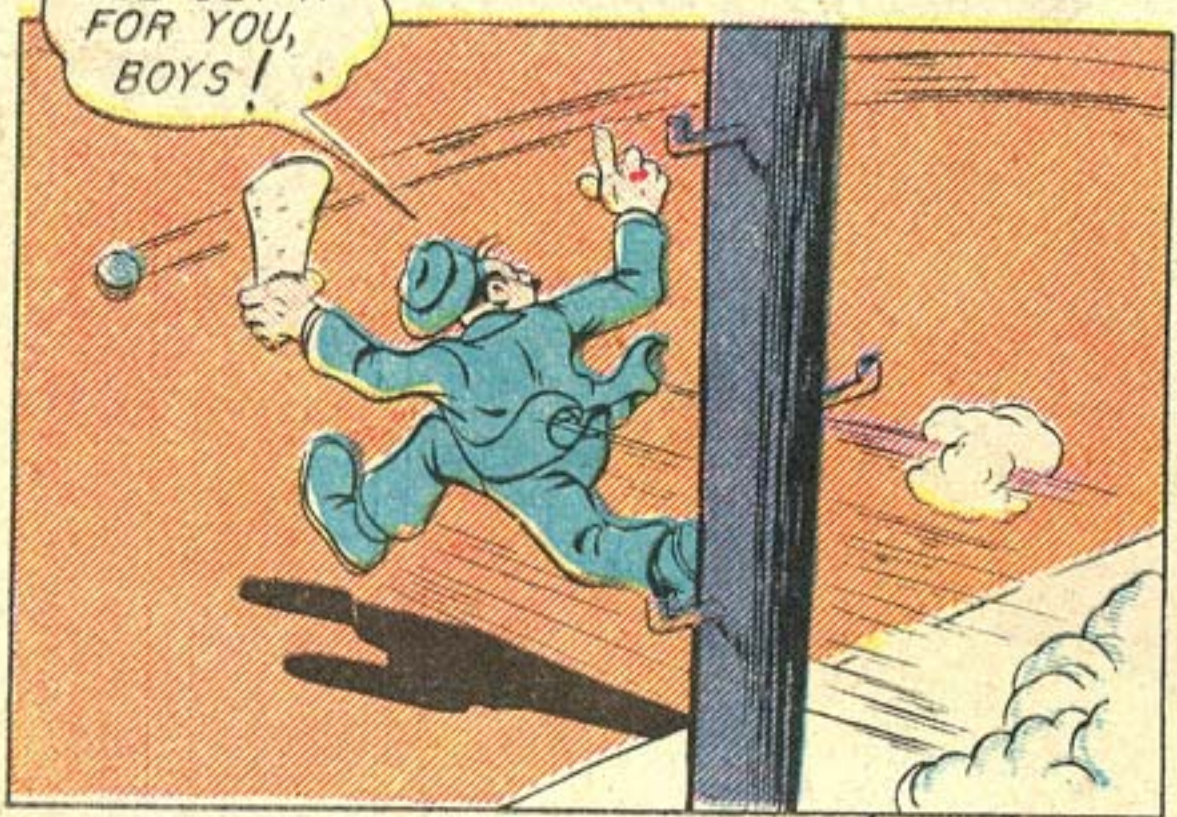
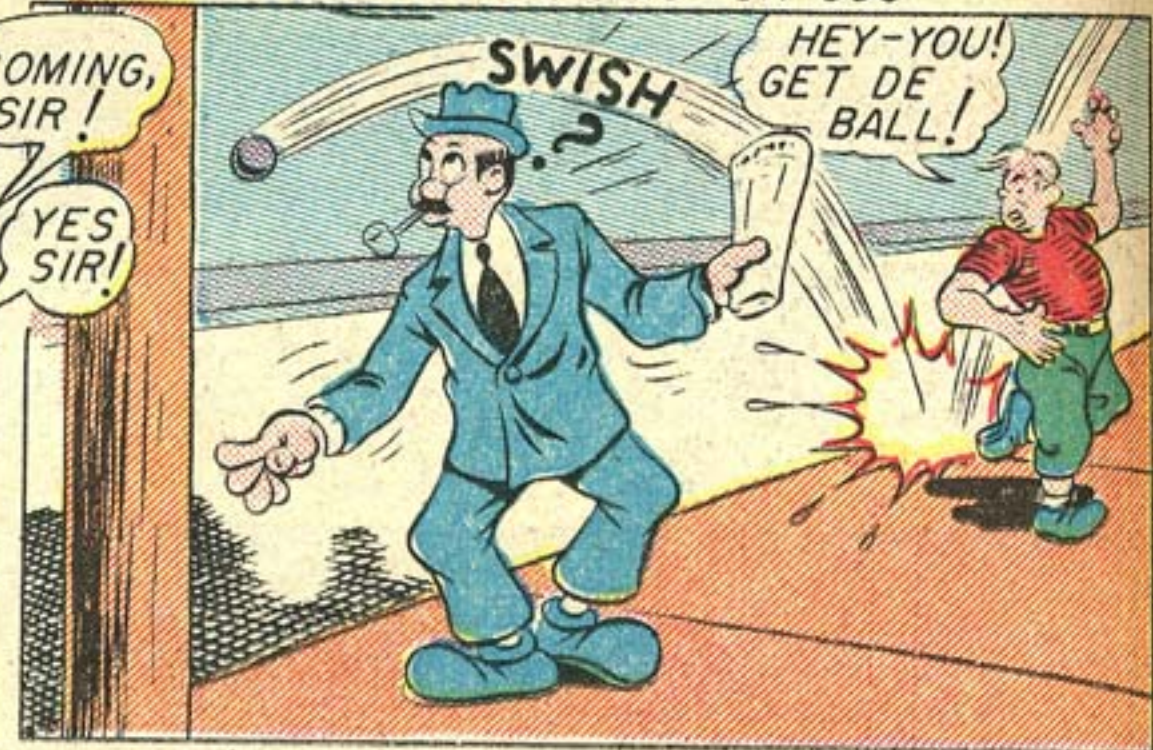
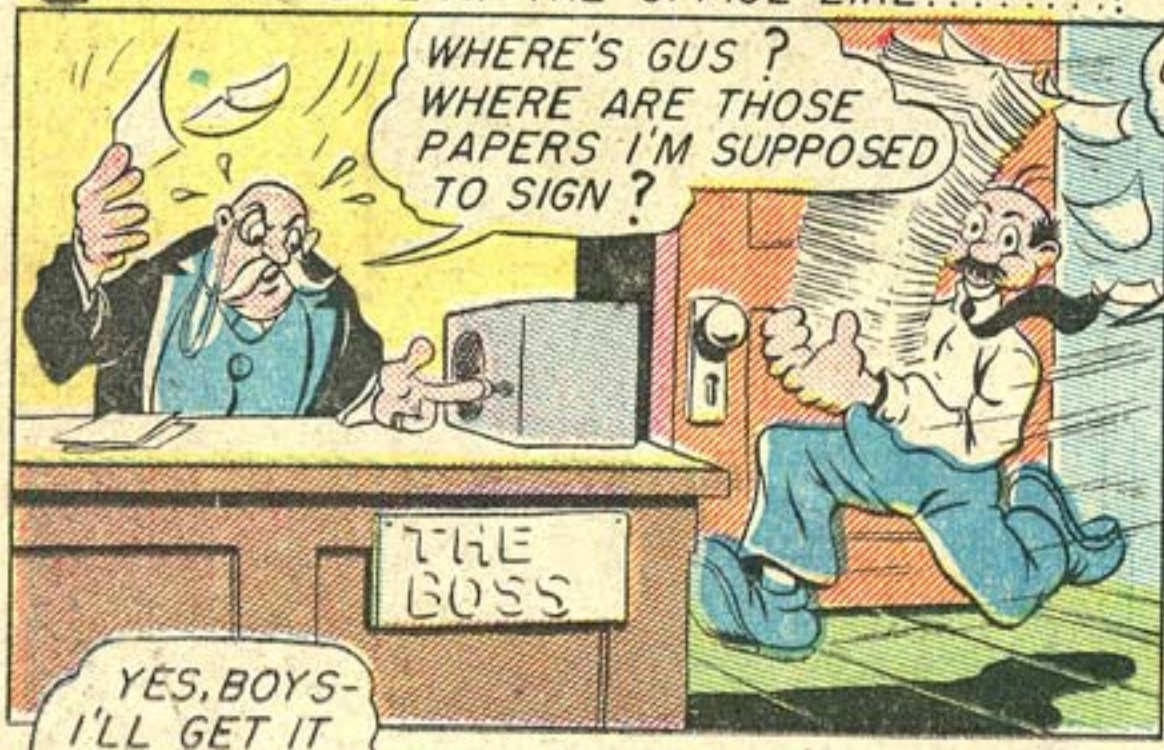
1. SERGEANT BOYLE
2. DANNY IN WONDERLAND
3. BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD

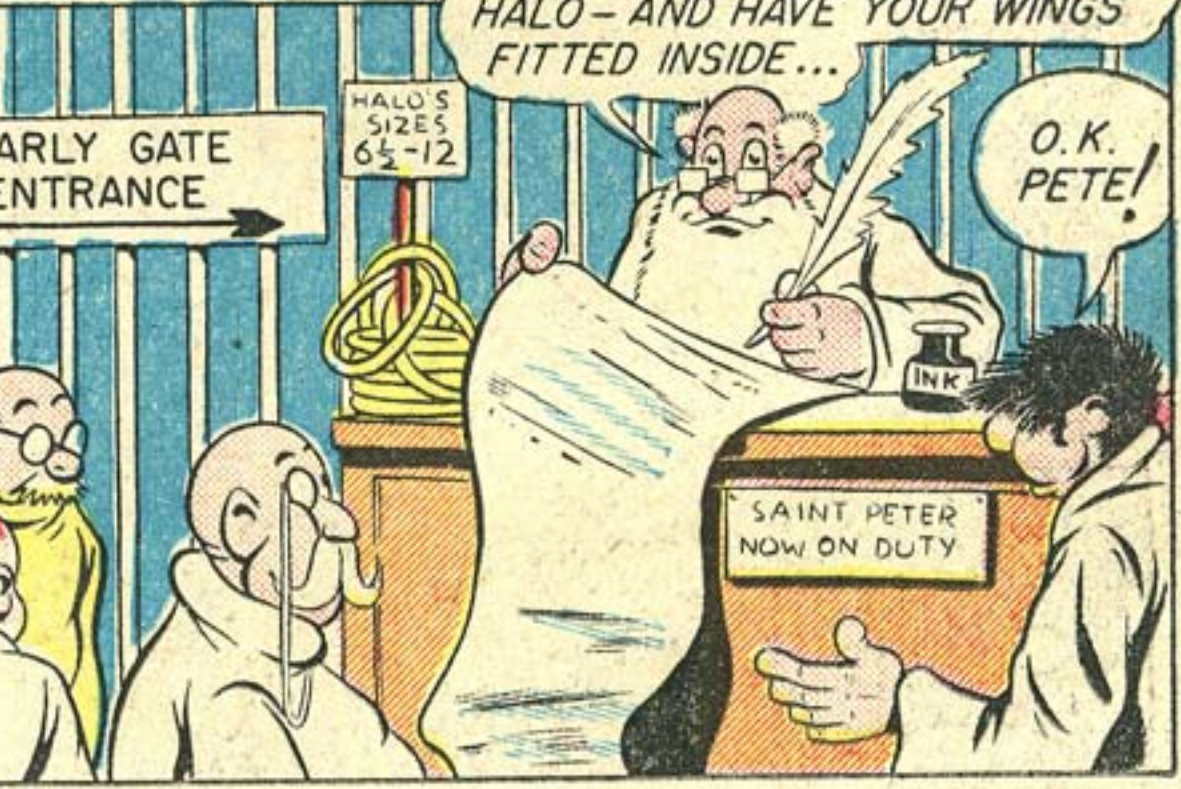
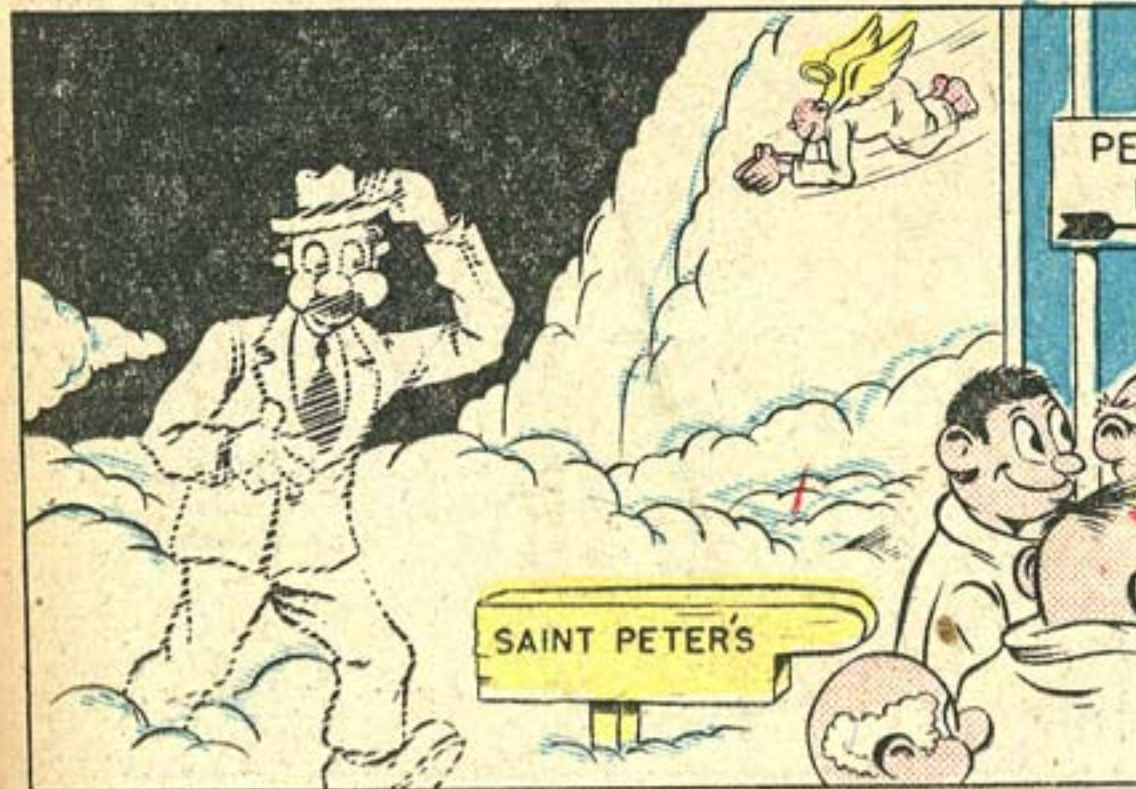
WE DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THEM. YOU HAVE TOLD US BEYOND ANY FURTHER COMMENT IN YOUR THOUSANDS OF LETTERS!



WHAT WAS LIFE AT THE OFFICE LIKE.....?

NO—LIFE WAS NO PICNIC FOR GUS

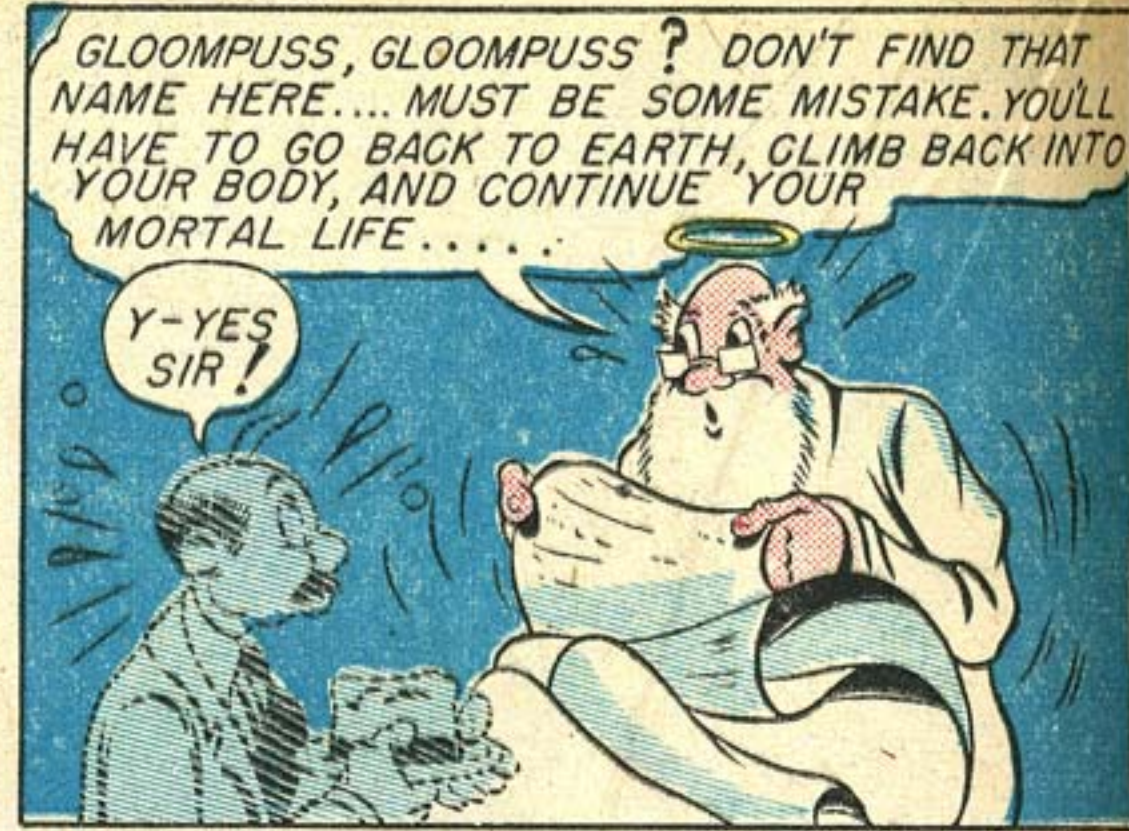






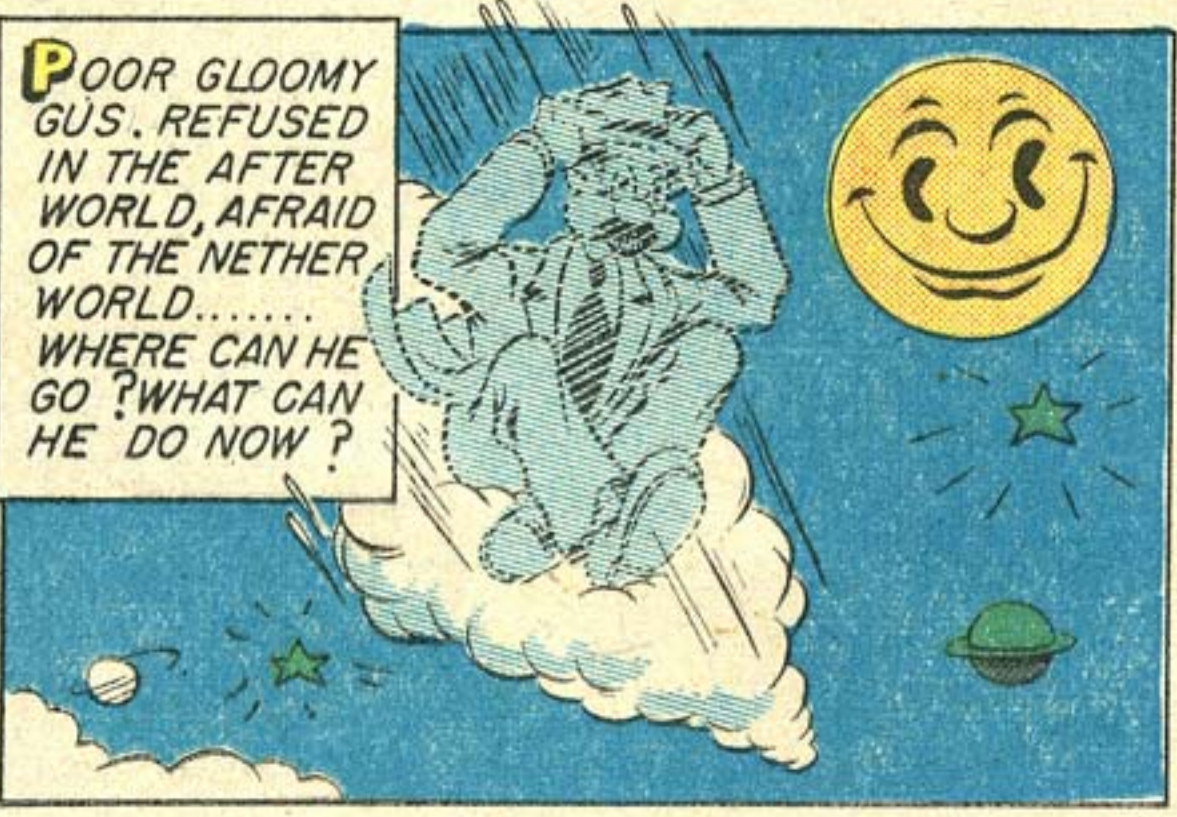
WHO ARE YOU?

ER-ER-EXCUSE ME, BUT YOU DIDN'T CALL MY NAME-- GUS GLOOMPUS.

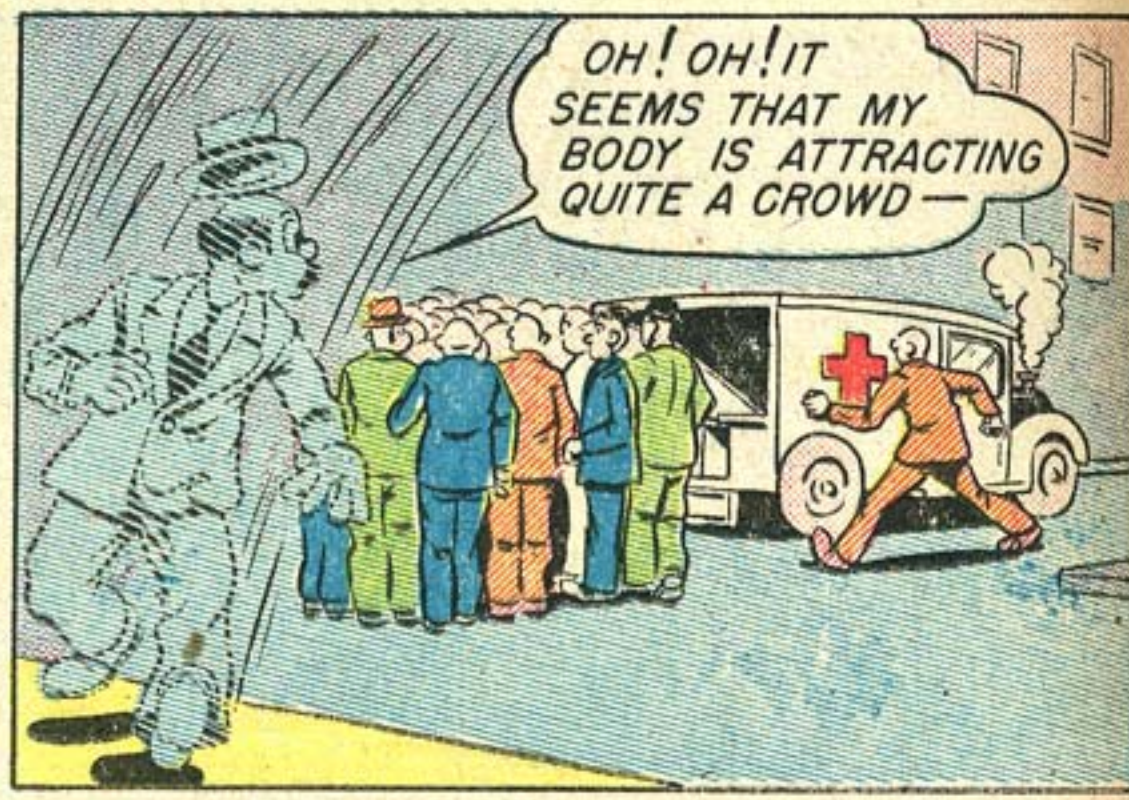


GLOOMPUS, GLOOMPUS? DON'T FIND THAT NAME HERE.... MUST BE SOME MISTAKE. YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO EARTH, CLIMB BACK INTO YOUR BODY, AND CONTINUE YOUR MORTAL LIFE.....

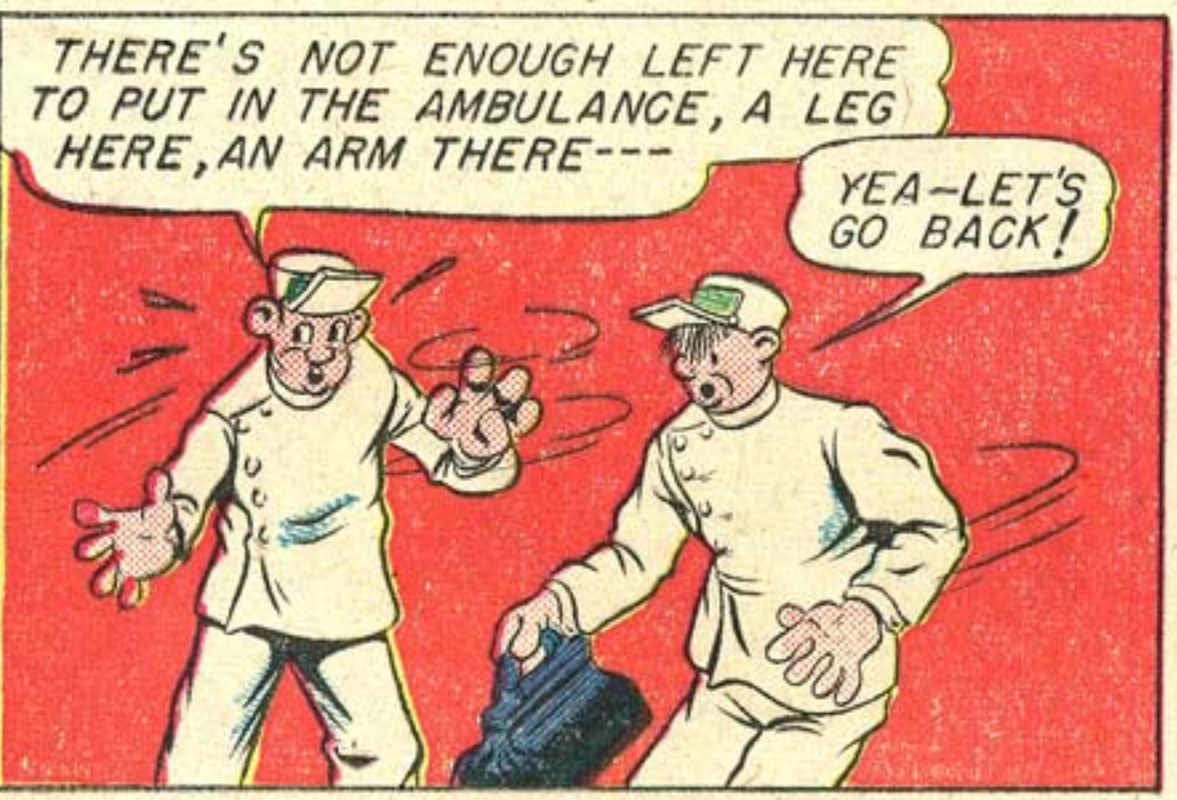
Y-YES SIR!



POOR GLOOMY GUS. REFUSED IN THE AFTER WORLD, AFRAID OF THE NETHER WORLD..... WHERE CAN HE GO? WHAT CAN HE DO NOW?

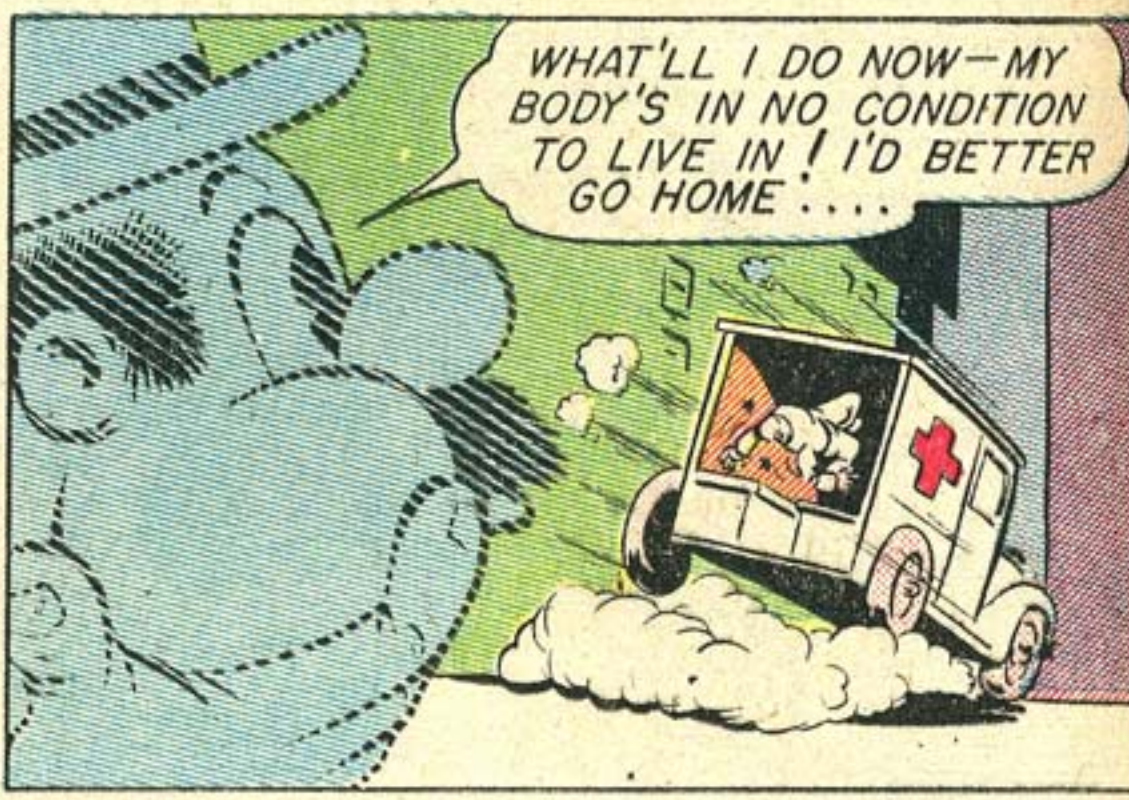


OH! OH! IT SEEMS THAT MY BODY IS ATTRACTING QUITE A CROWD--



THERE'S NOT ENOUGH LEFT HERE TO PUT IN THE AMBULANCE, A LEG HERE, AN ARM THERE---

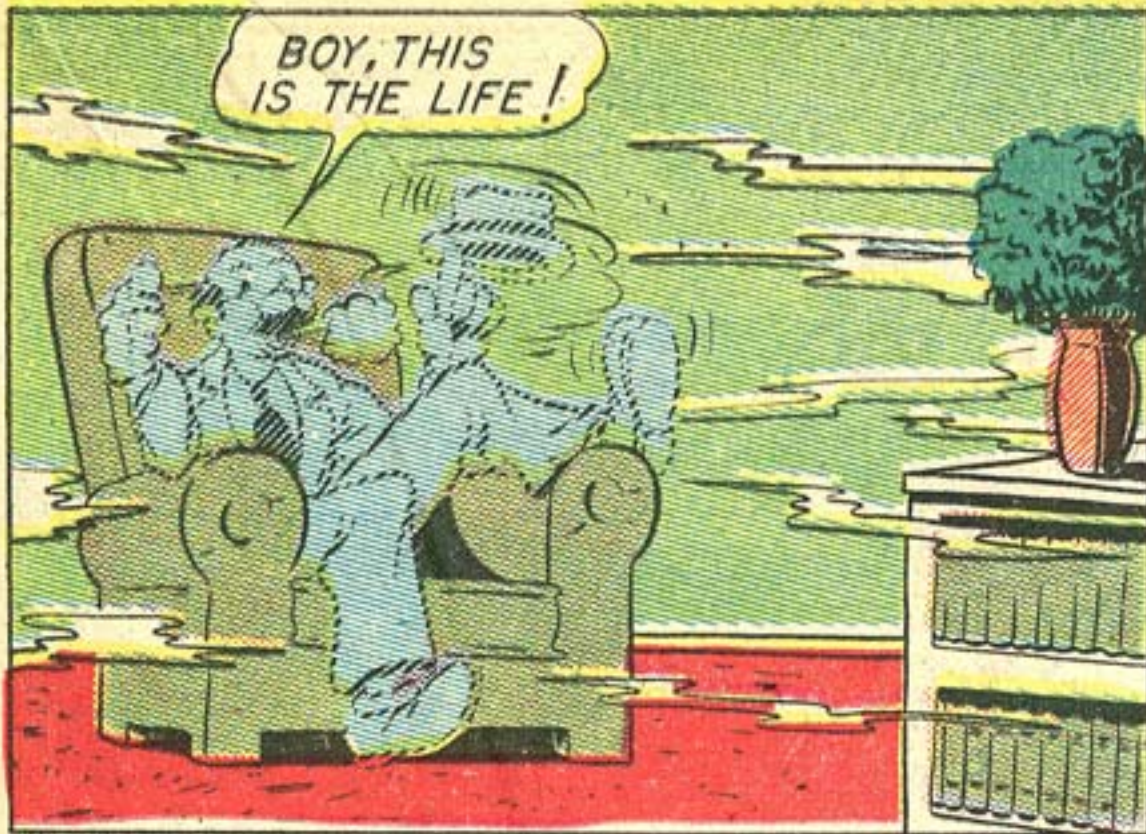
YEA--LET'S GO BACK!



WHAT'LL I DO NOW--MY BODY'S IN NO CONDITION TO LIVE IN! I'D BETTER GO HOME....



GEE--NO ONE HERE. I KNOW, WHAT I'LL DO--WIFE'S OUT, AND....



BOY, THIS IS THE LIFE!

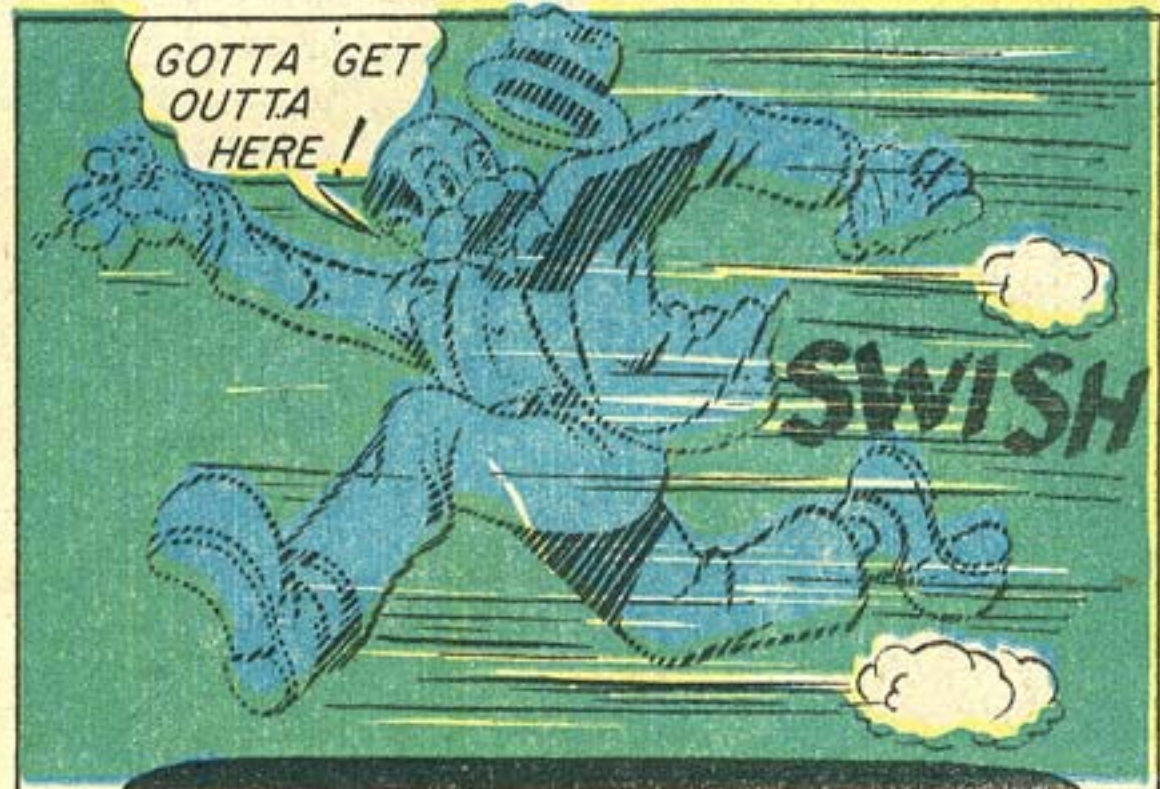


ASHES ON THE FLOOR!
HOW TERRIBLE!

OH-OH THE WIFE!



IF I DIDN'T KNOW POOR GUS WAS DEAD, I'D THINK HE WAS HERE -!!

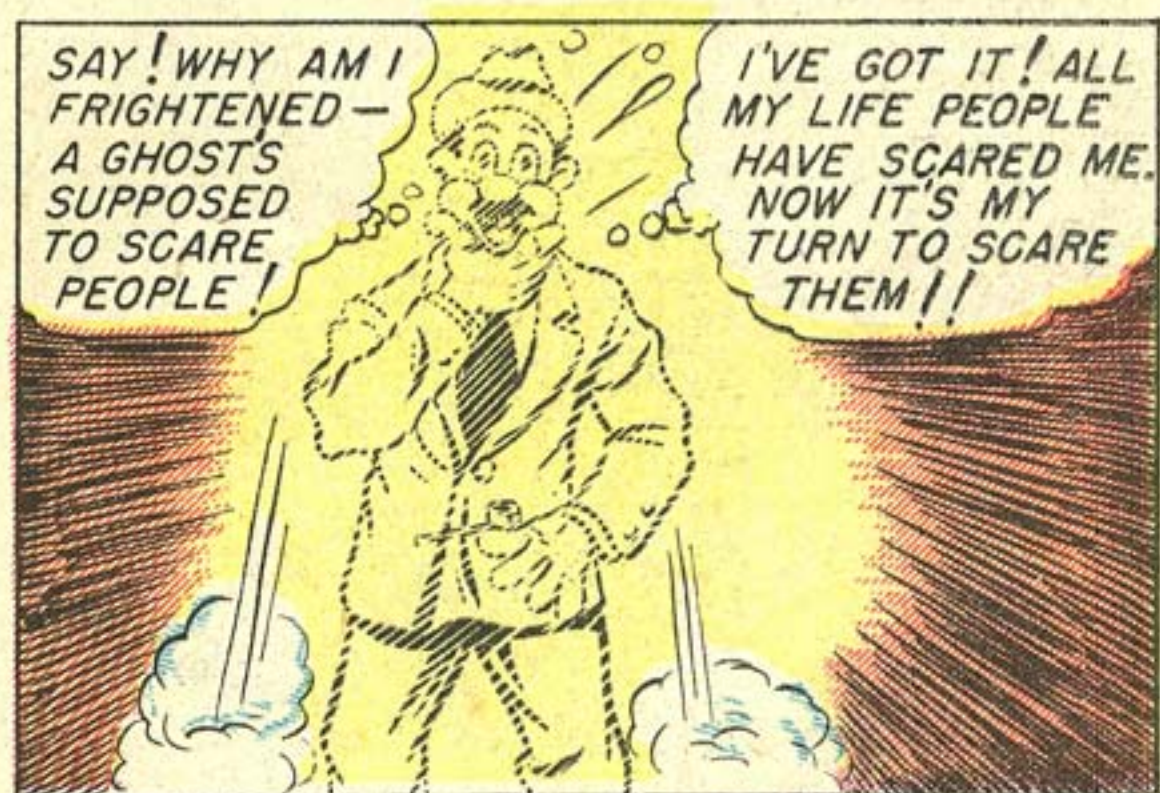


GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!

SWISH



WHEW - SHE SURE SCARED ME!!



SAY! WHY AM I FRIGHTENED - A GHOSTS SUPPOSED TO SCARE PEOPLE!

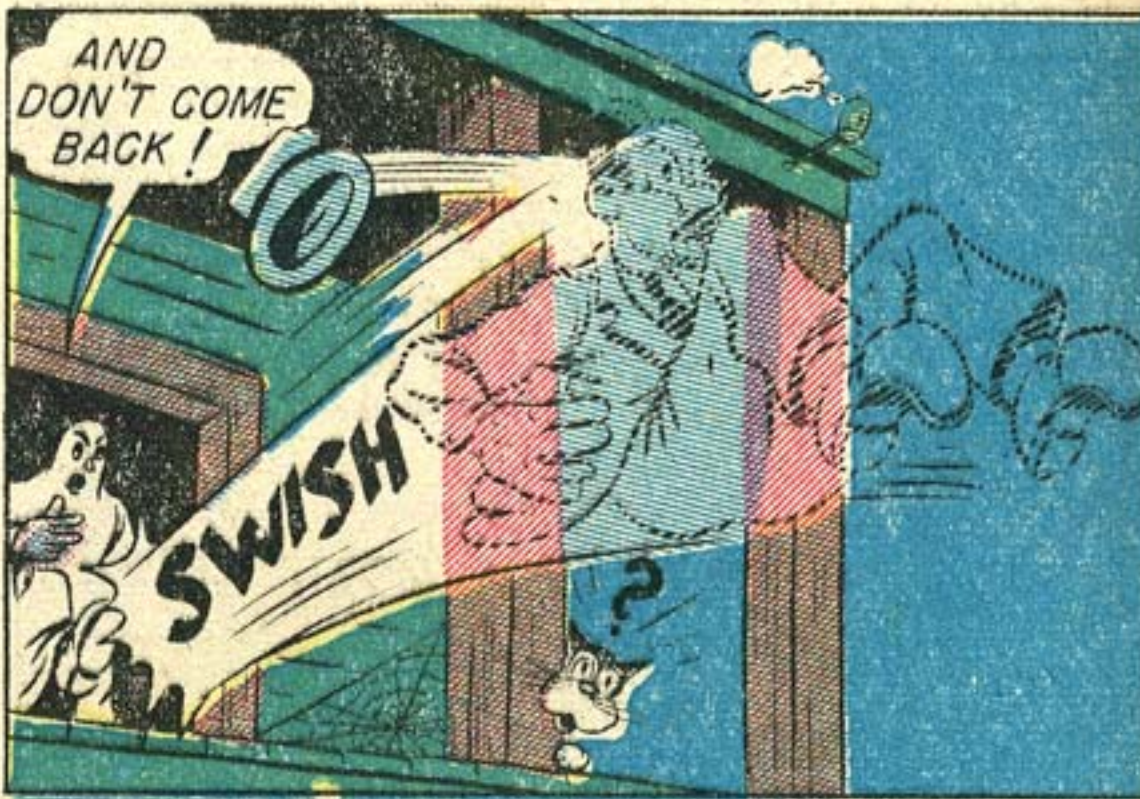
I'VE GOT IT! ALL MY LIFE PEOPLE HAVE SCARED ME. NOW IT'S MY TURN TO SCARE THEM!!



GEE! THAT'S A SPOOKY LOOKING PLACE ALL RIGHT - LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO START WORKING!

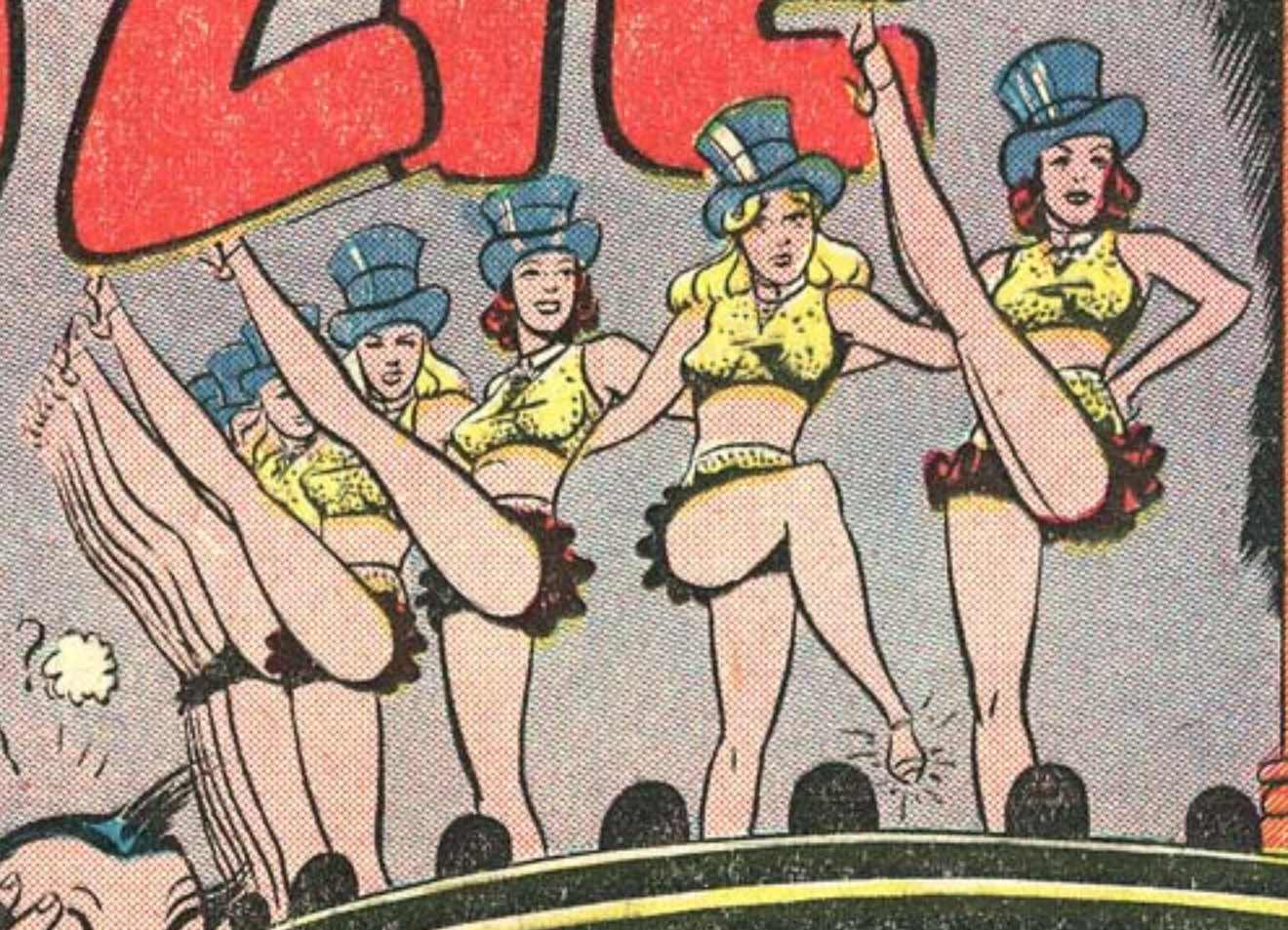


BOOOO!



SUZIE

A CHORUS GIRL'S LIFE IS SO ROMANTIC" OR SO. SUZIE THOUGHT UNTIL SHE GOT A JOB IN A CHORUS AND DISCOVERED THAT A CORN IS NOT NECESSARILY SOMETHING GROWN ON A COB. AS OUR STORY OPENS SUZIE IS DEMONSTRATING THAT ONE WAY TO SAVE AN INSTEP IS TO KEEP OUT OF STEP...



HOLY GEE! IF MY FEET GET ANY WORSE I'LL BE WALKING AROUND ON MY HANDS!

DANGER 200,000 VOLTS



C'MON! TIME TO START REHEARSAL AGAIN! CUT OUT ALL THE GABBIN'!



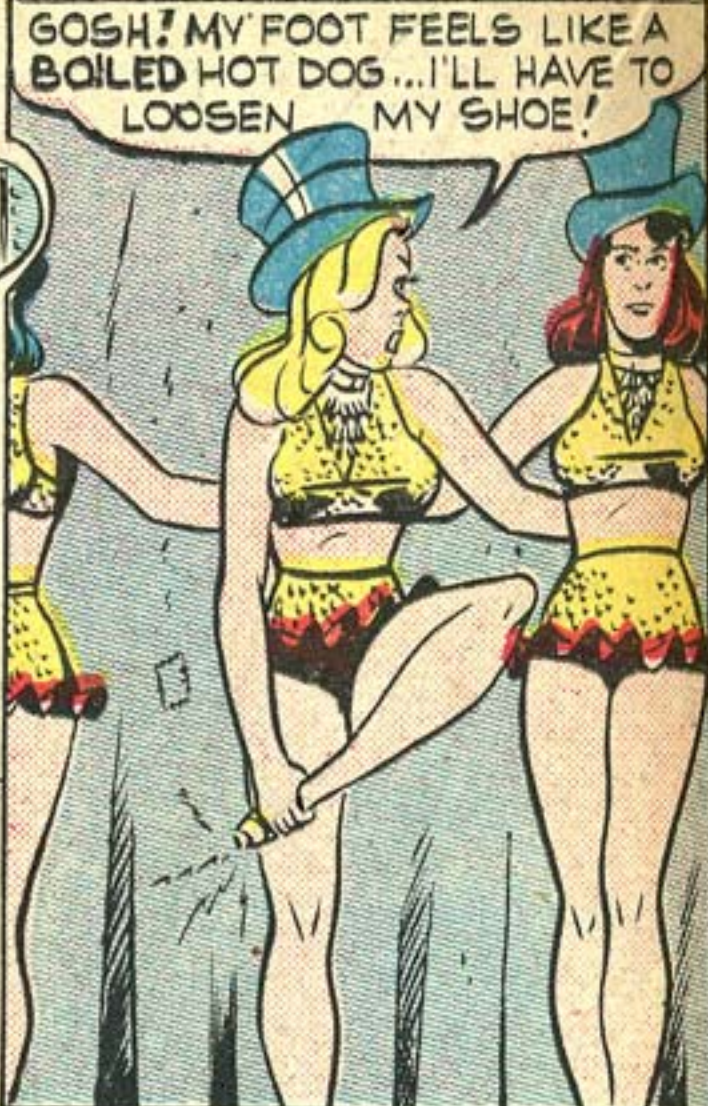
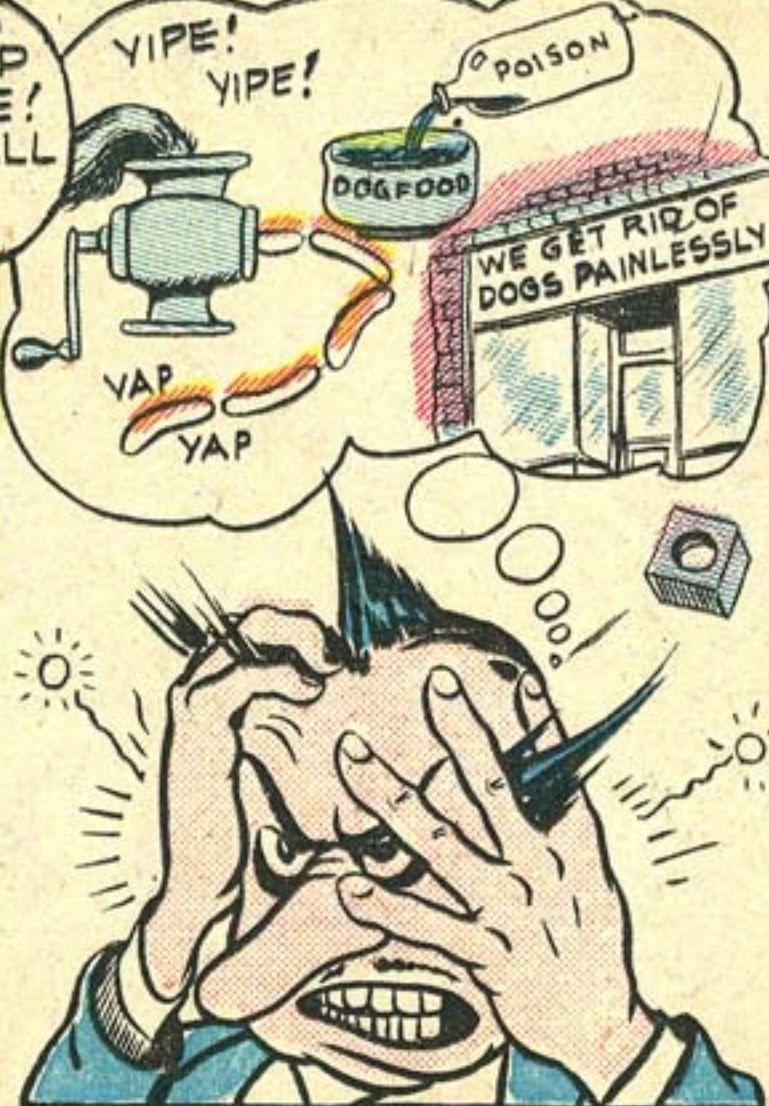
THAT MEANS YOU TOO, MISS DELOVELY!

IT'S JUST BEEN (SIGH) HEAVEN SITTING WITH YOU LIKE THIS!



THAT Gx!! DOG AGAIN!

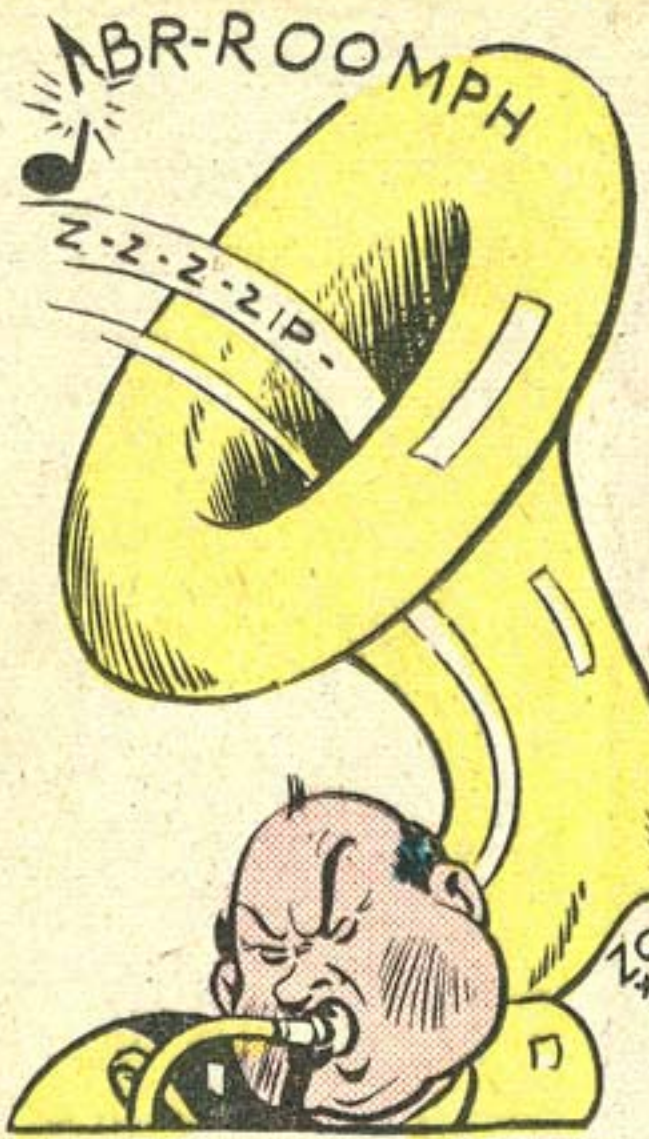
COME ALONG, CREAM PIE! TIME FOR MUMMY TO START HER NASTY OLD RE-HEARSING!





CREAM PIE! DARLING!! COME BACK TO ME!!!

YAP! YAP! VIPE!



ABR-R OOMP

Z-Z-Z-ZIP-



OHH! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LISTEN TO A TUBA AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY-I'LL GET HIM!



OW



THE !@!!*-- BIT ME!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!



HE'S GONE! I'LL NEVER SEE CREAM PIE AGAIN! BOO-HOO!

AS THE BACKER OF THIS SHOW, I DEMAND THAT YOU FIND THAT DOG!



BUT WHAT'LL THE UNION SAY IF I GO HUNTING AFTER A POOCH DURING HOURS!

YOU HEARD MR. WITHERSPOON! DO YOUR BEST, BOYS! HEH, HEH!



WHAT LUCK! WITH THAT POOCH OUT OF MY LIFE, I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN!

I'LL GET THE GIRL RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

OH DEAR!



I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, SUZIE! THEY HAVEN'T FOUND CREAM PIE! SO I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO LOOK FOR ANOTHER JOB!

BUT YOU OWE YOU SOMETHING FOR GETTING RID OF THAT OVERGROWN MOUSE! I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER JOB!

GEE, THANKS! THAT'S AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU!

S'LONG, GALS! IT WAS FUN WORKING HERE EVEN IF IT WAS KINDA HARD ON THE FEET!

YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE GETTING OUT OF THIS RACKET, BELIEVE ME!

GEE GOLLY! I CAN STILL HEAR MY DOGS BARKING! WONDER WHY EVERYBODY'S STARING AT ME?

YAP YAP YAP

IT'S INHUMAN IF YOU ASK ME - KEEPING A DOG LOCKED UP LIKE THAT!

A DOG?

YEOWW! IT'S CREAM PIE.....I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HER BACK!

LOOKIT THAT CROWD!

TONIGHT! GRAND PREMIERE "DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR" STARRING MISS DELOVELY

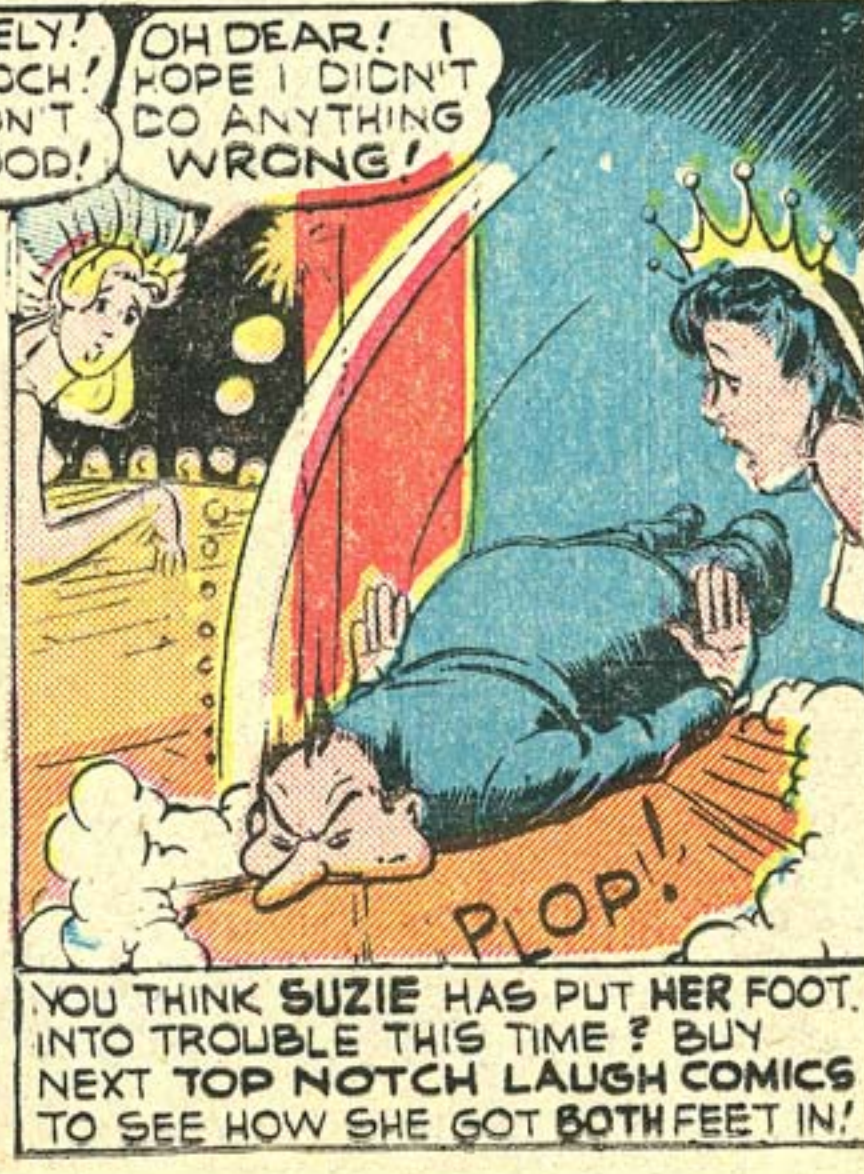
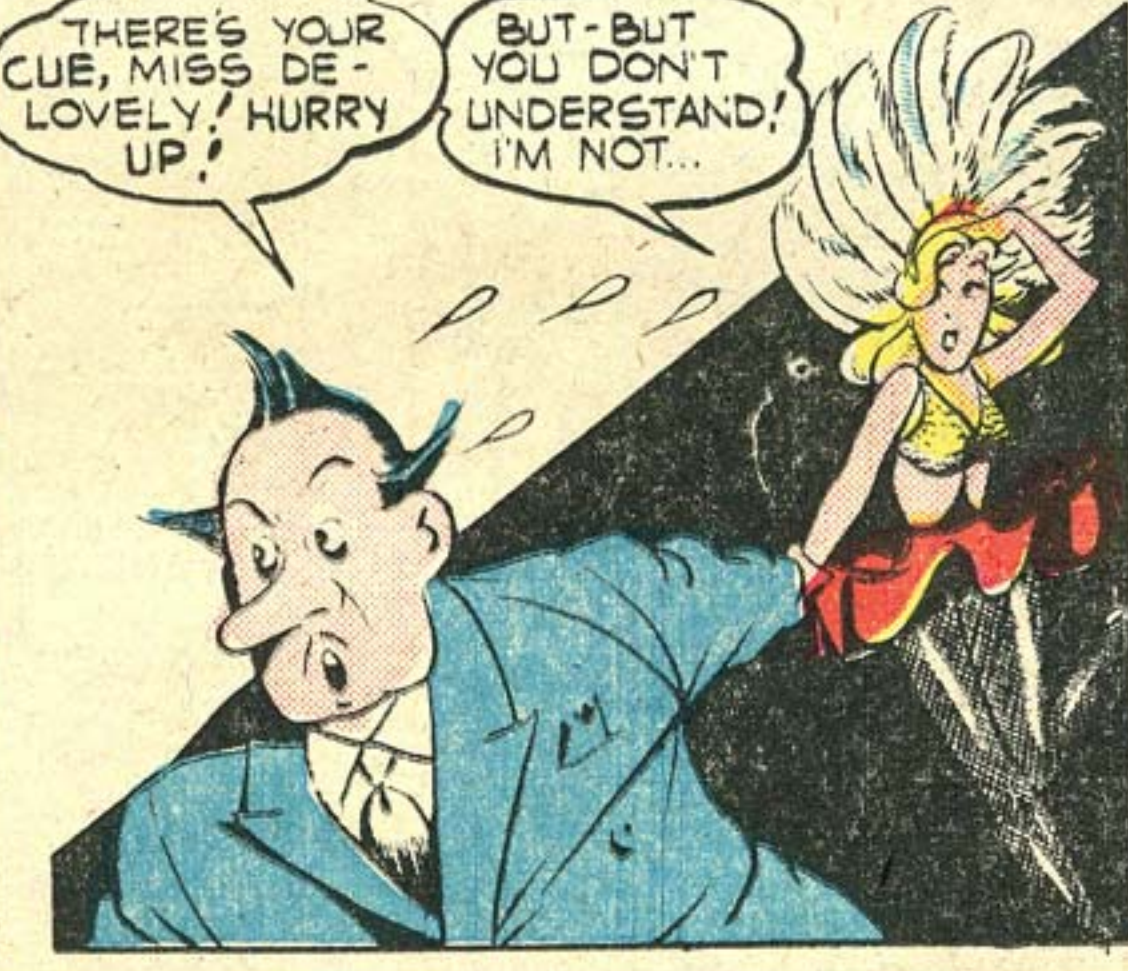
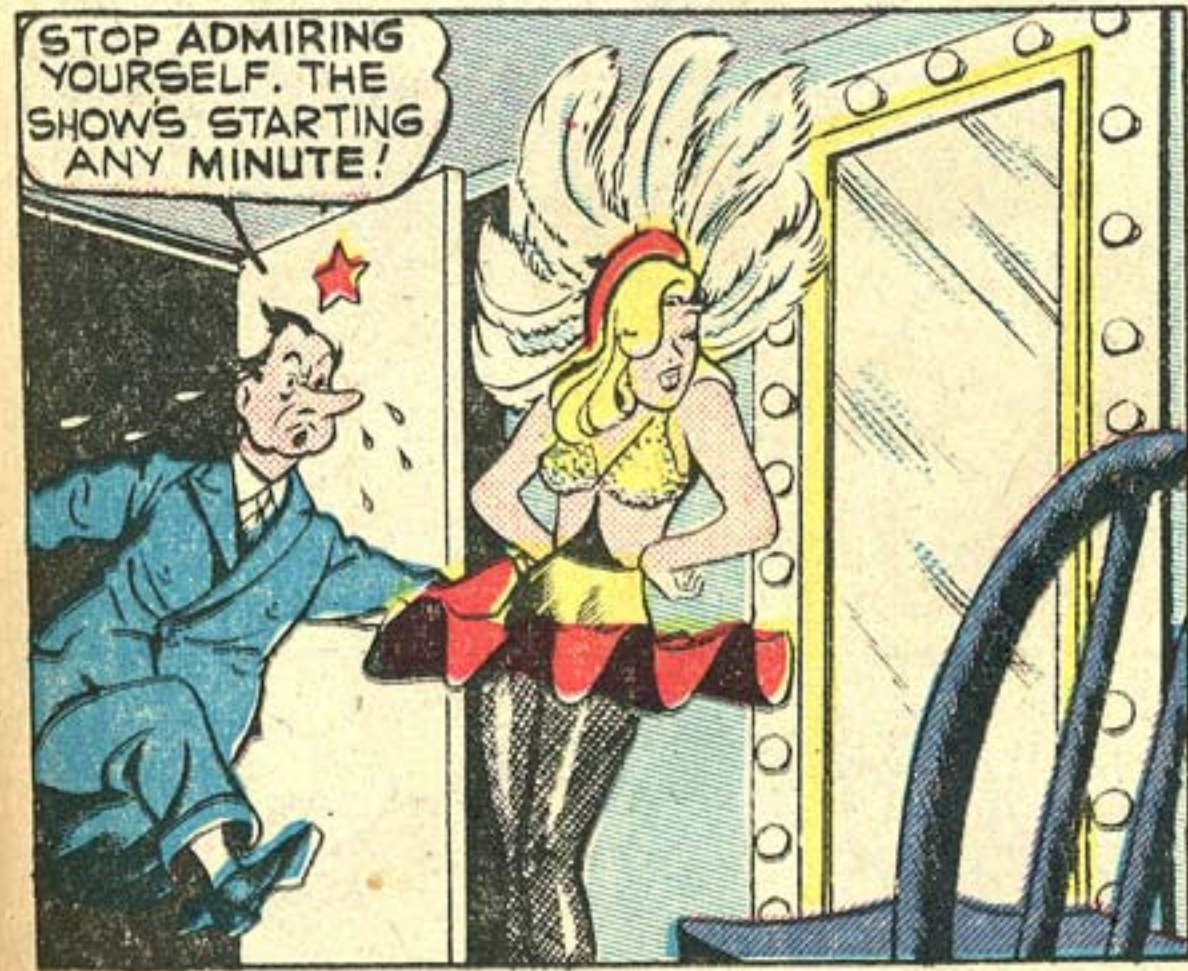
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY! THIS IS CREAM PIE - AND MISS DELOVELY WANTS HER BACK!

DRESSING ROOMS

SUZIE! SHE'S BACK!

AND WAIT'LL THE DIRECTOR SEES WHAT SHE BROUGHT WITH HER!

I'M GOING TO TAKE A WALK, MIRANDA! I HAVE TO GET INTO THE MOOD BEFORE THE SHOW BEGINS!



TOP-NOTCH'S HALL OF FAME

LT. COMMANDER
DR. CORYDON M. WASSELL

I SHOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU... ABOUT THE MEN WE HAVE IN OUR ARMED FORCES! THERE IS, FOR INSTANCE, DR. CORYDON M. WASSELL... WHO WAS ASSIGNED TO DUTY IN JAVA, CARING FOR WOUNDED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE CRUISERS HOUSTON AND MARBLEHEAD... IN HEAVY ACTION IN THE JAVA SEAS!

THESE WORDS RECENTLY SPOKEN BY OUR PRESIDENT BEGIN A GLOWING STORY OF MAGNIFICENT HEROISM. THESE WORDS HAVE INSPIRED TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS TO BRING YOU THE MOST EXCITING TALE OF THE KIND OF COURAGE AND GALLANTRY THAT WILL WIN THIS WAR...

ABOARD ONE OF OUR FIGHTING SHIPS IN THE EASTERN SEA, DR. WASSELL PERFORMS AN EMERGENCY OPERATION WITH CALM AND ACCURACY...

TAKE IT EASY, SAILOR! STEADY DOES IT!

"OH-OH-AAM!"

MEANWHILE, ON DECK WHERE A FURIOUS BATTLE RAGES...

THE WHEEL'S LOOSE, CAPTAIN-STEERING GEARS GONE!

WELL WE'RE NOT! WE'LL FIGHT TO THE END!

Wall Newman

THE SHIP LISTS HEAVILY, AND THE HOSPITAL BELOW DECK BECOMES A WHIRLING MASS OF WATER AND SHRAPNEL...



SUDDENLY A STRAY PIECE OF SHELL CASE BITES IN TO DR. WASSELL'S ARM.



OHH! CAN'T STOP TO TREAT MYSELF NOW!

HURRY WITH THOSE SPONGES BEFORE MY ARM GOES NUMB.. THIS MAN'S IN A BAD WAY!



AS TWILIGHT BATHES THE COAST OF JAVA IN AN EERIE GLOW, THE CRUISER HOUSTON LIMPS INTO PORT...



YES, FRED'S DOING SWELL - HE'LL BE UP AND AROUND IN A WEEK!

AND HOW ABOUT YOU - DOCTOR?

ME? OH, YES, ER, HAND ME A PAIR OF FORCEPS. I'LL REMOVE THAT SHRAPNEL FROM MY ARM NOW! I'VE LOTS MORE TO DO!

HOURS PASS AND... AH, ONLY TWO MORE PATIENTS TO CARRY A-SHORE!



WAIT A SEC, DOCTOR, YOU HAVEN'T HAD A WINK OF SLEEP FOR 56 HOURS --- LET ME CARRY THAT FOR YOU!

NO THANKS, IT'S UP TO US OLDER MEN TO KEEP THE YOUNG ONES WELL! THEY'RE TOTING A GUN FOR US -- I GUESS I CAN CARRY A STRETCHER FOR THEM!



THAT'S THE LAST PATIENT-NOW, I.....I...



GREAT GRAPPLING IRONS! DR. WASSELL'S FAINTED!

HE'S BEEN DOING MUCH TOO MUCH WORK!

GET HIM IN ONE OF THOSE BEDS!



HOURS LATER:

W-WHAT'S THIS? WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE TAKING IT EASY FOR A CHANGE, DOCTOR. AND NO ARGUMENTS!



REPORT FROM LOOKOUT, SIR! JAPS ADVANCING ACROSS THE ISLAND!

GREAT GUNS! WE'LL HAVE TO EVACUATE, BUT WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE WOUNDED?

I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THEM, SIR!

MEN, THERE ARE 13 OF US REMAINING - WE STAY SO AS NOT TO HOLD OUR TROOPS BACK FROM THEIR ESCAPE!



BUT WE HAVE A CHANCE YET! ONE IN A MILLION. THAT IS IF YOU'RE WILLING TO TAKE THAT CHANCE!

YOU BET WE ARE!

THAT NIGHT



HOP IN, DOC! WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF!

INTO THE STILL NIGHT DR. WASSELL GUIDES HIS LITTLE BAND OF THIRTEEN WOUNDED MEN HEADING FOR FREEDOM

ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE HARSH CRACK OF A REVOLVER STABS THE SILENCE AS ONE OF THE MEN DROPS HIS GUN...

AND AT THE JAP LISTENING POST...

WE JUST RECEIVE NEWS OF ACTIVITY ON JAVA COAST! TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY, TOGO, AND BLAST ANY ENEMY IN SIGHT!

MUST TELL COMMANDER I HEAR SHOT FROM EAST COAST!

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...

LOOK! ENEMY, TOGO, WE SHALL DIVE-BOMB THEM!

THOSE DIRTY JAPS - THEY CAN SEE WE'RE UNARMED!

HA-HA-HA - THEY THINK THEY CAN ESCAPE US, TOGO HA-HA-HA -

HOLD FAST BOYS, I'M HEADING FOR THE SHORE!

DUCK LOW, MEN! GIVE ME THAT GUN, JACK!

IN THE TEMPORARY SHELTER OF SHORE, WASSELL TAKES ACCURATE AIM AT THE WHEELING PLANE...

...AND SHATTERS THE VITAL RUDDER CONTROL OF THE ATTACKING JAP PLANE...



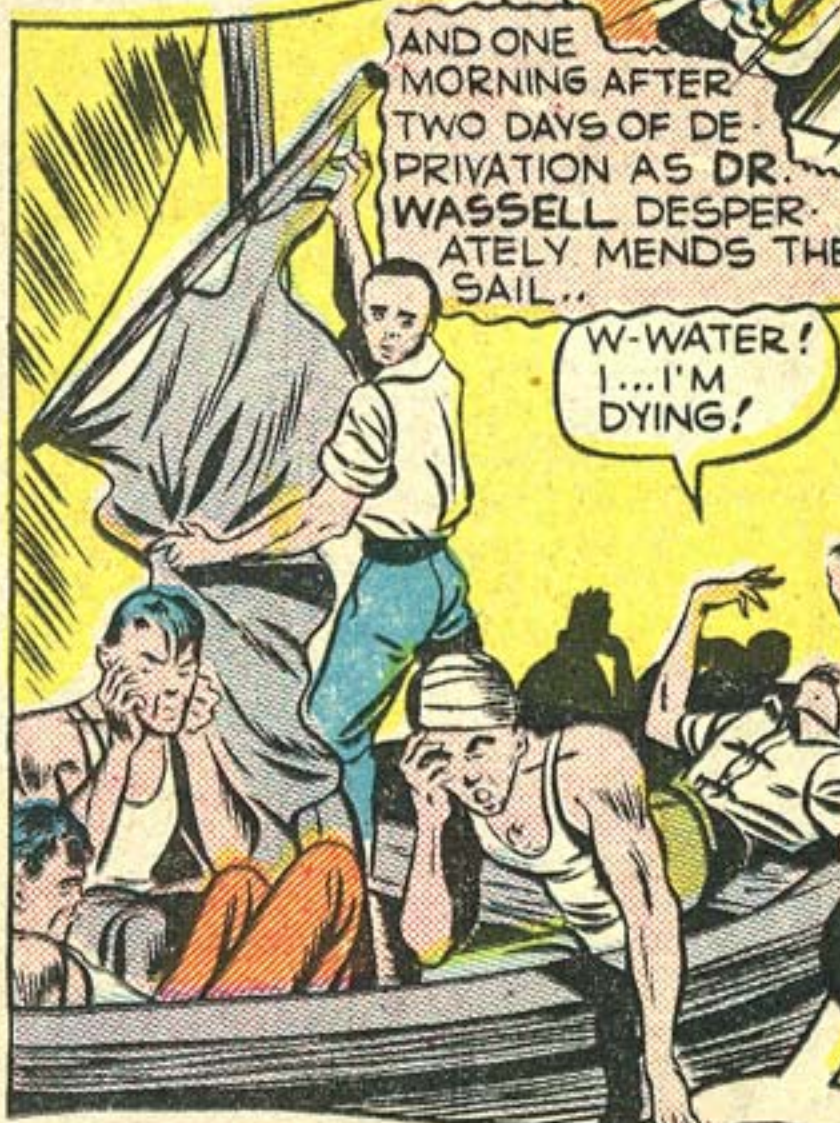
AEEE! WE CRASH!



WITH A CRASH, THE PLANE GRINDS INTO THE SEA, MISSING DOCTOR WASSELL'S COURAGEOUS BAND BY A STONES THROW



THE LITTLE SHIP SAILS ON..



AND ONE MORNING AFTER TWO DAYS OF DEPRIVATION AS DR. WASSELL DESPERATELY MENDS THE SAIL..

W-WATER! I...I'M DYING!



HERE, JACK, TAKE MY RATIONS!



SUDDENLY:

L-LOOK! ANOTHER PLANE!

WE'RE AMBUSHED!



I CAN'T STAND THIS ANY MORE! I CAN'T!

DON'T, JACK! IT'S A...



...US. PLANE! WE MADE IT! WE CAN'T BE FAR FROM AUSTRALIA!

YIPPEE! KEEP 'EM FLYING!



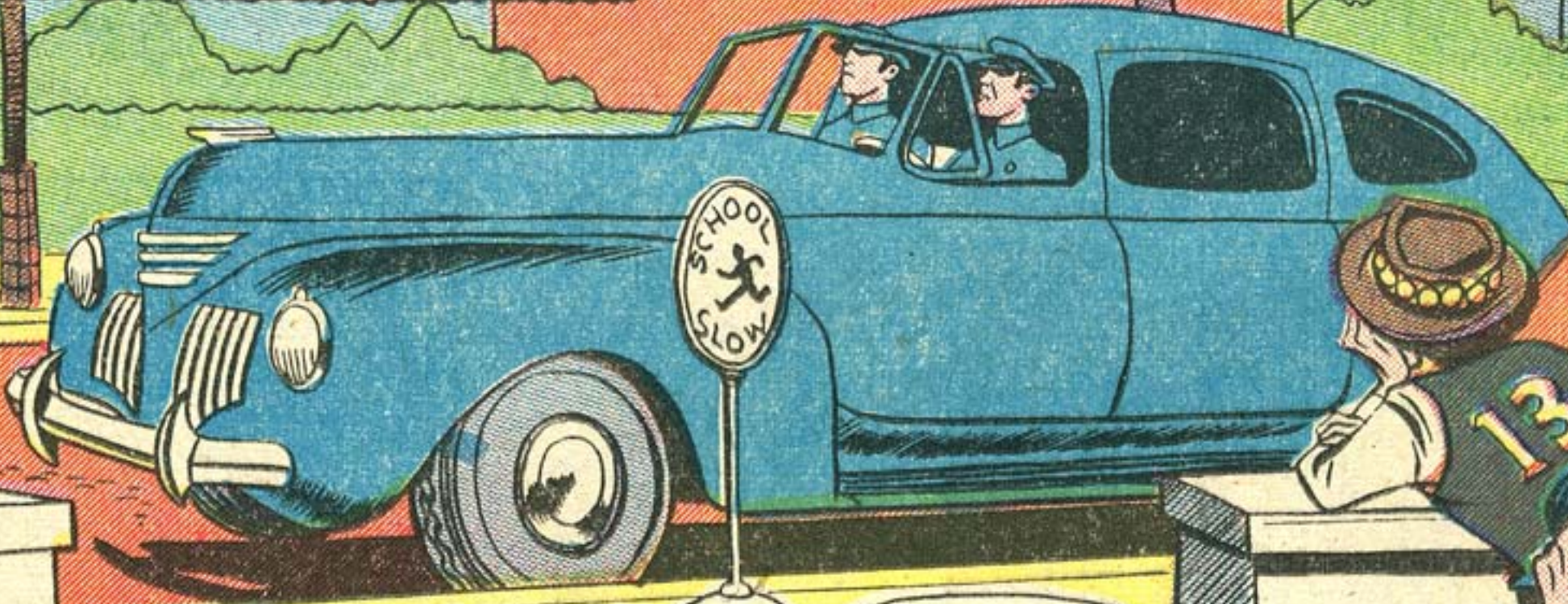
A MAN NEED NOT BE YOUNG TO BE A HERO, BUT ABOVE ALL THINGS HE MUST BE A MAN! AMERICA SALUTES YOU, DR. CORYDON M. WASSELL, FOR YOU ARE A MAN! AND TOP-NOTCH IS PROUD AND HONORED TO PLACE YOUR NAME IN OUR HALL OF FAME!

PERCY

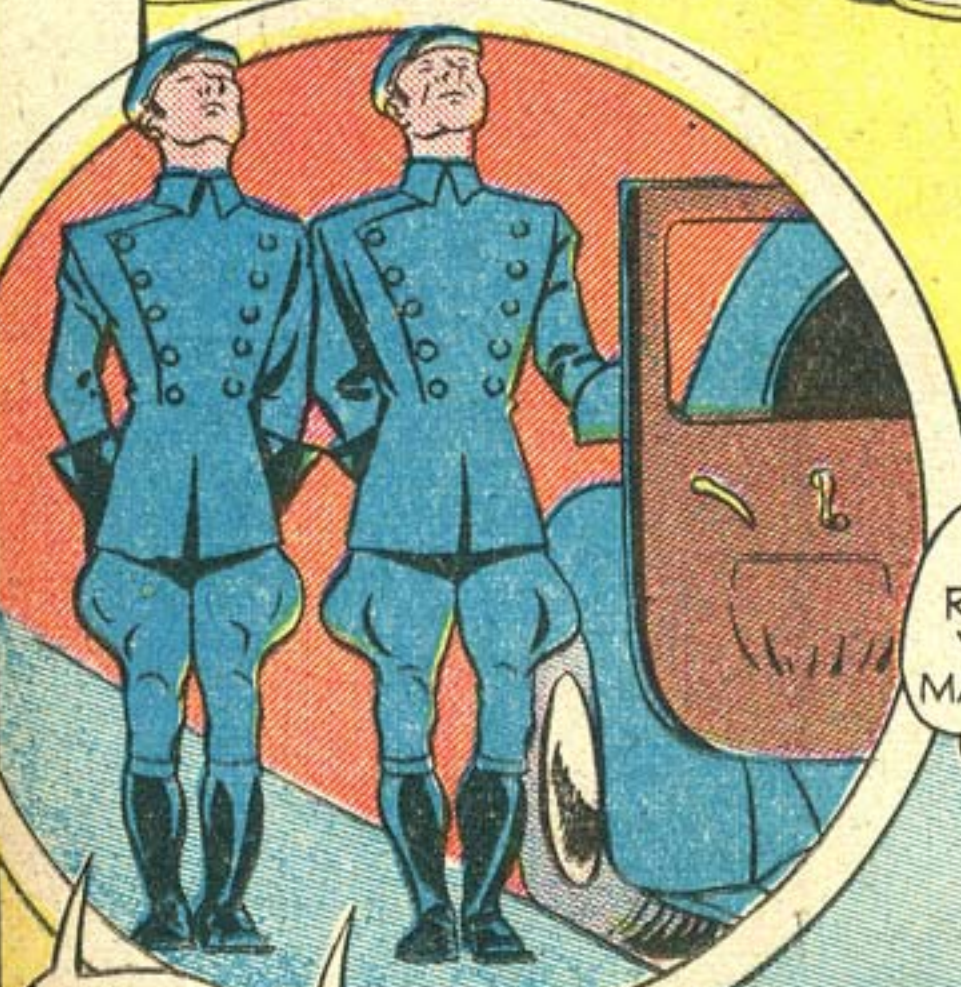


ROUND TWO COMING UP! PERCY TOOK THE FIRST ONE WHEN HE GOT RID OF HIS PRIVATE TUTORS IN THE LAST ISSUE AND MADE HIS ULTRA-ULTRA PARENTS LET HIM ATTEND HIGH SCHOOL JUST LIKE ANY OTHER ORDINARY FELLER... SO NOW WE SEE PERCY ABOUT TO ENROLL AT HILLTOP HIGH...

HEY, GANG, GET A LOAD OF THAT FUGITIVE FROM A RATION CARD!



ZOWIE! MUST BE AT LEAST AN AMBASSADOR IN THAT THING!



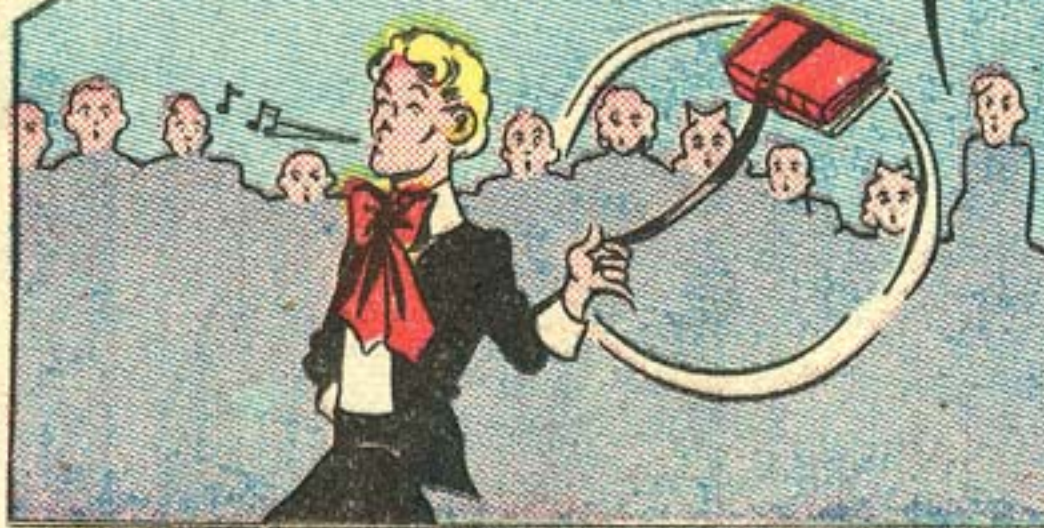
NO THANKS! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW! YOU BOYS MAY RETURN HOME!

SAY THAT'S PERCY PLUMMER, THE BLUE-BLOOD!

WOW... THEY SAY HIS HOUSE IS WALL-PAPERED WITH TEN DOLLAR BILLS!

WE HAVE ARRIVED, MASTER PERCIVAL!

SHALL WE ESCORT YOU TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, SIR?



WHILE FURTHER ALONG THE CAMPUS...

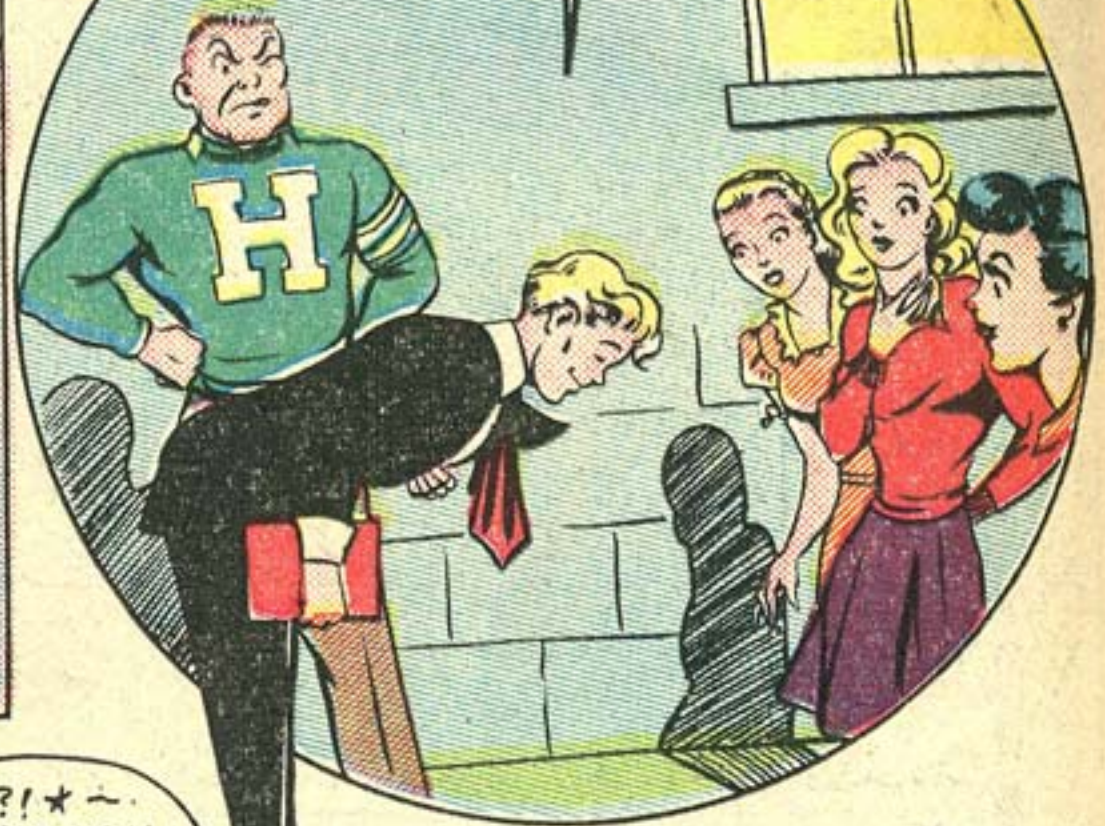
AND SO THERE'S THREE GUYS WAITING TO TACKLE ME.. I GIVE ONE A STRAIGHT-ARM, SIDE-STEP THE OTHER TWO, AND WHAM... TOUCHDOWN NUMBER SIX FOR YOURS TRULY!

OOH.. ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?

TELL US HOW YOU WON THE SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACE IN FIVE DAYS, GABBY!



I BEG YOUR PARDON... COULD YOU CHARMING YOUNG LADIES DIRECT ME TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE?



TEE HEÉ! ISN'T HE THE CUTEST THING?

AND SUCH A PERFECT GENTLEMAN!

(SIGH) I COULD GO FOR HIM IN A BIG WAY!

BY?!*~ HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? SOON AS THOSE GIRLS SAW THAT SISSY THEY DITCHED ME LIKE I HAD B.O. WITH ONION-BREATH!



AH, MY FIRST CLASS... I DO HOPE I MAKE LOTS OF FRIENDS!

IF YOU'LL JUST LOOK AROUND, PERCY, YOU'LL SEE ONE GUY YOU CAN STRIKE OUT AS A FRIEND...

HEY... IT'S THAT SISSY, PERCY PLUMMER! SO HE'S IN MY ENGLISH CLASS, HUH? THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!

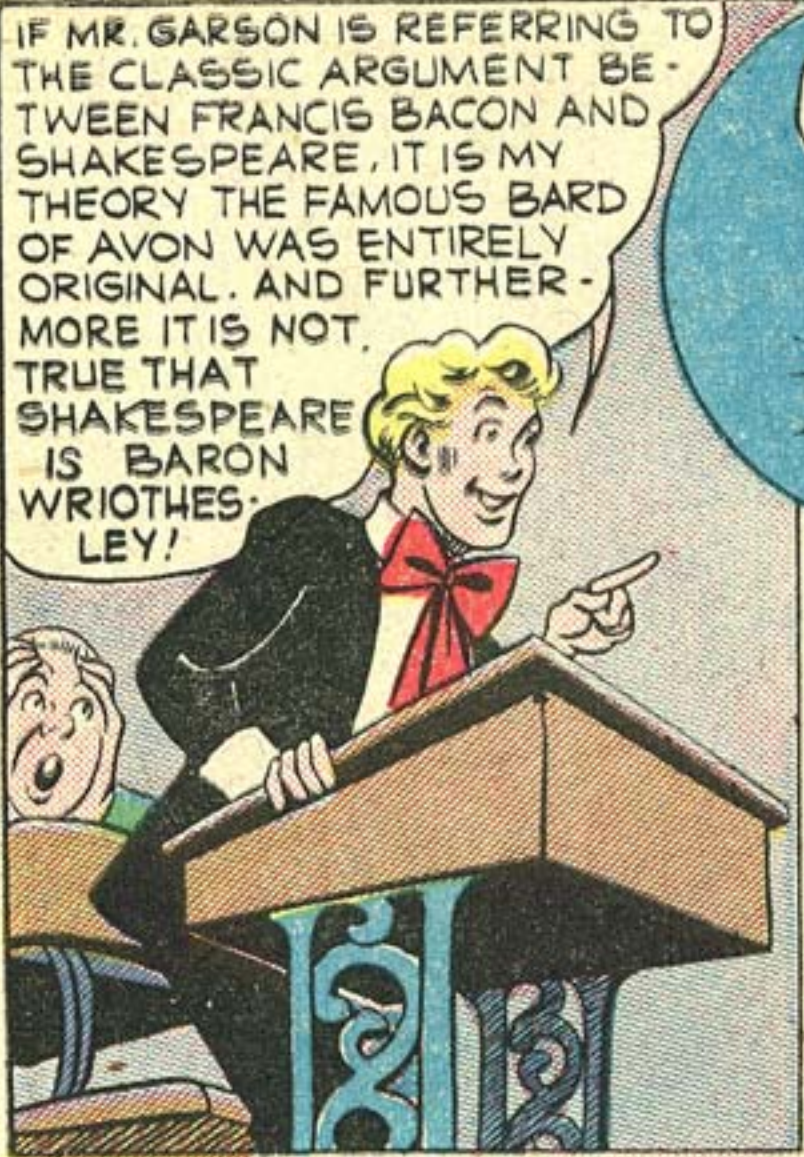
TODAY WE WILL CONTINUE OUR DISCUSSION ON SHAKESPEARE! YES, GABBY GARSON.. WHAT IS IT?



MY FRIEND, PERCY PLUMMER, WAS TELLIN' ME HE KNOWS THE ANSWER TO THE SHAKESPEARE QUESTION YOU ASKED YESTERDAY, MISS TWERLIP!

HUH?

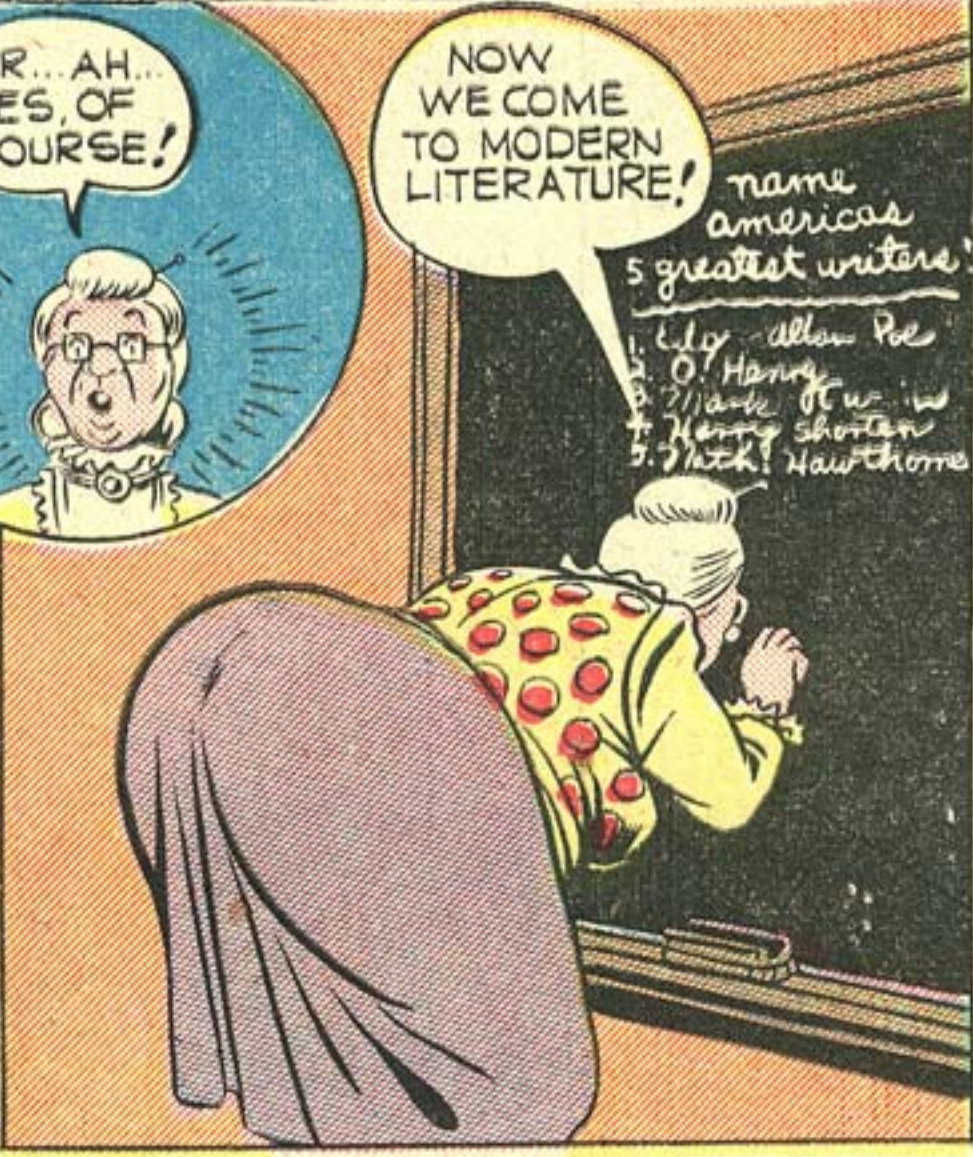




IF MR. GARSON IS REFERRING TO THE CLASSIC ARGUMENT BETWEEN FRANCIS BACON AND SHAKESPEARE, IT IS MY THEORY THE FAMOUS BARD OF AVON WAS ENTIRELY ORIGINAL. AND FURTHER-MORE IT IS NOT TRUE THAT SHAKESPEARE IS BARON WRIOTHESLEY!



ER... AH... YES, OF COURSE!

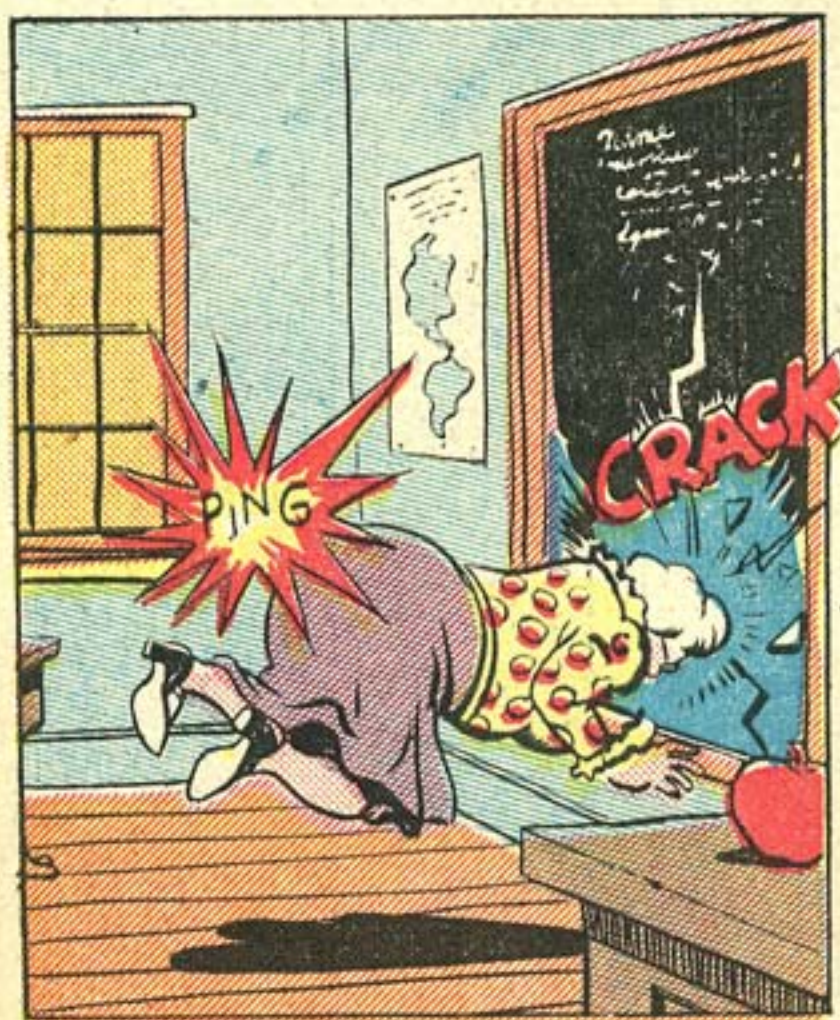


NOW WE COME TO MODERN LITERATURE!

name americas 5 greatest writers!
1. Lily Allen Poe
2. O. Henry
3. Mark Twain
4. Henry Shorten
5. Nath Hawthorne



I'LL FIX THAT WISE GUY - BUT GOOD!



PING
CRACK



HERE, BRIGHT EYES, THIS BELONGS TO YOU!

B... BUT... I SAY... (SPUTTER) I... I...



SO! IT WAS YOU WHO DID THAT... PERCIVAL PLUMMER!

B... BUT, MISS SWERLIP...! ASSURE YOU!

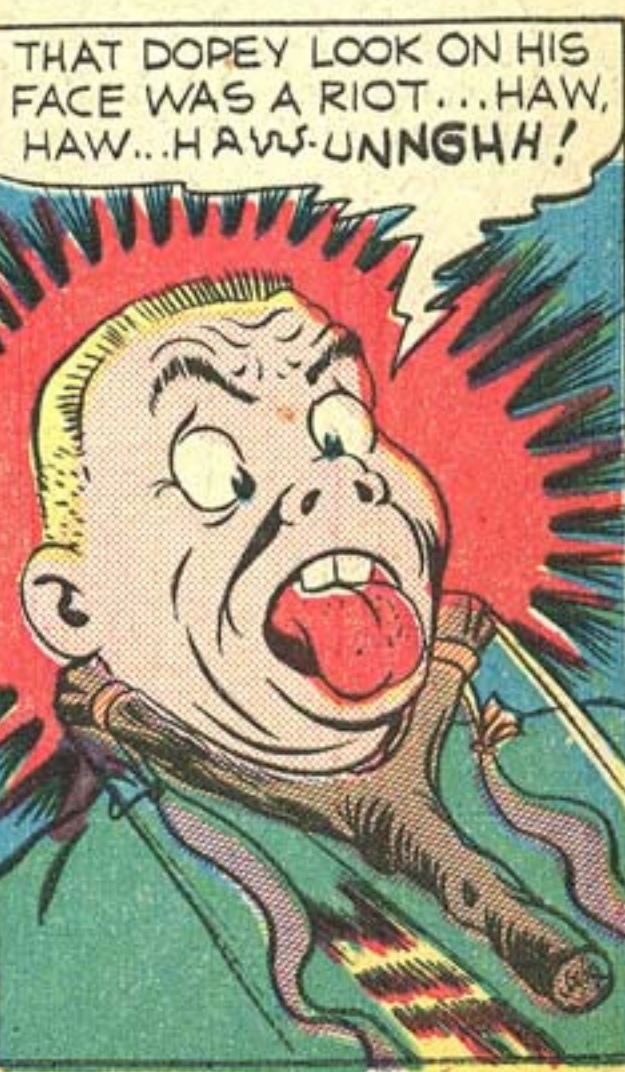


NEVER MIND THE EXCUSES! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, YOUNG MAN!



OH DEAR! NOW WHY WOULD GABBY GARSON WANT TO PLAY SUCH A MEAN TRICK ON ME?

WATCH THAT SLING-SHOT, PERCY! IT'S CAUGHT ON THE INKWELL!



THAT DOPEY LOOK ON HIS FACE WAS A RIOT... HAW, HAW... HAW-UNNGHH!

WELL, YOUNG MAN, MISS SWERLIP TELLS ME YOU TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HER POSITION. HAAARMPH! VERY SERIOUS... VERY SERIOUS, AND YOU'LL BE PUNISHED ACCORDINGLY... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

PERCIVAL MONTMORENCY WILBERFORCE PLUMMER, SIR!

PER-P-P-PERCIVAL PLUMMER! TH-THE PLUMMER! Y-YOU MEAN J.B. PLUMMER'S SON? HARUMF! CAFF! CAFF!

GYMNASIUM DONATED BY J. B. PLUMMER

LIBRARY DONATED BY J. B. PLUMMER

AUDITORIUM DONATED BY J.B. PLUMMER

SWIMMING POOL DONATED BY J.B. PLUMMER

BOY, I KIN JUST IMAGINE THE GOING-OVER PERCY'S GETTIN' FROM OLD SWAN!

YEAH! HAW... HAW! WHAT A GAG!

AHEM... BOYS WILL BE BOYS HA-HA-HA. I'M SURE, HARRUMPH, MISS SWERLIP WILL SEE THE HUMOR OF THE SITUATION... AND BRRFFF... GIVE MY REGARDS TO YOUR FATHER!

WELL, MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL WASN'T VERY SATISFACTORY!

HERE HE COMES NOW, GABBY!

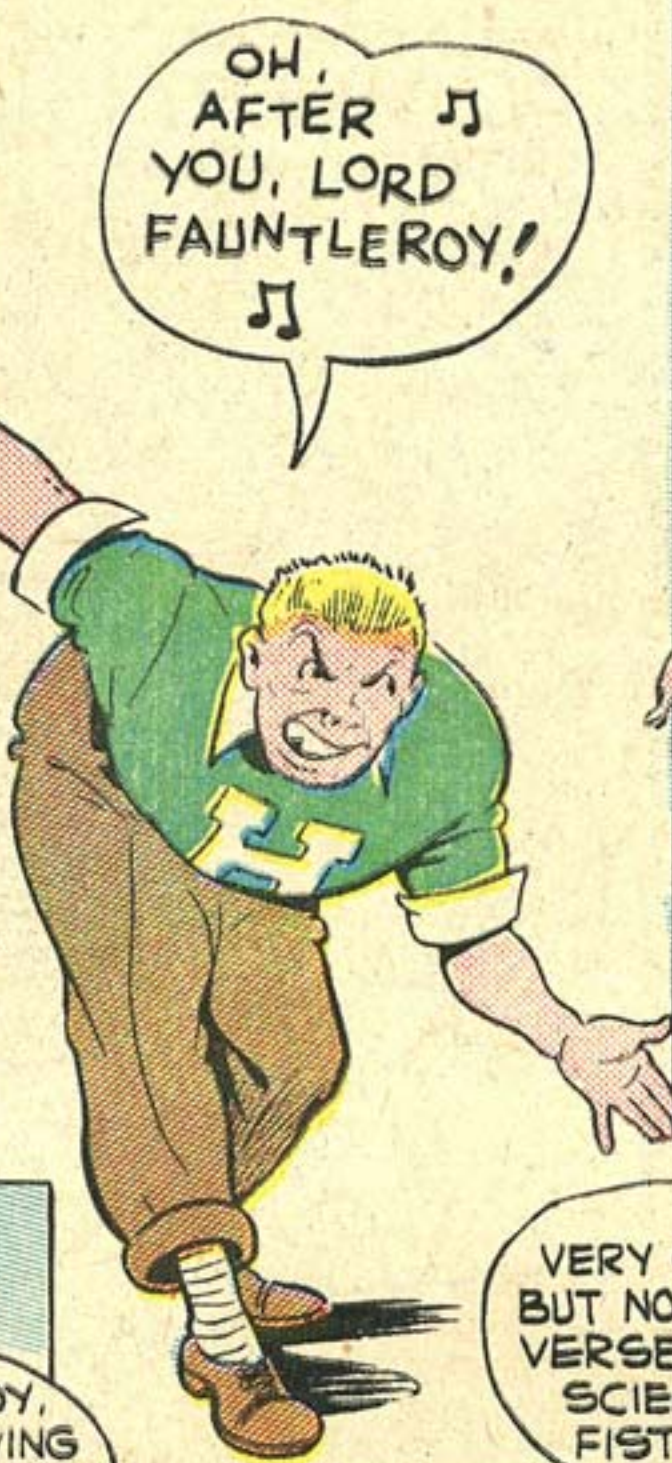
I'LL FIX THIS DAISY'S WAGON. HIS OLD MAN HAS NO PULL WITH ME!

HEY, YOU... JUST A MINUTE!

ULP!



AS I'M OPPOSED TO FIGHTING IN PUBLIC, WILL YOU KINDLY STEP BEHIND THIS FENCE AND WE'LL CONTINUE OUR DISCUSSION IN A MORE APPROPRIATE SETTING?



OH, AFTER YOU, LORD FAUNTLEROY!



MAY I ASSIST YOU? HA! HERE'S WHERE I SETTLE UP ONCE AND FOR ALL!



SOCK WHACK BIFF

OH BOY, OH BOY, IS GABBY GIVING HIM THE WORKS!

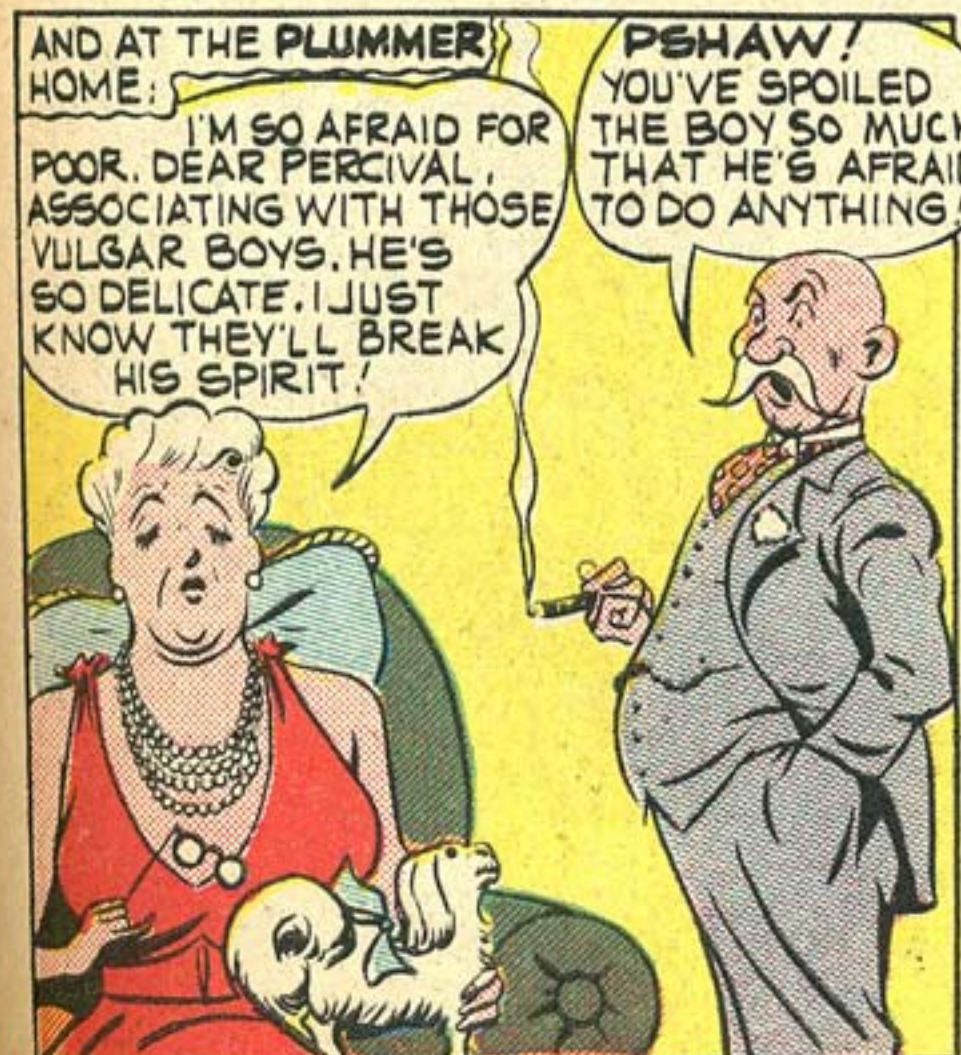


VERY GAME LAD, BUT NOT TOO WELL VERSED IN THE SCIENCE OF FISTICUFFS!

WOW! LOOK AT WHAT BUTCH DID TO HIM!

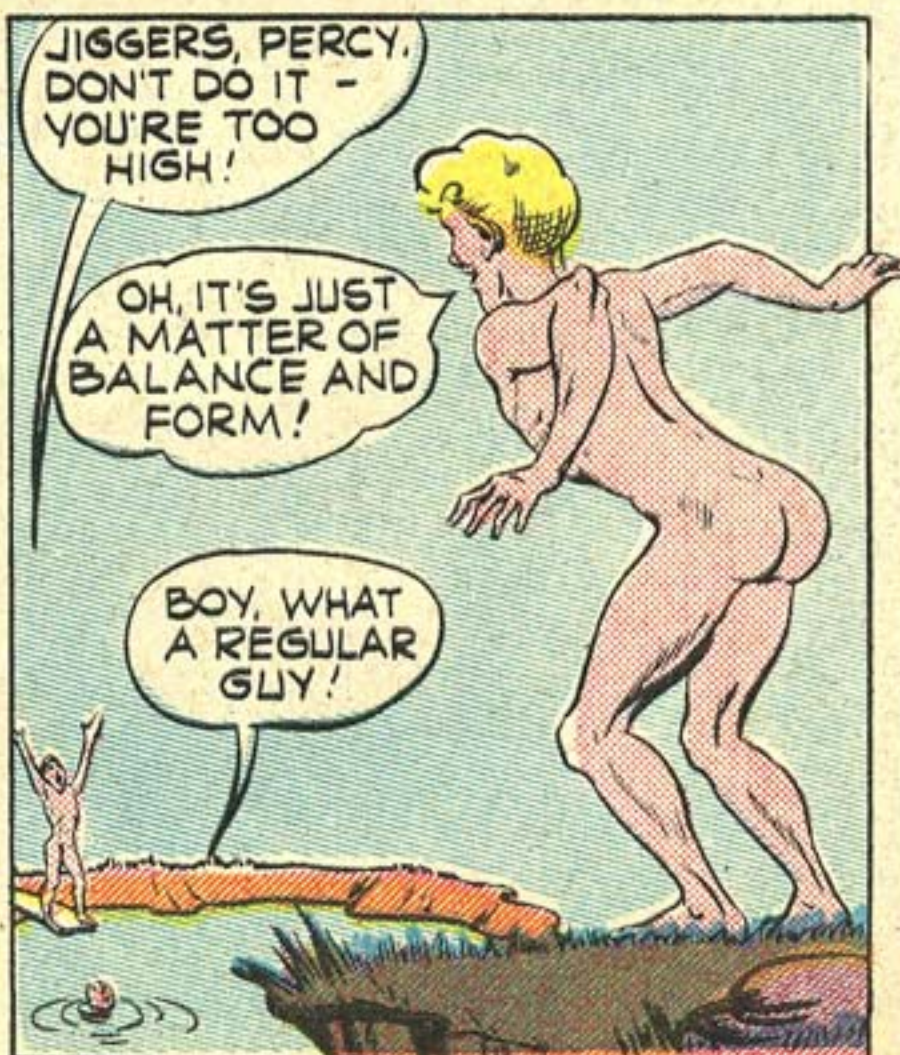


YEAH BUT TAKE A LOOK AT BUTCH!



AND AT THE PLUMMER HOME: I'M SO AFRAID FOR POOR, DEAR PERCIVAL, ASSOCIATING WITH THOSE VULGAR BOYS. HE'S SO DELICATE. I JUST KNOW THEY'LL BREAK HIS SPIRIT!

PSHAW! YOU'VE SPOILED THE BOY SO MUCH THAT HE'S AFRAID TO DO ANYTHING!



JIGGERS, PERCY, DON'T DO IT - YOU'RE TOO HIGH!

OH, IT'S JUST A MATTER OF BALANCE AND FORM!

BOY, WHAT A REGULAR GUY!



PERCY'S TROUBLES AND YOUR FUN ARE JUST BEGINNING... MAKE A DATE TO LOOK HIM UP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS



SOME MUSICIANS OF THE SAMOAN ISLAND TRIBES PLAY FLUTES WITH THEIR NOSES!

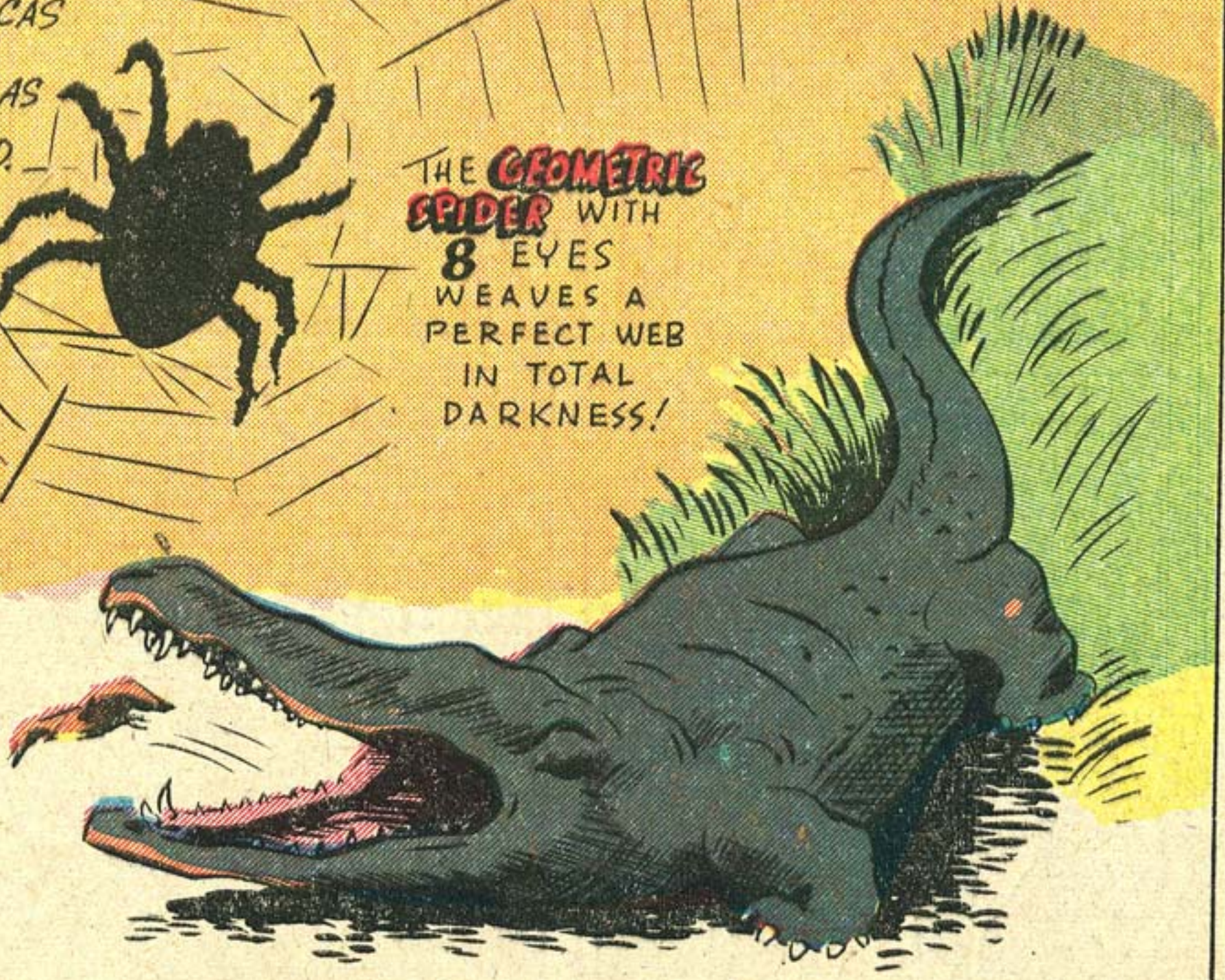


THE IRISH POTATO DIDN'T COME FROM IRELAND BUT WAS FIRST GROWN BY THE ANCIENT INCAS OF PERU AS EARLY AS 1000 A.D.



THE **GEOMETRIC SPIDER** WITH 8 EYES WEAVES A PERFECT WEB IN TOTAL DARKNESS!

TICKBIRDS GET THEIR FOOD BY DASHING INTO THE MOUTHS OF CROCODILES TO SNATCH LEECHES FROM THEIR GUMS.



WATCH FOR THIS COVER ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS!

HANGMAN NO. 3

IN HIS NEWEST AND BEST BOOK YET!

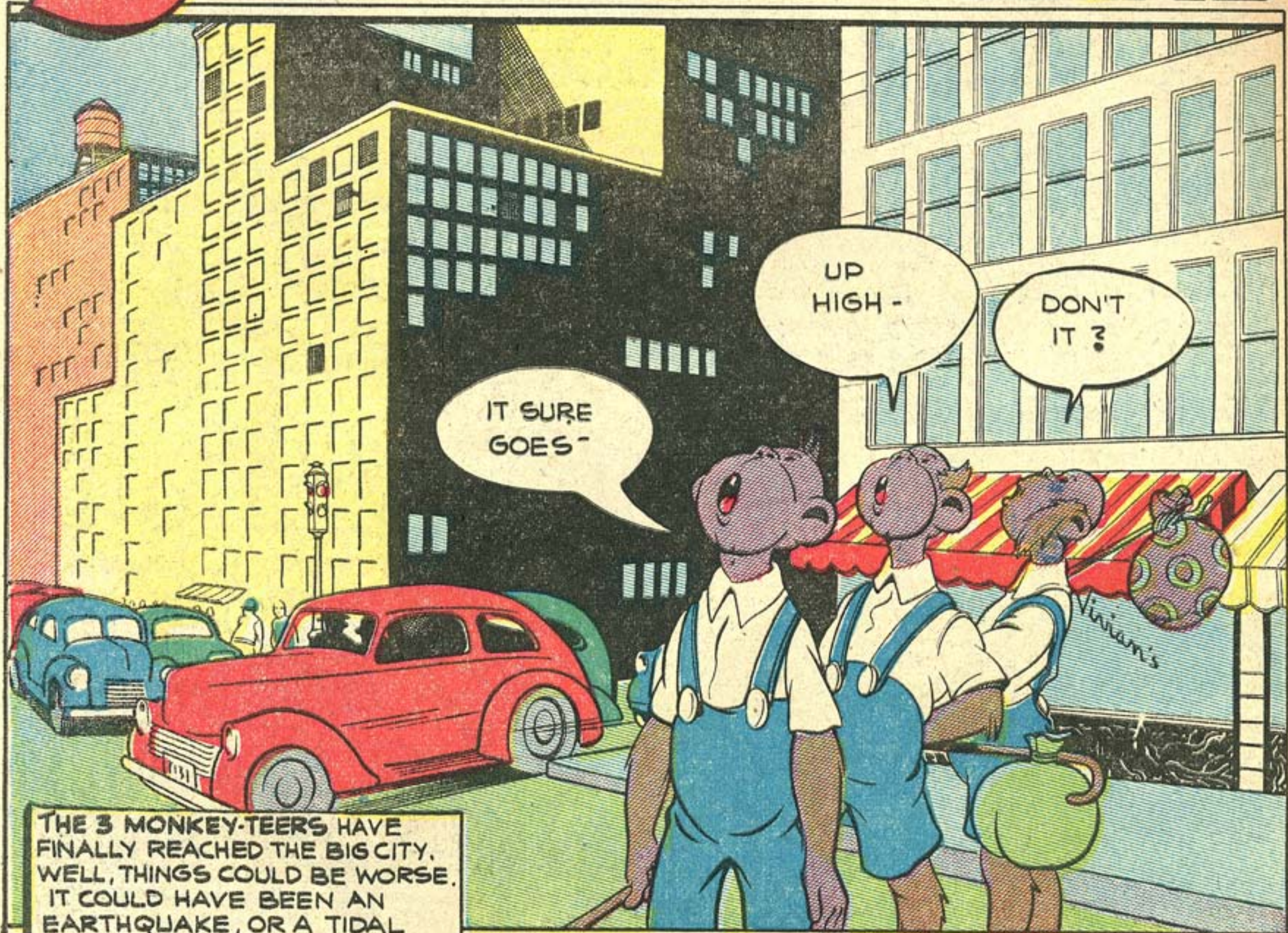
ALSO
FEATURING **ROY
DUSTY**
and
THOSE **SENSATIONAL
BOY BUDDIES**

DON'T
DELAY!

RESERVE YOUR
COPY OF
HANGMAN
* 3
NOW!



THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS



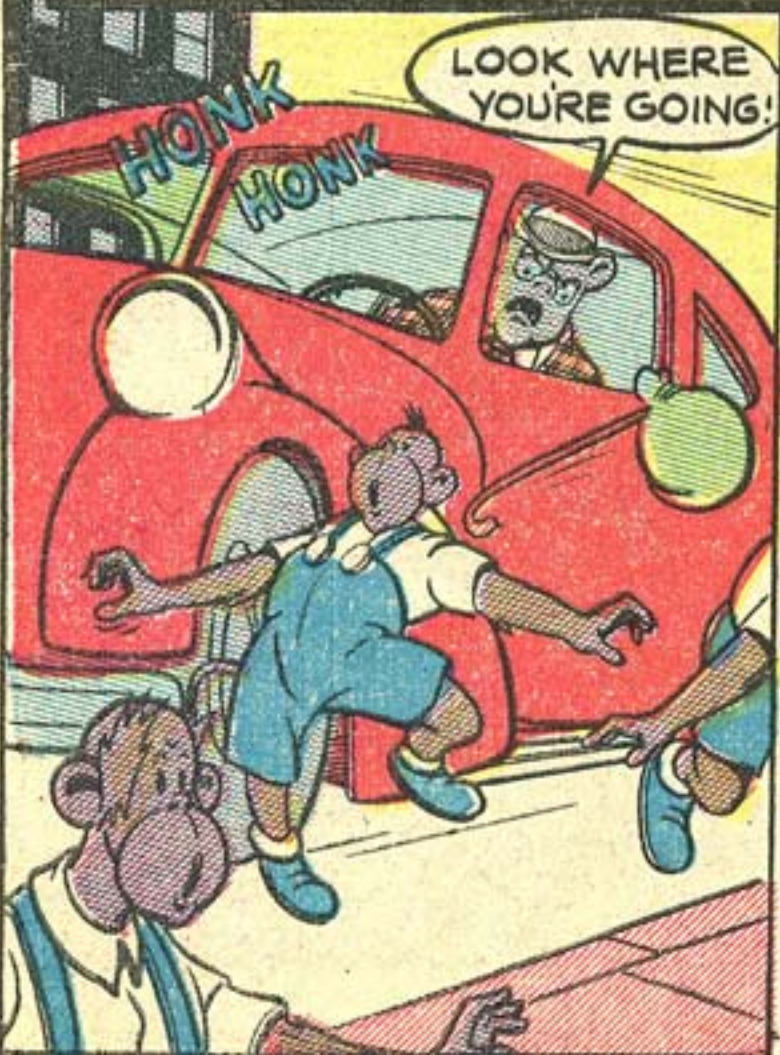
IT SURE GOES -

UP HIGH -

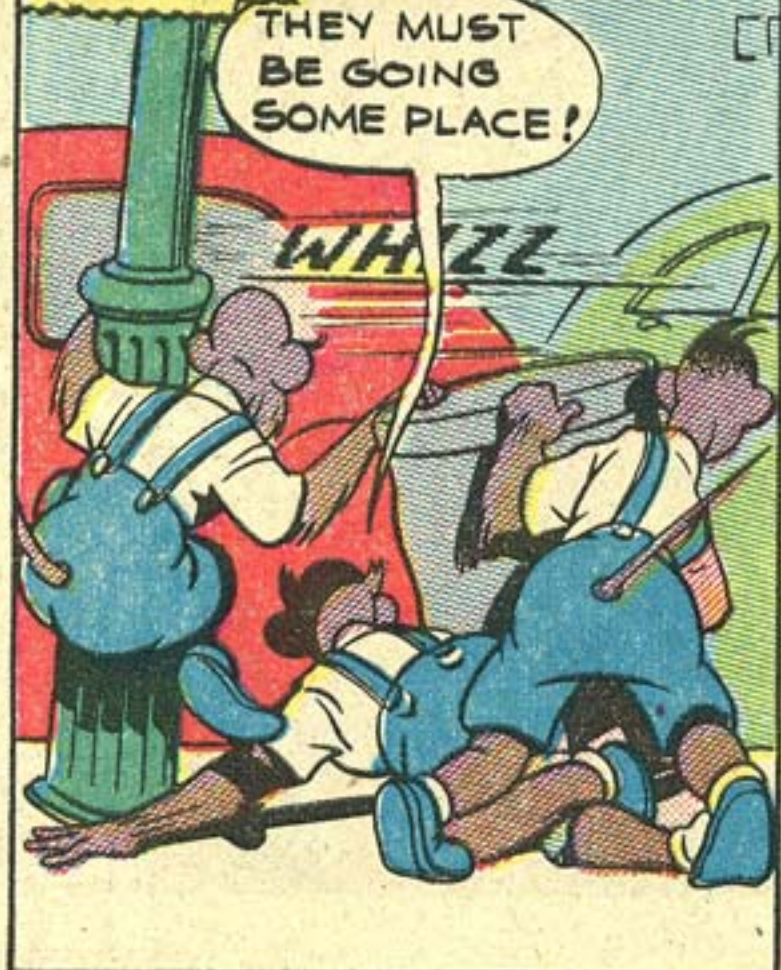
DON'T IT?

THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS HAVE FINALLY REACHED THE BIG CITY. WELL, THINGS COULD BE WORSE. IT COULD HAVE BEEN AN EARTHQUAKE, OR A TIDAL WAVE BUT READ ON!

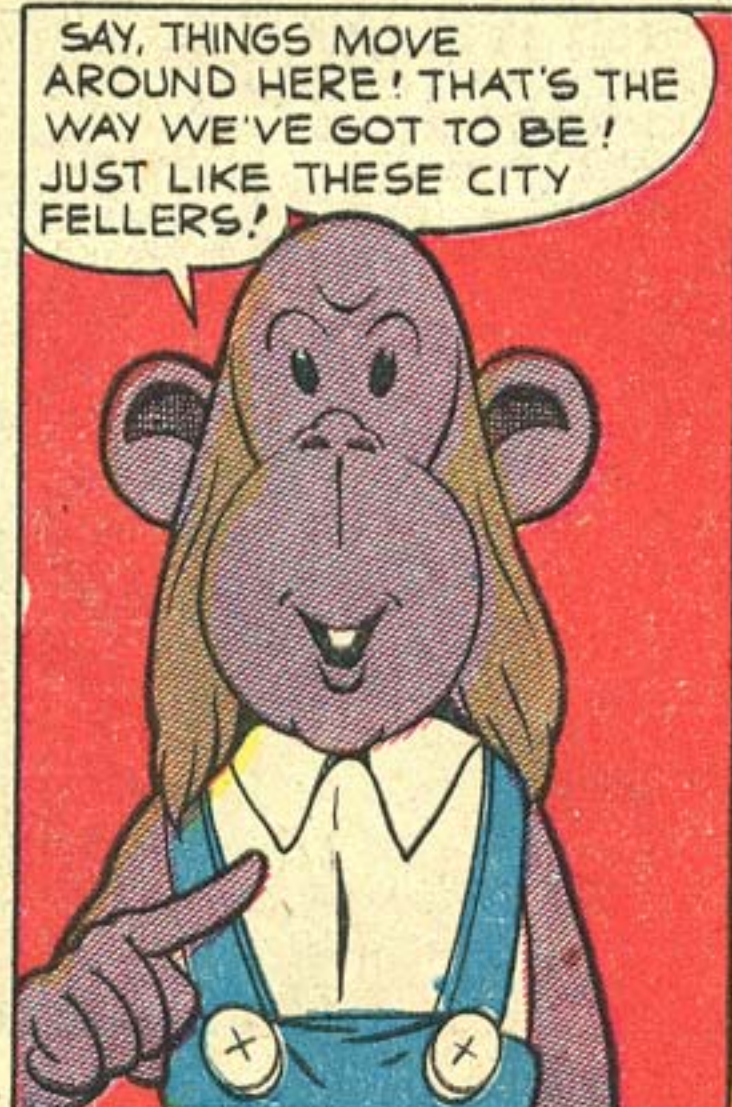
THE 3 MONKEYS MAKE A DESPERATE SCRAMBLE TO SAFETY...



LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



THEY MUST BE GOING SOME PLACE!



SAY, THINGS MOVE AROUND HERE! THAT'S THE WAY WE'VE GOT TO BE! JUST LIKE THESE CITY FELLERS!

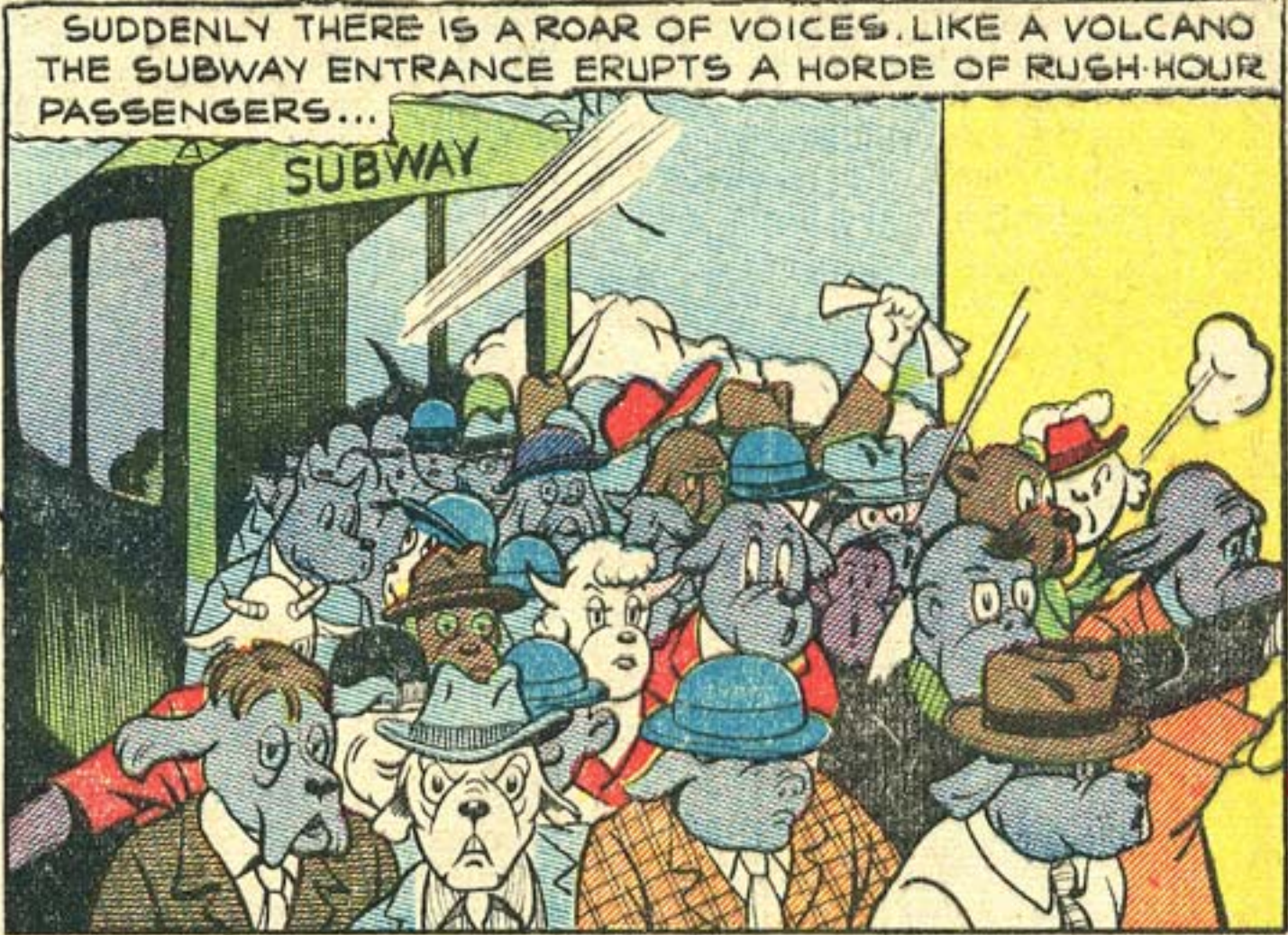


REOW

SUBWAY

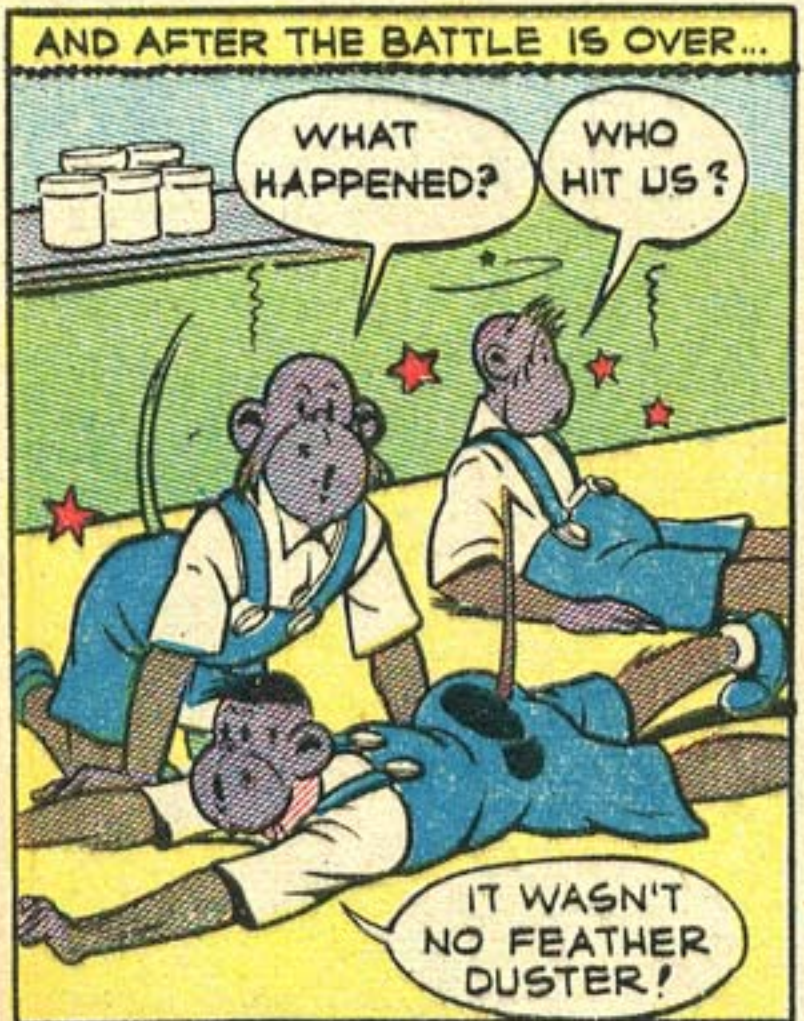
LOOK AT THAT HOLE IN THE GROUND!

WONDER WHERE IT GOES TO?



SUDDENLY THERE IS A ROAR OF VOICES, LIKE A VOLCANO THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE ERUPTS A HORDE OF RUSH-HOUR PASSENGERS...

SUBWAY

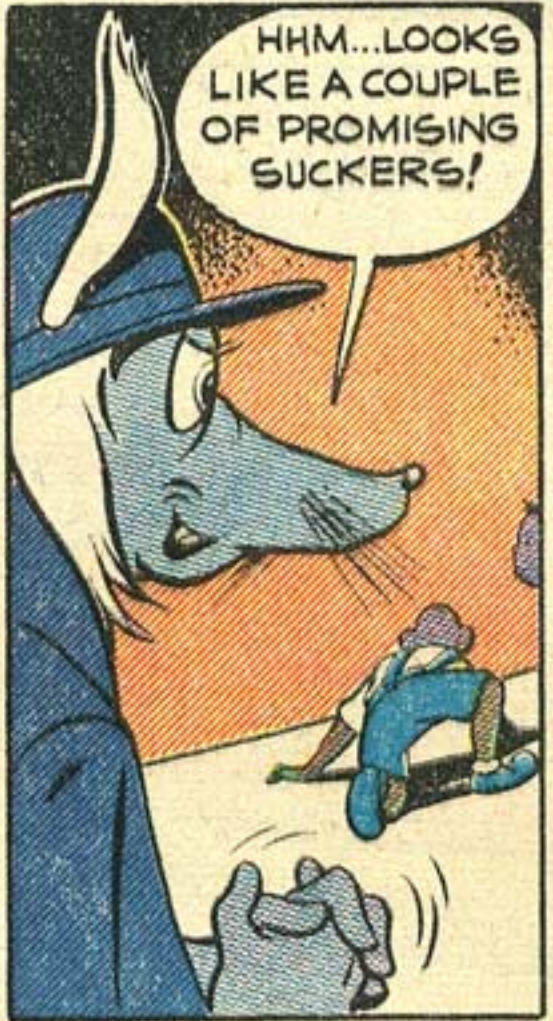


AND AFTER THE BATTLE IS OVER...

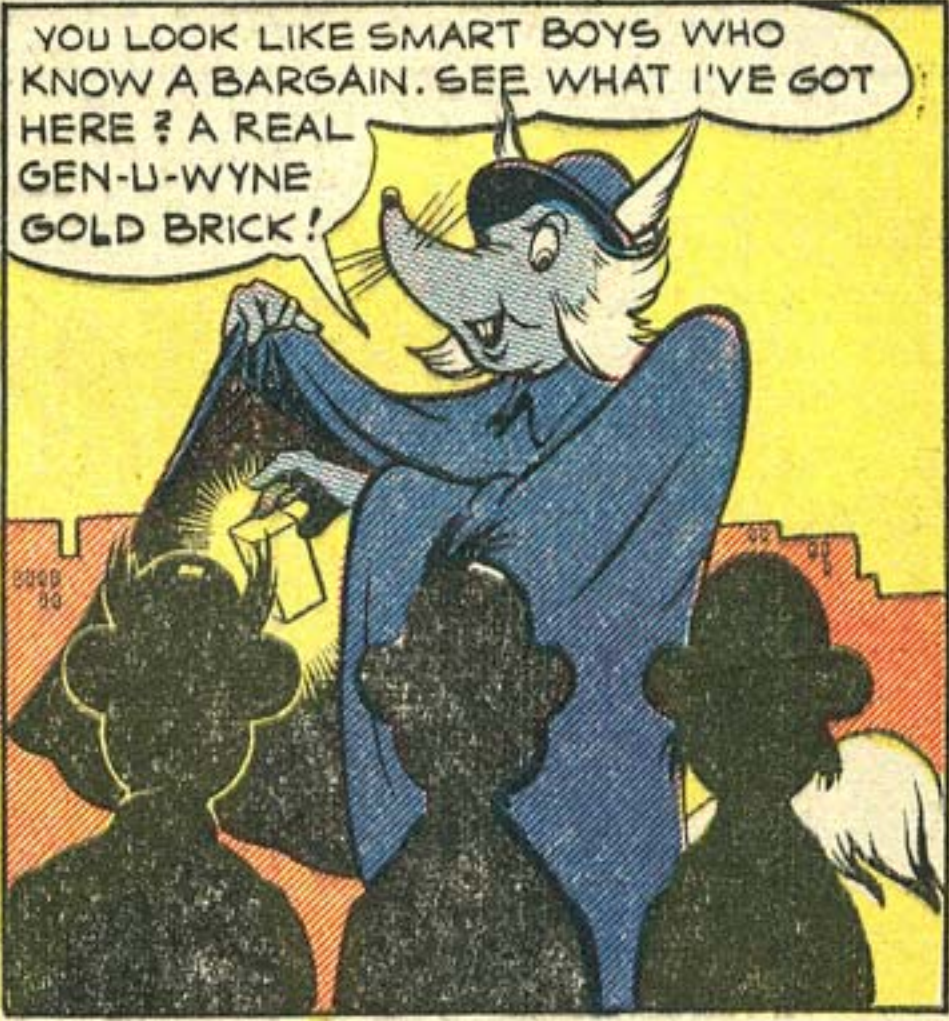
WHAT HAPPENED?

WHO HIT US?

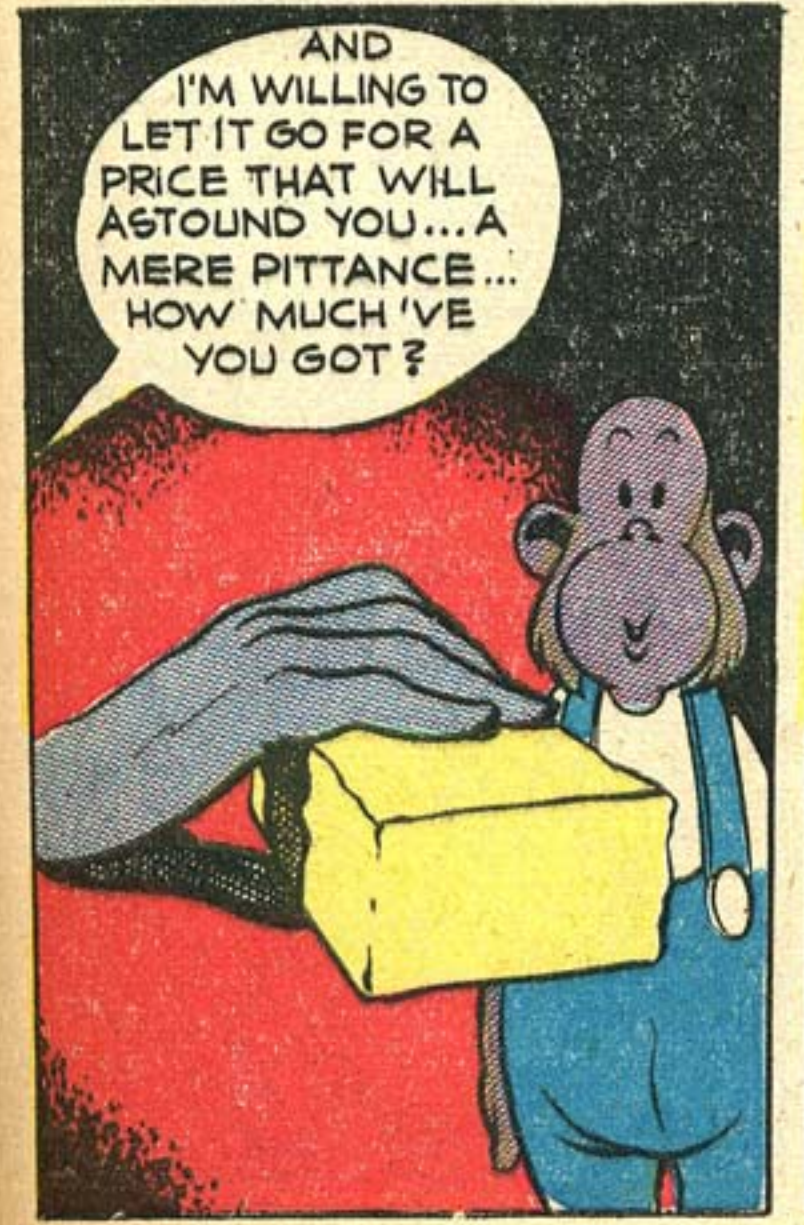
IT WASN'T NO FEATHER DUSTER!



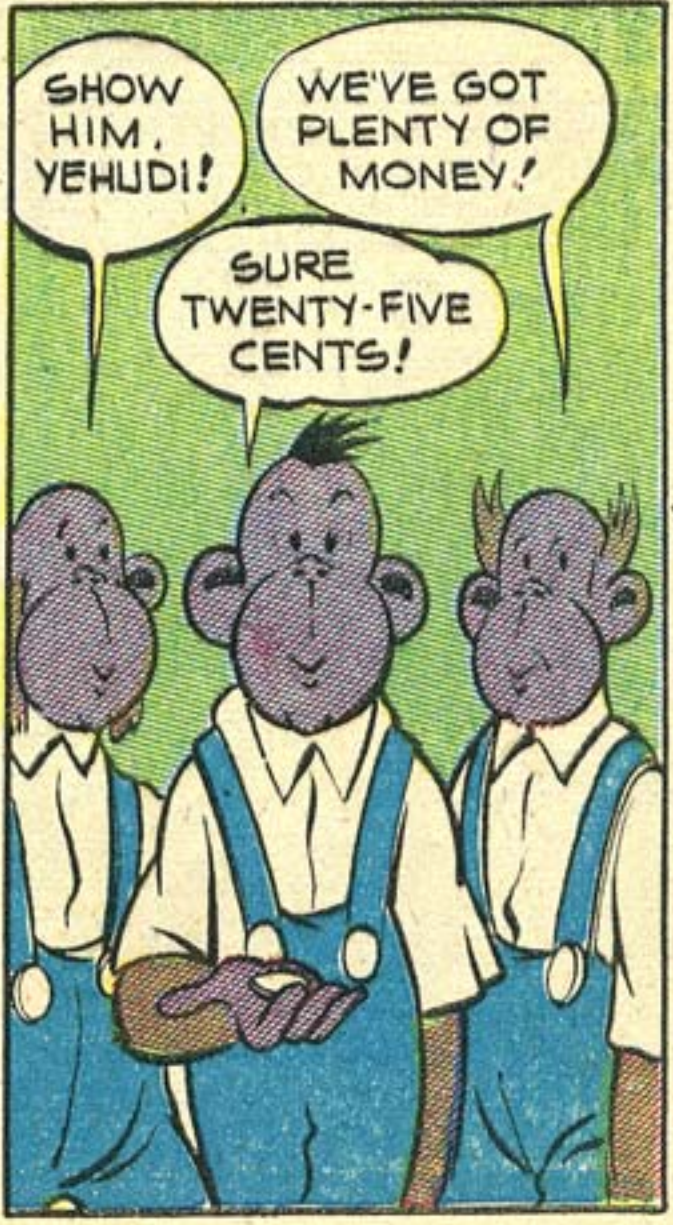
HHM...LOOKS LIKE A COUPLE OF PROMISING SUCKERS!



YOU LOOK LIKE SMART BOYS WHO KNOW A BARGAIN. SEE WHAT I'VE GOT HERE? A REAL GEN-U-WYNE GOLD BRICK!



AND I'M WILLING TO LET IT GO FOR A PRICE THAT WILL ASTOUND YOU... A MERE PITTANCE... HOW MUCH 'VE YOU GOT?



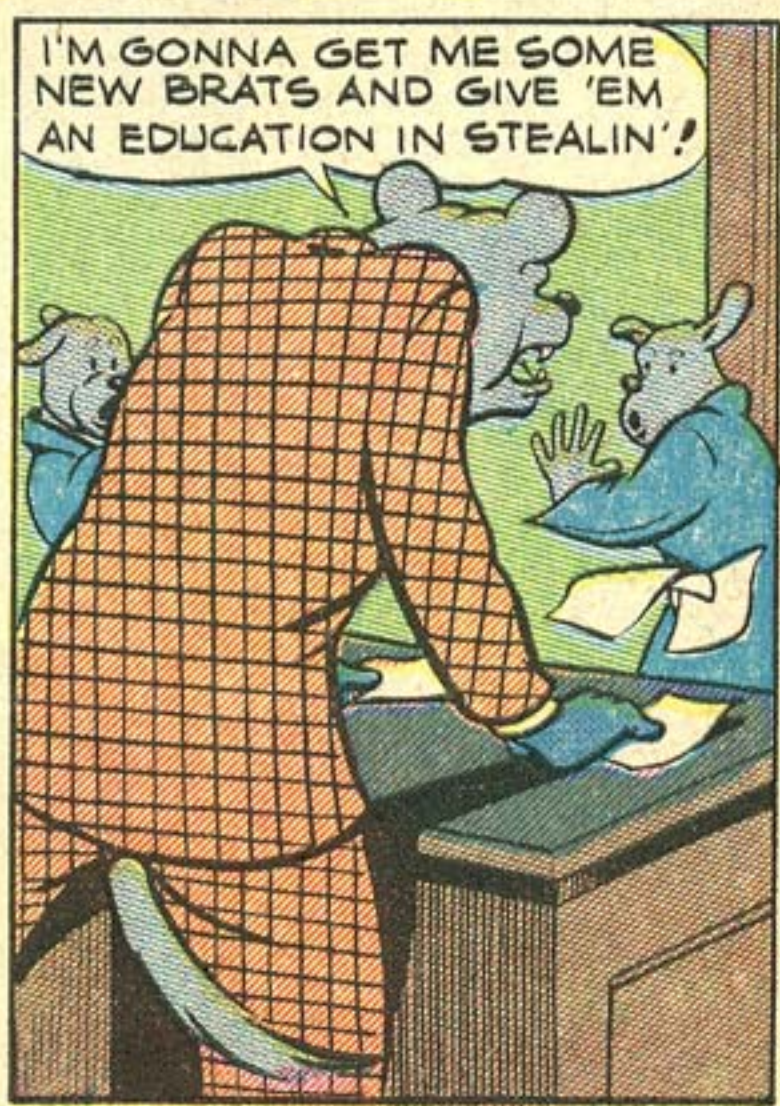
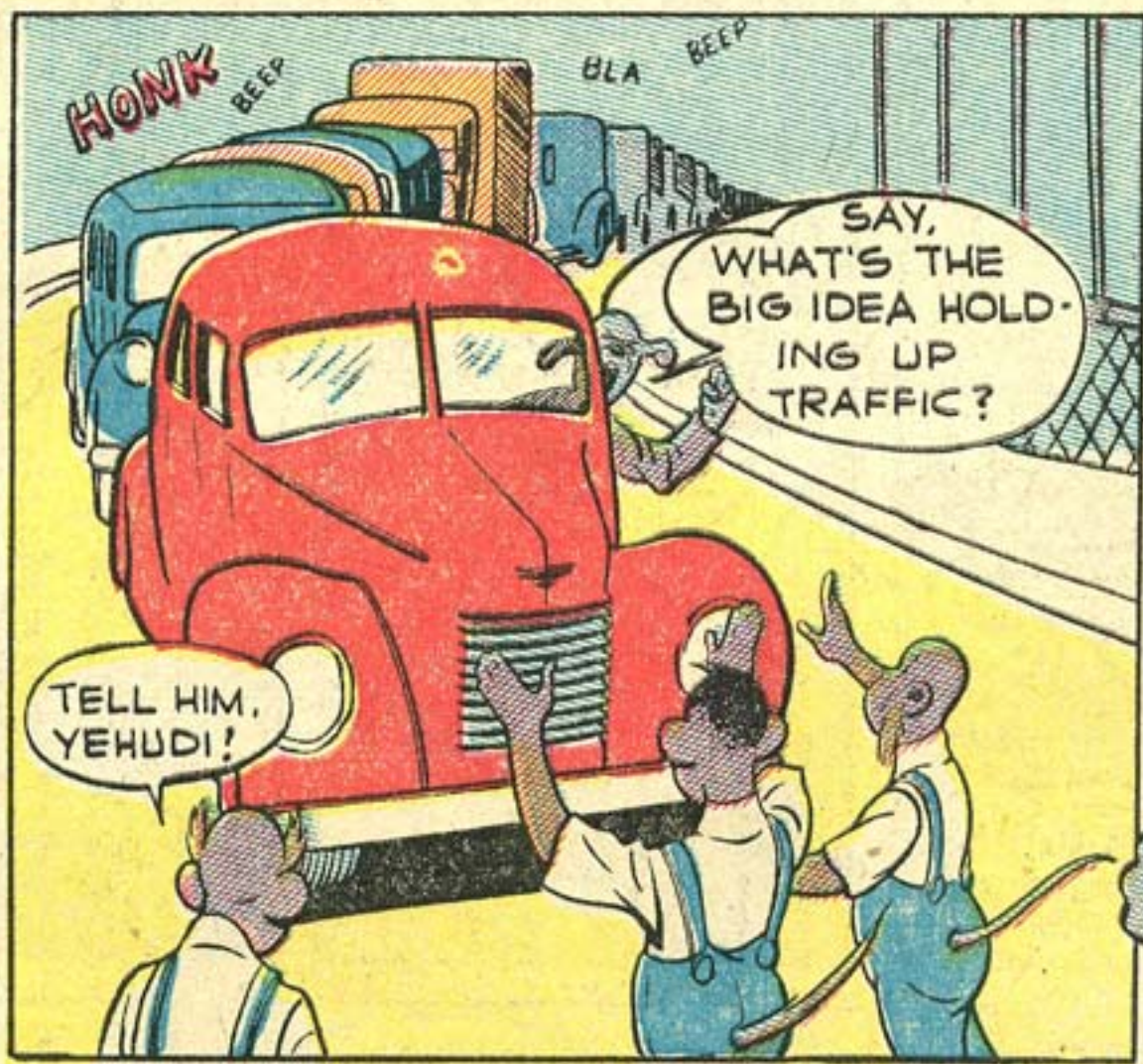
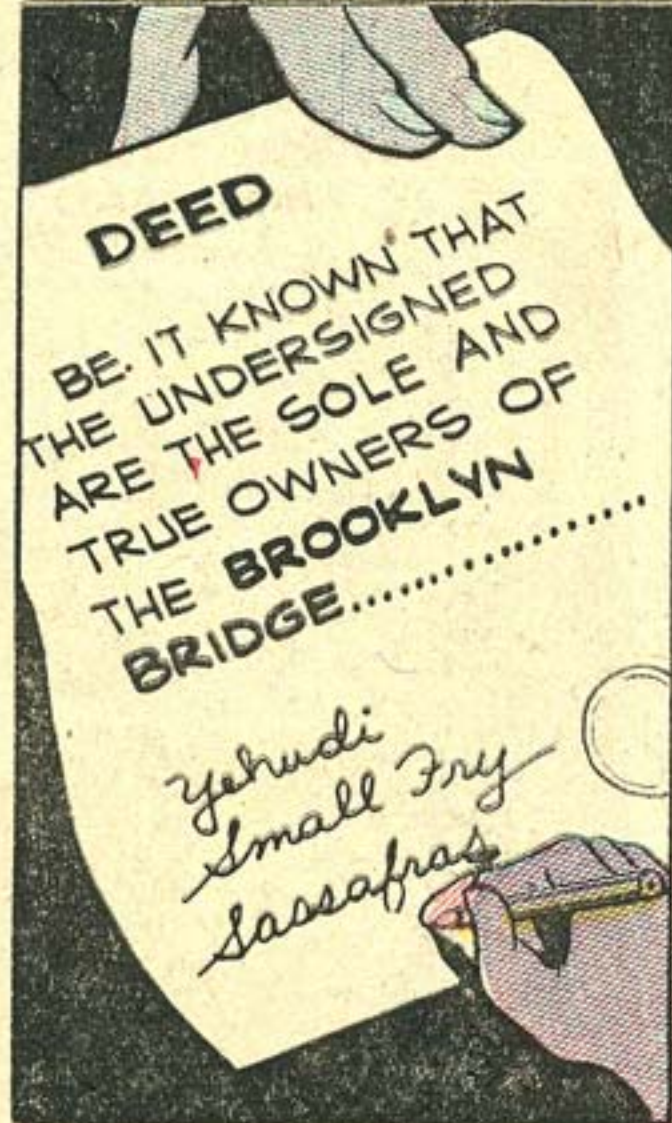
SHOW HIM, YEHUDI!

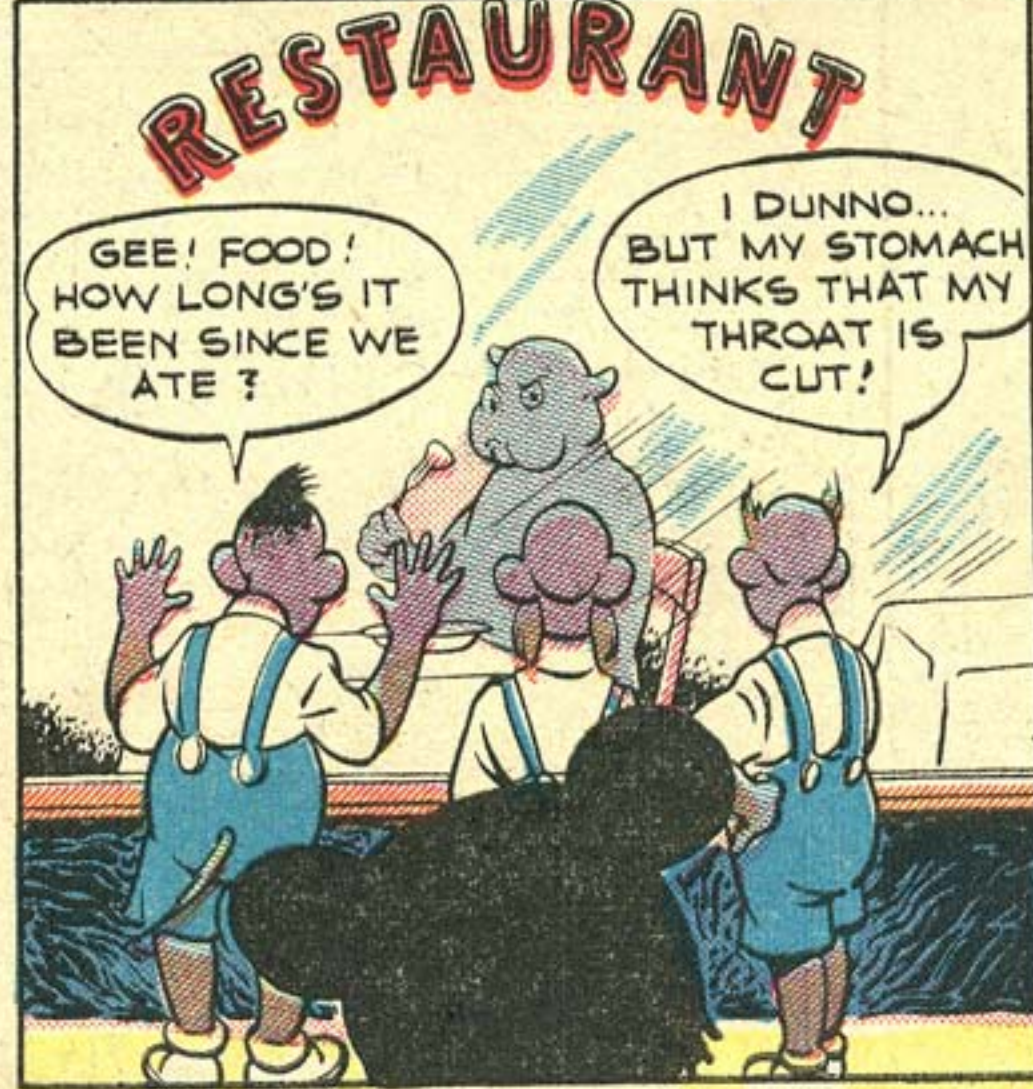
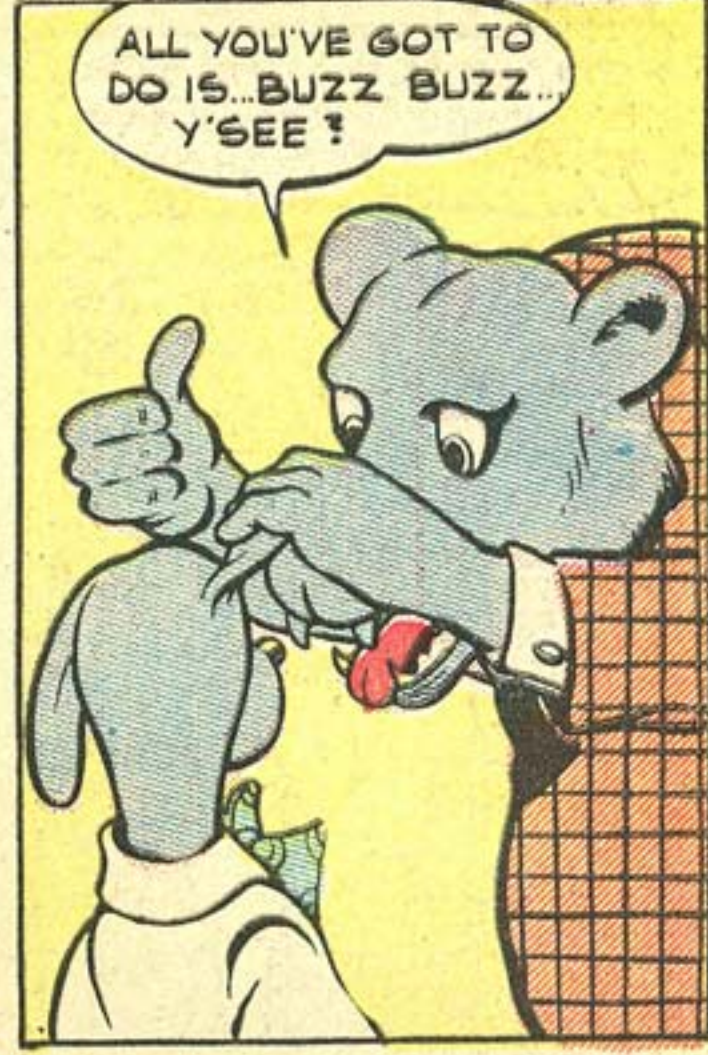
WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF MONEY!

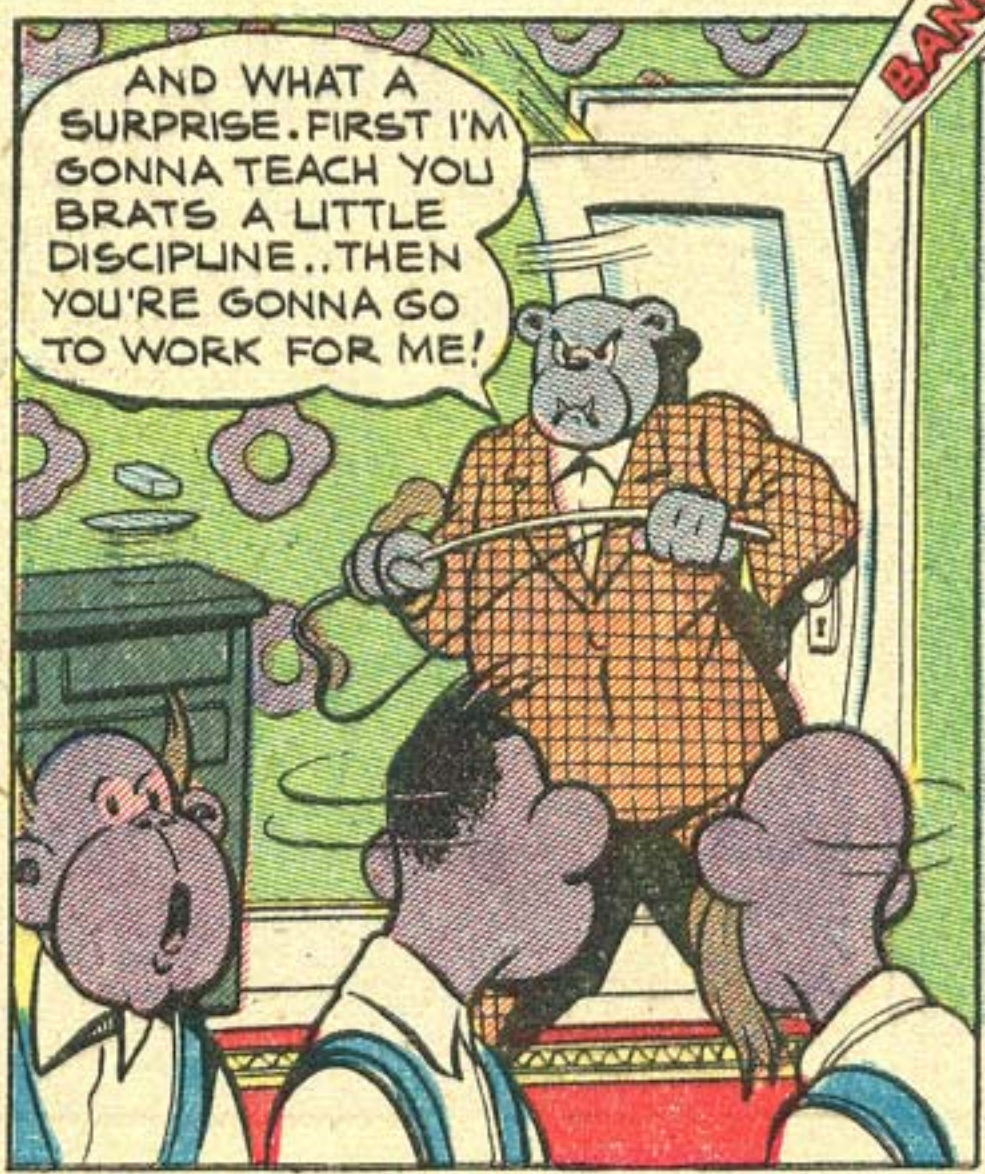
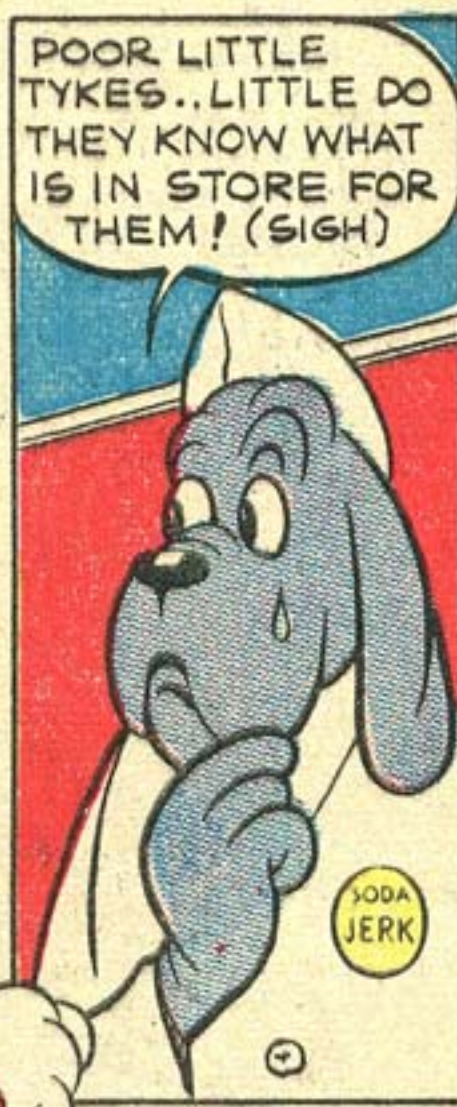
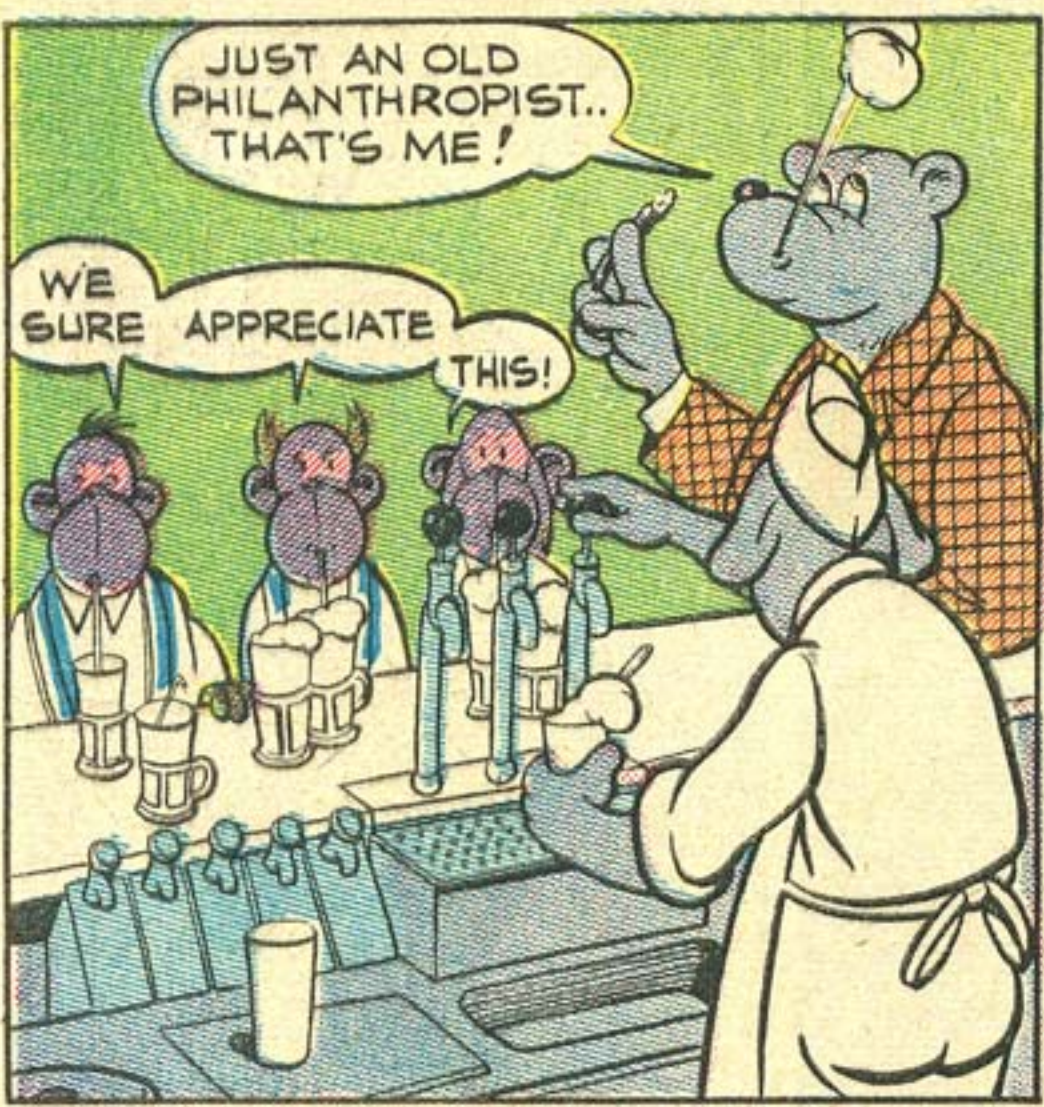
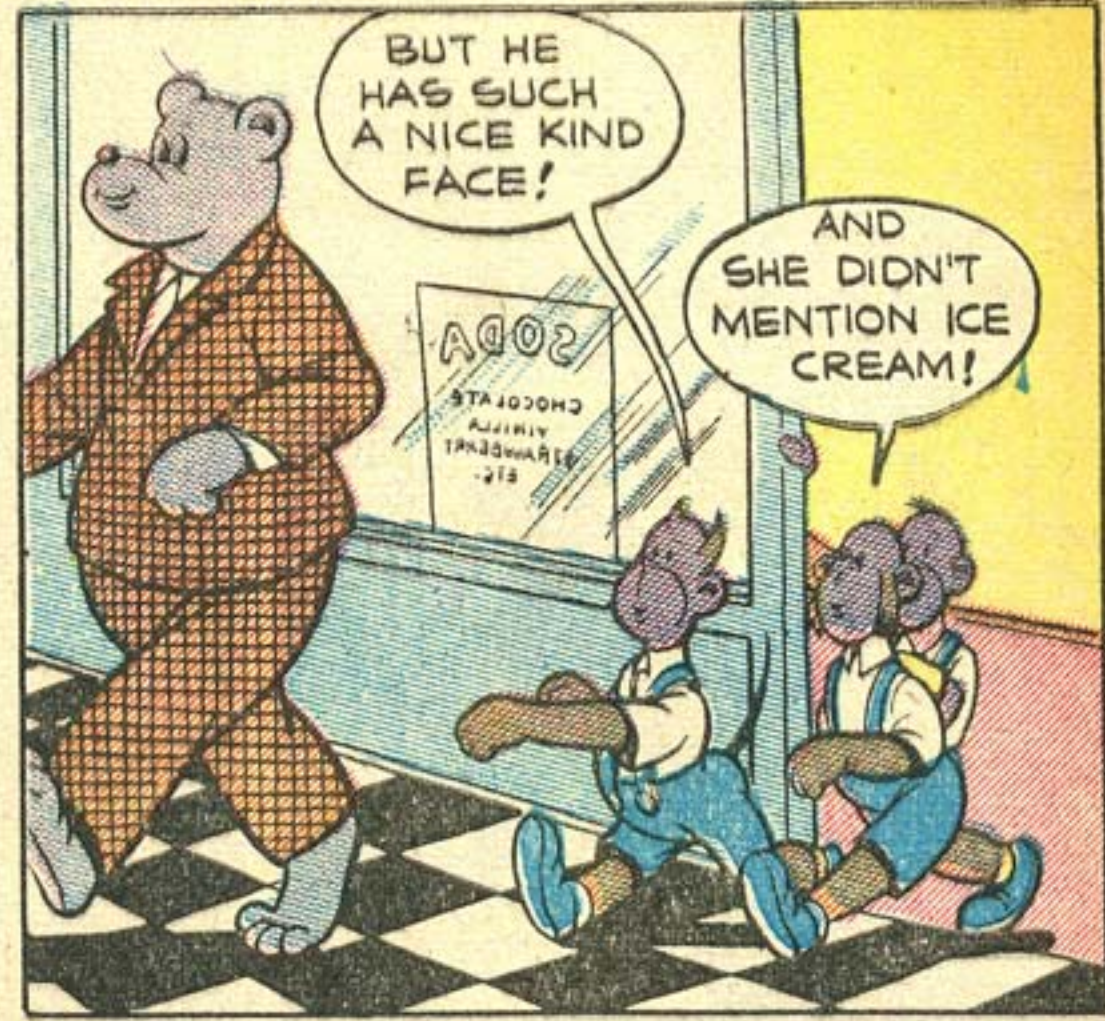
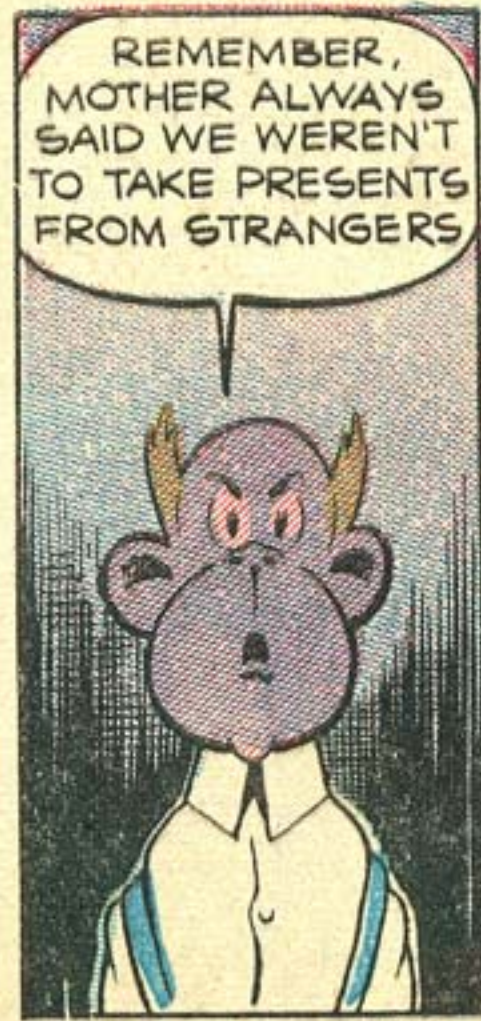
SURE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS!



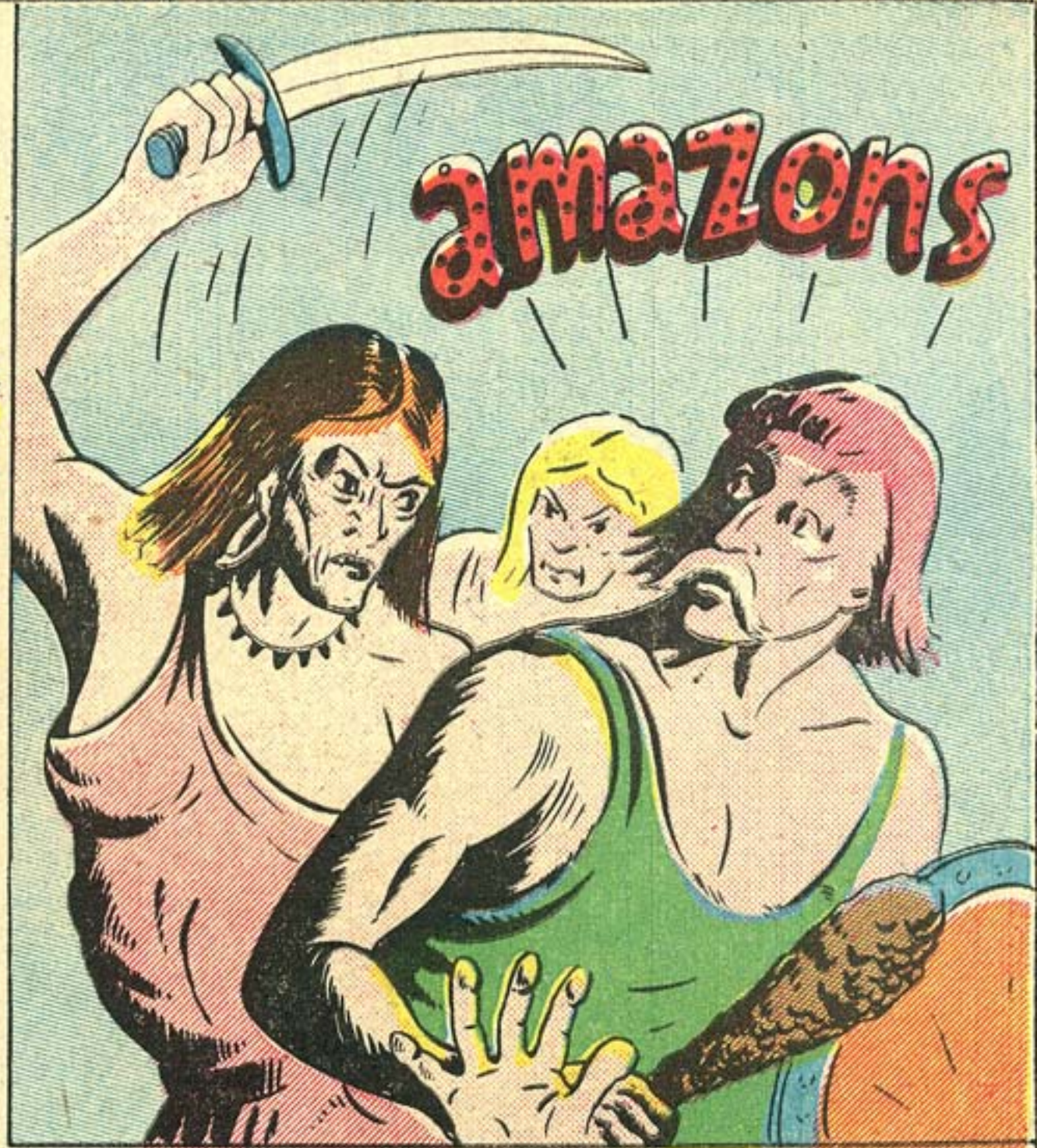
TWO BITS... A QUARTER OF A DOLLAR. THE DARN GOLD BRICK COST ME THAT MUCH.. STILL, TWO-BITS AIN'T HAY... I'LL HAVE TO TRY ANOTHER DODGE!







IN THE HANDS OF THE CRUEL FAGIN, WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE THREE MONKEY-TEERS? IS THEIR ADVENTURE IN THE BIG CITY GOING TO END IN TRAGEDY? BUY NEXT MONTH'S TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR FAVORITE MONKEYS YEHUDI - SMALL FRY and SASSAFRAS WHEN THEY BECOME FAGIN'S "CHILDREN"....



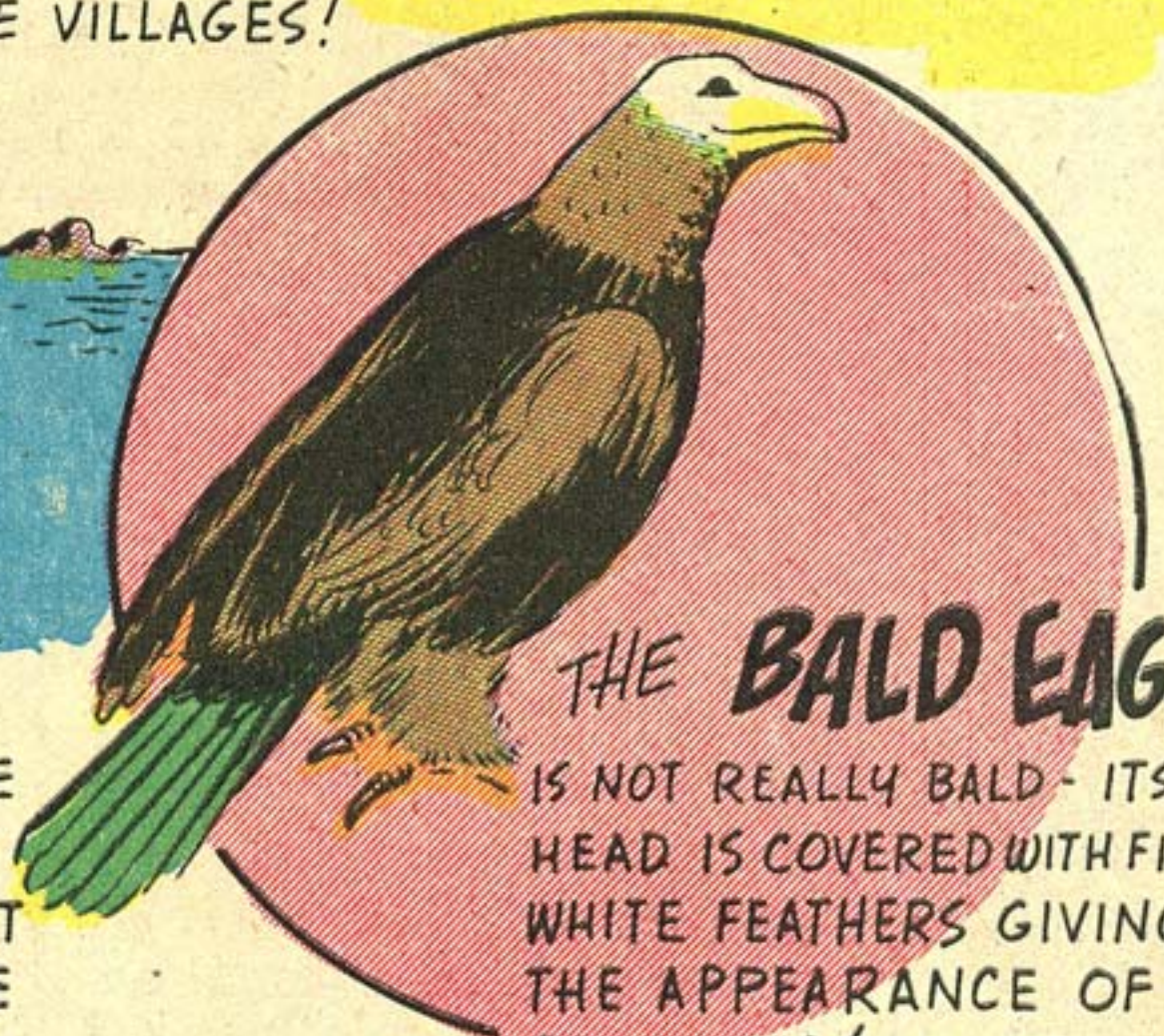
The DEADLY PYTHON

IS WORSHIPED BY SOME TRIBES OF NIGERIA - EVEN HELD SO SACRED THAT IT MAY ROAM AT WILL ABOUT THE VILLAGES!

THE ANCIENT AND FIERCE FIGHTING AMAZONS - WOMEN WARRIORS OF THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA WERE NOT ALLOWED TO MARRY UNTIL THEY HAD FIRST KILLED A MAN IN BATTLE!



IN THE DAYS OF PIRACY THE BODY OF AN EXECUTED PIRATE WAS OFTEN TAKEN FROM THE GALLOWES AND HUNG IN A PROMINENT SPOT WHERE PASSING SHIPS MIGHT SEE IT.... A WARNING TO ALL PIRATES.



THE BALD EAGLE

IS NOT REALLY BALD - ITS HEAD IS COVERED WITH FINE WHITE FEATHERS GIVING THE APPEARANCE OF BALDNESS!

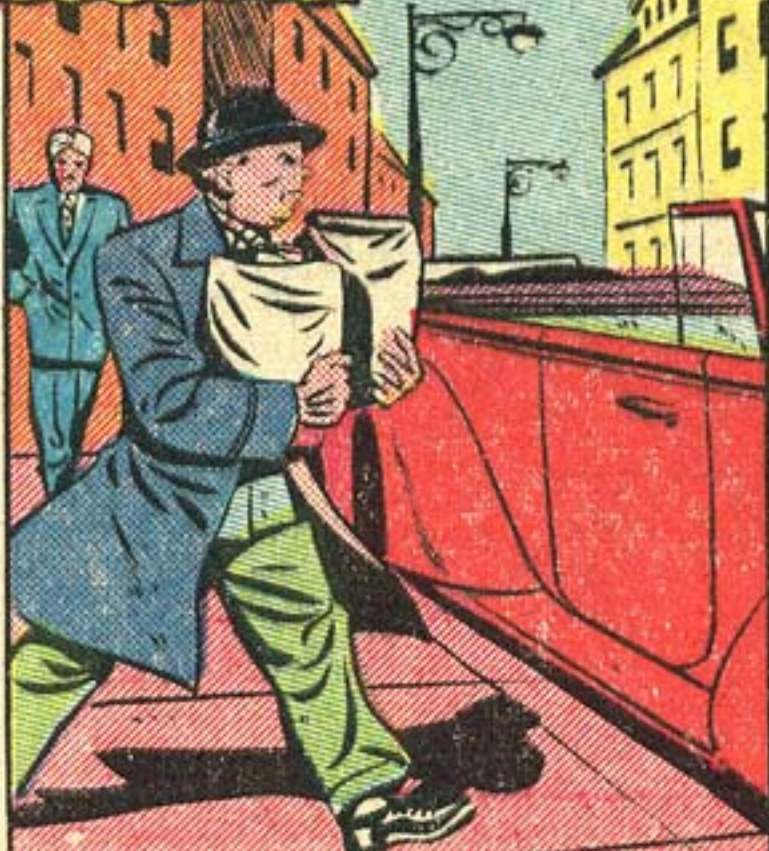
KARDAK

THE "MYSTIC" MAGICIAN

LISTEN TO ME, AMERICANS! OUT THERE ON OUR FAR-FLUNG BATTLEFRONTS U.S. SOLDIERS, YOUR BIG BROTHERS AND PALS ARE MAKING THE GREATEST SACRIFICE OF THEIR LIVES-FOR FREEDOM! WHATEVER SACRIFICES WE CAN MAKE HERE AT HOME -- ARE BUT LITTLE IN COMPARISON!



FOR INSTANCE -- ONE DAY I SAW A MAN LEAVING A GROCERY STORE ...



... HIS ARMS LADEN WITH FOOD WHICH HE STUFFED INTO THE REAR OF HIS LUXURIOUS CAR ...



Paul Reinman

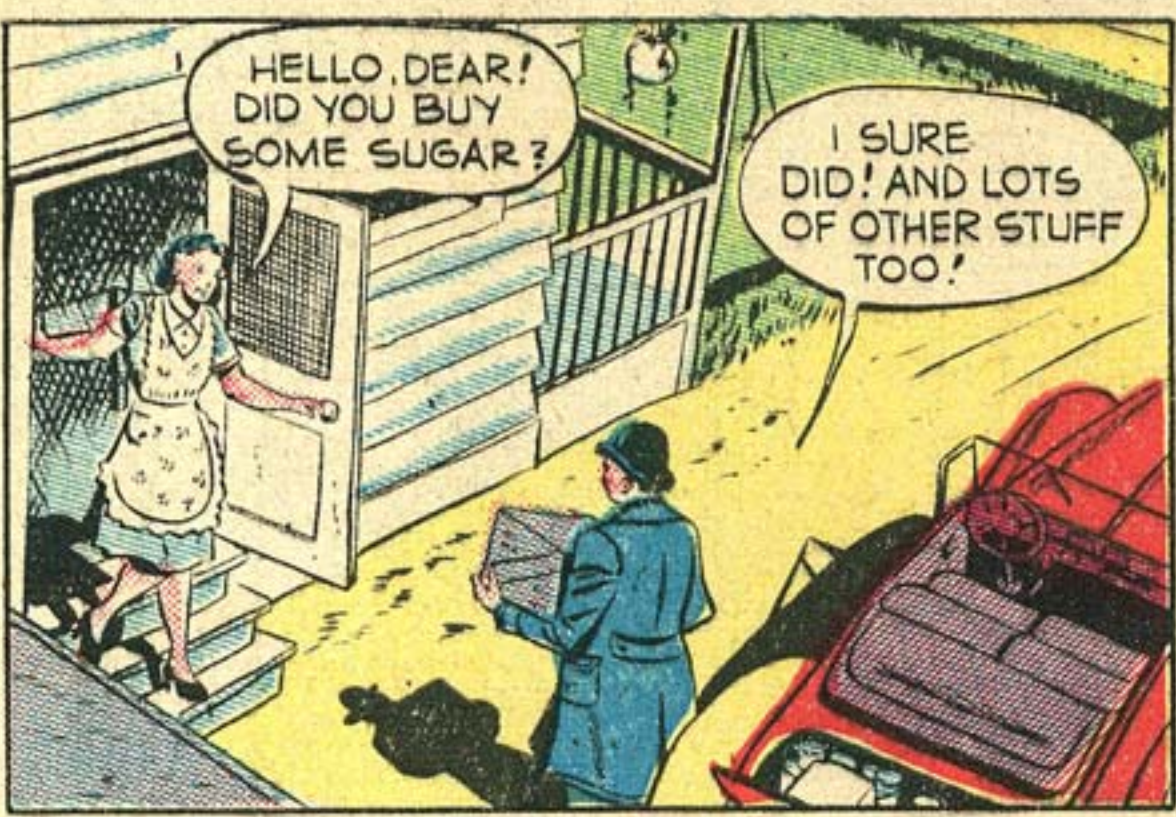


AS THE CAR PULLED AWAY...

WHY, HE'S GOT TONS OF FOOD IN THERE!



HMM! THIS BEARS LOOKING INTO. THINK I'LL TAG ALONG!



HELLO, DEAR! DID YOU BUY SOME SUGAR?

I SURE DID! AND LOTS OF OTHER STUFF TOO!



GEE, AM I GLAD WE'RE HOARDING UP ON THIS! IT'LL BE HARD TO GET SOON!



I BOUGHT LOTS OF EXTRA CLOTHES TOO! I'LL HAVE ENOUGH NO MATTER HOW LONG THE WAR LASTS!



MY, THIS BOX IS HEAVY!

THAT'S THE LAST ONE, DEAR! BOY, AM I HUNGRY!



HERE, GRAB THIS CAN OF BEEF STEW!

JUST THE THING FOR DINNER TONIGHT!



NOW WHERE'S THAT CAN-OPENER? OH, HERE ---



SUDDENLY, A REMARKABLE THING HAPPENS...

YOU CAN'T OPEN ME - YOU DON'T DESERVE TO!



DEAR, COME HERE! THIS CAN'S ALIVE!



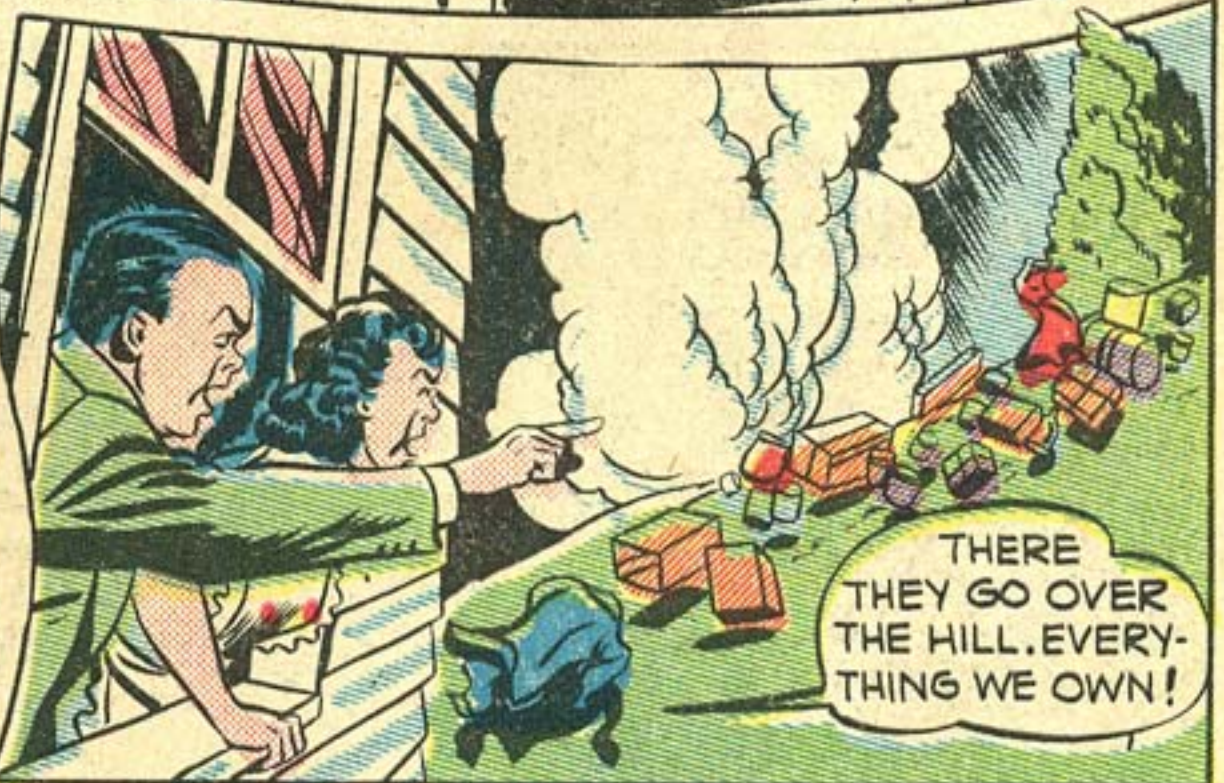
COME ON, GANG! THESE PEOPLE DON'T NEED US!..... LET'S GET GOING!



AND STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, ALL THE HOARDED FOOD SCURRIES OUT THE WINDOW, LED BY THE BEEF STEW CAN...



OOH! MY NICE NEW DRESSES! THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY! HELP!



THERE THEY GO OVER THE HILL. EVERYTHING WE OWN!

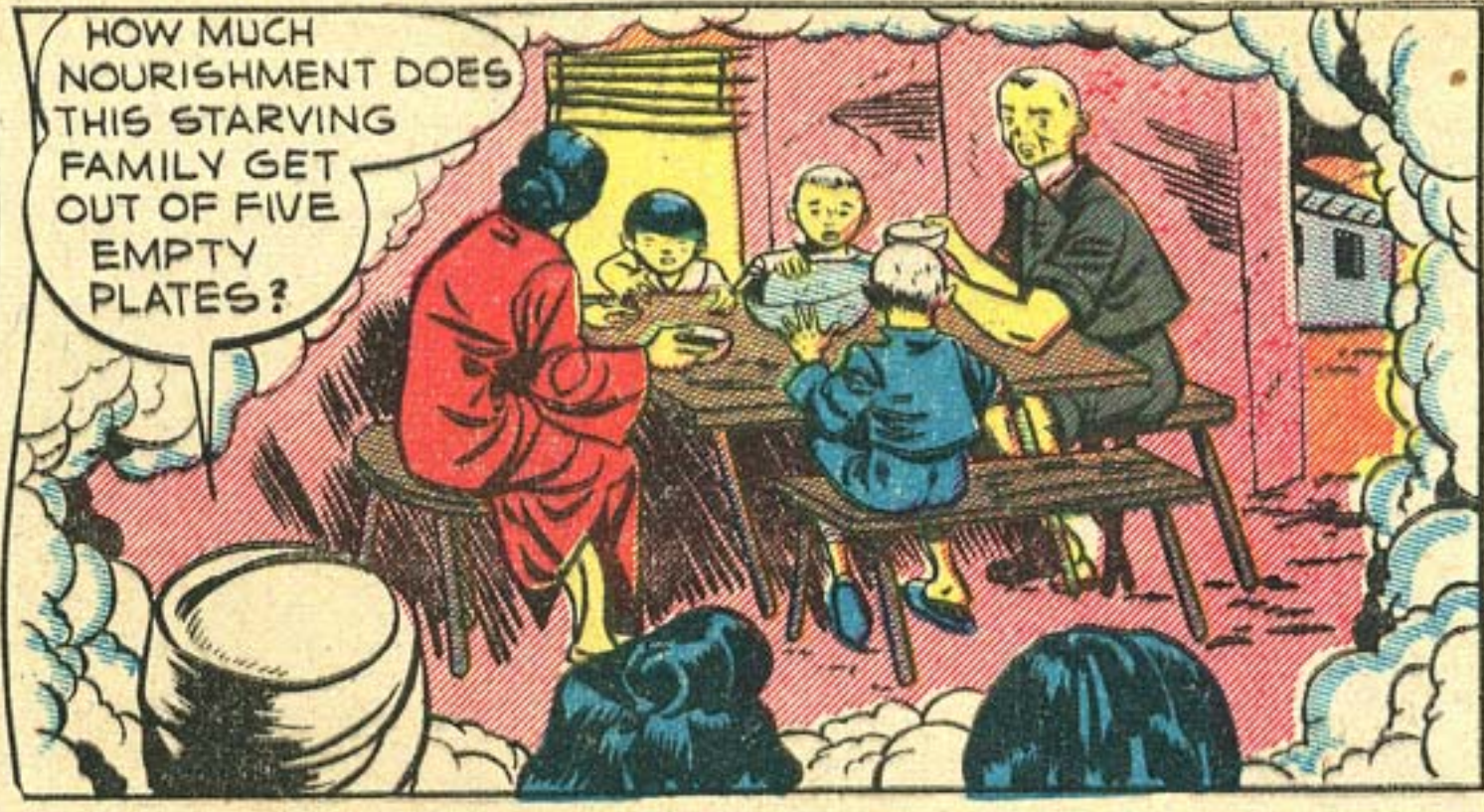


SUDDENLY IN A BURST OF SMOKE KARDAK APPEARS BEFORE THE STARTLED COUPLE...

HEY, WHAT'S ALL THIS! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?



I'LL TELL YOU THE IDEA! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO SO MUCH WHEN OTHER PEOPLE HAVE SO LITTLE! LOOK OUT THERE!



A WARM HOOD OR SHAWL ABOUT HER AND THE BABY WOULD MAKE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH....

IF, SUDDENLY OUT OF YOUR EXTRA CARTONS OF CIGARETTES ONE PACK SPRANG BEFORE HIM...



BOY! NOW I CAN HOLD OUT FOREVER! LET THE BEGGARS COME. I'M READY FOR 'EM!



YOU HAVE SEEN ENOUGH OF THE VISIONS!

HUNH?



DO YOU MEAN OUR EXTRA FOOD COULD BE SENT TO THOSE POOR PEOPLE?

IT COULD! YOUR LARDER IS STILL FULL! WHAT'LL YOU DO ABOUT IT?



I KNOW! I'LL CALL UP THE ALLIED WAR RELIEF... THEY NEED THIS MORE THAN WE DO!

I'LL GIVE THEM EVERYTHING IN HERE, KARDAK!



HERE'S AN EXTRA SUIT OF MINE SOME ONE COULD USE!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO CALL THEM UP! THEY'RE HERE!

GEE, DEAR. I FEEL BETTER NOW!



FRIENDS, PEOPLE WHO HOARD ARE NOT ANTI-AMERICAN - NO, THEY'RE MERELY HEEDLESS AND UNTHINKING! LET'S ALL DO OUR SHARE! LET'S GO U.S.A.!





AVIATION UTILITY



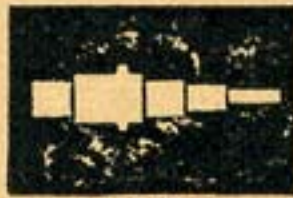
AVIATION METALSMITH



AEROGRAPHER



RIGID AIRSHIP SERVICE



GUV CAPTAIN



SUBMARINE SERVICE



EX APPRENTICE



PRINTER



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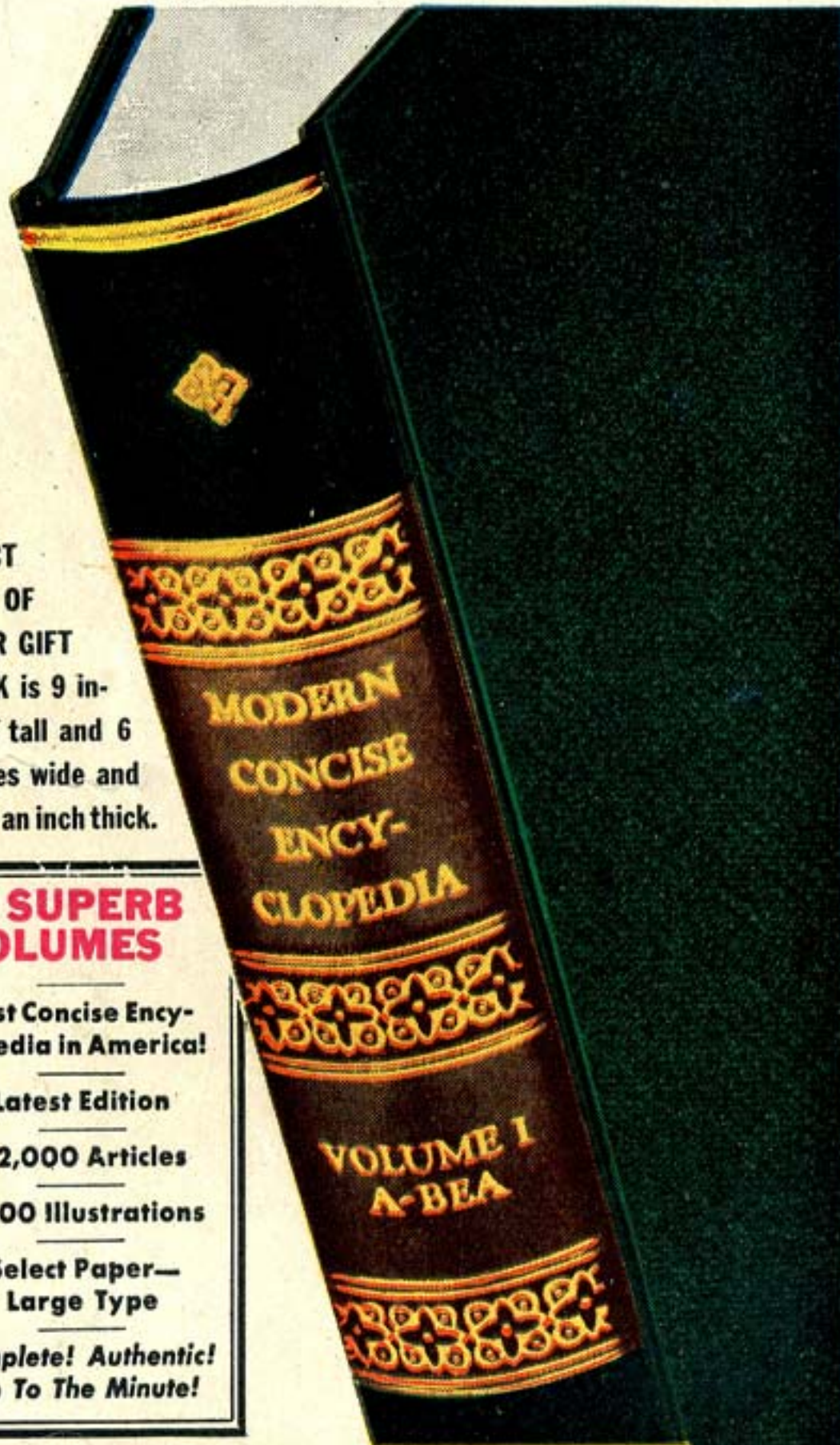


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